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MYTHS, SCENES, AND WORTHIES OF SOMERSET.

Boger

Myths, Scenes, & Worthies of Somerset.

BY

MRS. E. BOGER.

London:
GEORGE REDWAY, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.
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Dedication.

THIS ATTEMPT TO KEEP GREEN THE MEMORY

OF WORTHY DEEDS

DONE BY SONS OF SOMERSET,

IS DEDICATED, BY KIND PERMISSION, TO

LORD ARTHUR CHARLES HERVEY,

LORD BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

S & S. Aug 1931

PREFACE.

—:o:—

THE author has somewhat departed from her original intention of making a collection of the myths and legends of Somerset. Unwittingly, fiction glided into fact, and the story developed into history, and it was found difficult, if not impossible, to define their respective limits. For instance, though Arthur is an impalpable and shadowy personage, while Alfred is a most real and substantial one, yet the mingling of truth and fable in the story of each—as connected with Somerset—is only one of degree; and even in later times, myth is so entertwined with the lives of St. Dunstan, of Sir John de Courcy, of Roger Bacon, &c., that, if one tries rudely to tear away the accretions of myth and fable, a maimed and distorted picture is all that is left.

Among the legends of Saints are some of rare beauty, full of earnest thought and quaint suggestiveness. It has been endeavoured to show that, instead of being—as they are generally and conveniently classed, with a charming simplicity as—the "lying inventions of the monks," they are in most cases but the loving exaggerations of a simple age, to which every unexplained wonder was a miracle.

Some of the articles may be thought to be of undue length; but St. Dunstan is a character so strangely misrepresented in most histories, that the author was anxious to prove incontestably his claim to be one of the worthiest of the worthies of Somerset; again, as to the unhappy Duke of Monmouth, though the story of his rebellion is of necessity taken chiefly from Macaulay, the story of his quasi-royal

progress is little known, and Macaulay studiously omits any palliating or softening circumstance in the terrible record of the battle of Sedgmoor and the Bloody Assize.

There is no excuse to offer for the arbitrary way in which the subjects are selected, but a record extending from the ninth century B.C. to the nineteenth A.D. could not by any possibility be exhaustive; as many more myths could be selected, and as many more worthies found, as those herein recorded, if the public chooses to demand them. One or two articles promised in the prospectus will be missed, but as it is, the allotted space has been largely exceeded.

There is only left the pleasant task of thanking those who have so courteously helped the author with advice, encouragement, information, and—not the least valuable—kindly criticism. Among these are the Rev. G. G. Perry, Canon of Lincoln; the Rev. H. T. Perfect, Rector of Stanton Drew; the Rev. G. J. Gowring, Vicar of Whitelackington; the Rev. C. R. Tate, Rector of Trent; the Rev. W. Hunt, Vicar of Congresbury; the Rev. S. A. Hervey, Vicar of Wedmore; the Rev. S. O. Baker, Vicar of Muchelney; the Rev. W. Hook, Rector of Porlock; the Rev. R. B. Poole, Vicar of Ilton; the Rev. B. H. Wortham, Rector of Eggesford, and the Rev. Edmund Wyndham; also Hugh Norris, Esq., of South Petherton, Edward Walford, Esq., Arthur Kinglake, Esq., St. David Kemeys-Tynte, Esq., J. H. Pring, Esq., and, one who has already passed away, the late Mr. Edward Solly. To each and all, and to those whose names by any chance may have been omitted, cordial thanks are given, with a sincere wish that the result were more worthy of their kind assistance.

C. G. B.

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MYTHS, SCENES, AND WORTHIES OF SOMERSET.

INTRODUCTION.

No county of England possesses a story of more absorbing interest than that of Somerset, yet few have been so strangely neglected. The varied beauties of its scenery have been depreciated to exalt that of the neighbouring county of Devon. Its legendary history, which is of singular beauty, is almost unknown; its real history, except perhaps the ghastly episode of the Monmouth Rebellion, has attracted little attention; nay, the fact that here first—in all England, nay, in all the British Isles—trod "the feet of those who brought good tidings, who preached the gospel of peace," has well-nigh been forgotten; while the roll of its worthies has been so little studied, that the names of St. Brithwald, St. Athelm, and the martyred Alphege, Adelard of Bath, and Adam de Marisco, of William of Wrotham and the two great brother bishops, Joceline and Hugh Trotman (bishops respectively of Bath and Wells, and Lincoln), will sound stranger to the ears of many, than the names of ancient Greeks and Romans; while to most, the knowledge that St.

Dunstan, and possibly William of Malmesbury; the Lady Joan Clifford, commonly called Fair Rosamond; De Courcy, the conqueror of Ulster and champion for the honour of England in the reign of King John; Roger Bacon and Sir Henry Bracton; Sebastian Cabot and Chief-Justice Popham; Daniel, the Elizabethan poet, and Dr. John Bull, the great musician and reputed author of "God save the Queen;" Lord Hopton and Admiral Blake; John Locke and Dr. Thomas Young; Canon Hawkins, Sir Edward Parry, and Father Lowder, &c., &c., were all natives of Somerset, will probably be quite new.

Somerset forms the eastern extremity of the Western Peninsula, and it is that position which made it again and again a rallying point against oppression. Kent was the point by which Romans, Saxons, and Normans alike entered our island home, while Somerset has the more glorious memory of serving as a refuge for the oppressed nationality, whence it issued out again refreshed and invigorated to continue the struggle for independence. The Romans, having encountered the Belgæ in Gaul, seem to have avoided for many years meeting them in Britain, and when they did at last subdue the West, Bath became a British Pompeii, and was as fashionable a resort in the days of Roman British luxury as in the eighteenth century. Magnificent baths, Roman villas, and country seats have been laid bare during modern excavations. How far our first myth, the legend of Bath, points to a still earlier civilization it is difficult to say.

Washed on the north by the Bristol Channel, poetically called the Severn Sea, it is divided roughly into three parts

by the parallel ranges of the Mendip and the Quantock Hills. The eastern portion includes Bath and part of Bristol, while Wells is situated among the Mendips, for Somerset alone of all the counties of England has three cities in, or partly within, its boundaries. The Avon marks the eastern boundary of Somerset, and its magnificent gorge, with St. Vincent's rocks, forms the entrance to Bristol Harbour. The position of Bath is simply unrivalled; it is situated on the bottom and the steep sides of the valley of the Avon, which, sweeping round the ancient town, traverses the heart of the city in a winding course. From the Beechen Cliff the visitor can see the whole city like a great amphitheatre, as it rises with its terraces and crescents tier upon tier to a height of nearly 800 feet; the whole city being built of the white oolite, which adds to the dazzling beauty of the scene, for Bath is entirely free from the smoke and dirt attendant upon trade and manufacture. Waagen speaks of it as the queen of all the spas in the world. Part only of Bristol is within the county, but that part contains St. Mary Redcliffe, one of, if not *the* finest, parish church in England. At the south-east of the county are a group of villages bearing the names of Cadbury and Camel. They are situated among the most charming scenery, and are connected, as we shall see, with the legends of Arthur.

The Mendip Hills are full of wild and picturesque scenery; the Cheddar cliffs, that bold cleft through them, is wildly romantic, and the hills abound with caverns; caves filled with the bones of animals which certainly have not existed in the country in historic times, such as hyænas,

bears, &c. Stalactite caverns, too, of great beauty are to be seen, and the scenery is a strange mixture of savage grandeur and picturesque beauty. The Mendips do not even cease with the coast, for the islets of the steep and flat Holms in the Bristol Channel are really but continuations of the range. Between the Mendip and the Quantock ranges is the plain of Somerset, watered by the Parret and the Tone, with tributaries such as the Brue, the Ile, and the Yvel. The north part of this district consists chiefly of the Bridgwater flats, a rich grazing district, and which even now is, sometimes, almost entirely under water in the winter. From these marshes rise island hills such as Glastonbury Tor, Brent Knoll, Weary-All or Wirral Hill, Wells Tor, &c. At the south-west of the plain of Somerset is the rich vale of Taunton Deane, with its lovely gold-besprinkled meadows, its waving cornfields, its hedges, which are hanging gardens fairer than those of Babylon; while the lanes and roads are shaded by magnificent elms which grow in the hedgerows. The orchards, too, change their dress with every changing season, for even in winter one descries bunches of mistletoe which enliven the dead time of the year. But for picturesque scenery the third or western portion surpasses. From the exquisite little village of Porlock, one of the loveliest spots in which a lotus-eater might dream life away, and the quaint little sheltered nook of Culbone, buried among the hills, the tourist passes to the grand mass of Dunkery Beacon, with its gorgeous covering of purple and gold which robes its sides in autumn; while above, on its summit, are the waves of purple heather, which lie on the rounded knolls like a sea of

glorious light. From its summit Somerset may be viewed from end to end, sixteen counties may be descried, and a panorama of 500 miles. Bossington Beacon, with its artistically arranged plantations and its winding paths and restful seats, is by some considered even more beautiful. Minehead, and Dunster with its quaint old town and market-place, its fine church and magnificently situated castle, are well worth a visit, and close at hand is the Somerset portion of Exmoor Forest, where the wild red deer and the forest ponies still roam at will.

Nor have we spoken of the geological treasures which abound on every side, and which have found a worthy interpreter in Charles Moore, himself a native of the county.

In an article on "The Shire and the Gá," in *Macmillan's Magazine* for April, 1880, Dr. Freeman shows how some of the counties of England are mere shires, or shares, of a great whole, while others are districts which went to build up our country; and of this latter class is Somerset, for in olden times it was not called Somerset*shire*, any more than Cornwall or Durham were so called. The affix gá, or gau, signifying district, has become familiar to us of late years from the Ober-Ammergan Passion-play. As Dr. Freeman puts it, Somerset is not a district separated or divided off from the kingdom of England, but is older than the kingdom of England itself. Somerset, then, is the land of the Sumorsætas, one of the tribes of the Saxons, who, as they came across the chill plains of Eastern Europe, were struck with the summer warmth and the green pastures and the purple distance of our summer land, and hence they gave it its—perhaps not always—appropriate name. Camden says

it was called Gladerhaf by the Welsh in his day, and he conceives that they had translated the Saxon name, but there are other antiquarians who maintain that Gladerhaf (though certainly not originally a British word) was the older title, and it certainly would add an additional charm to the name to know that, from all time, it was known as the glad and happy summer land or home.

But at the time Cæsar visited Britain, Somerset was but a district lately won by a tribe of the Gaulish Celts, who had come over to Britain in large numbers, under their chief, Divitiacus, trusting here to be free from the yoke of the all-conquering Roman. At the north of Somerset is the Wansdyke, or Woden's dyke; this would naturally, from its name, be supposed to be the work of the Saxons, but its construction is undoubtedly Belgic, and it was doubtless the northern frontier of the Belgic province. This magnificent earthwork extended from the woodlands of Berkshire to the Severn. It consists of a huge rampart and ditch, the ditch being on the north side, and runs in a waved line along the summit of the hills, which, being unenclosed, contribute much to the effect of this rude bulwark, the work of a race long since passed away or absorbed by their conquerors. Of this mighty fortification some remains are still to be found in Somerset; it crosses near Bath the uplands of Combe Down and Lansdowne Hill. Offa's dyke in Wales, and the Wansdyke in England, says Sir R. C. Hoare, are the most conspicuous examples of the old territorial boundaries.

At this spot, then, we gain some idea of the strangely mixed race that inhabits Britain. We cannot suppose, when the Celts and the Cymri first found their way into our island,

that there were absolutely no inhabitants; all tradition, legend, and folk-lore point to some exceptionally savage and barbarous race, to whom Spenser refers as salvage men, and who appear in the nursery tale of Jack the Giant-killer as ferocious cannibals of huge stature. These indigenous people of the soil were overcome by the Celts, who probably came, like the Saxons and Danes of historic times, in such overwhelming numbers as to defy all resistance. Whether any immigration answering to Geoffrey of Monmouth's wild tales of the Trojan-descended Brutus ever occurred, we have no means of knowing. There is no record, legendary or otherwise, for dear old Geoffrey's is pure invention, either of his own or some other man, and is no true legend or myth. The last Celtic wave was, as we have seen, the Belgic immigration which took place barely more than half a century before the Christian era.

Then comes the Roman invasion, but this did not touch the frontier of the province of the Belgæ for many a year. In the interval of nearly a century, which took place between the invasions of Julius Cæsar and Claudius, occurs the story of Cymbeline, or Cunobelin, which so wonderfully connects secular history, ancient legend, and ecclesiastical tradition, for was not Arviragus—the patron, and perhaps the convert, of Joseph of Arimathea—the son of Cymbeline? and the twelve hides of Glastonbury his gift to the infant Church?

Time passed on; the greater part of the county was conquered by the Romans, and at Bath in particular there are numerous traces of their baths and villas. The Romans were eminently practical, and they knew how to utilize the works of their predecessors. It seems certain that many of

the Belgic fortifications were improved and strengthened by them, such as perhaps the Wansdyke, and almost certainly Cadbury fort, in the south-east of Somerset, and others. But the Romans had had their day, and now occurs in our story a circumstance almost without parallel in the history of nations, viz., a period of legend and myth with no authentic history whatever, intervening between two periods of known and undoubted fact, and this period is almost entirely connected with Somerset.

The Romans left, draining the country of all their fighting men and their natural leaders, and leaving them a prey to foreign invasion and internal confusion and discord. No records were kept, or if there were, they were swept away, and nothing can be recovered but a misty dream of wild disorder. Picts, Scots, Saxons, Angles, Jutes, Belgæ, Britons, all combating together—a veritable chaos from which no order could be evolved. Out of this weird confused struggling mass looms at last one figure, bright and beautiful, but with so mysterious a halo around him, that we know scarcely whether he was a real or only an ideal character. It was about the year 500 that Arthur appeared and made his magnificent defence in our county against the Saxon hordes: for a time he was successful, but all legend points to the truth that he fell from internal dissensions and treachery, and with him passed away the last hope of the Britons. Time passed on, and Somerset was eventually absorbed in the kingdom of the West Saxons, but not till the Saxons themselves had embraced the Christian faith, and conquered and conqueror knelt side by side in the ancient British fane of Glastonbury.

The next great epoch in our history is the reign of Ina; he is believed to have been of mixed British and Saxon blood, and was probably a Sumorsætan by birth. He did much to amalgamate the discordant elements of the western kingdom. He built the town upon the Tone, and made Taunton his western capital, erecting a castle there, which was intended to overawe the West Welsh, as the inhabitants of Cornwall and Devon were called. He founded Wells and re-founded Glastonbury, making them centres for the different forms of religious life. Wells was for the secular clergy, and the centre for parochial work. Glastonbury was the home for monastic life, and there learning, education, and religious retirement were specially provided for, and it was from the learned clergy trained at Glastonbury that eight Archbishops of Canterbury were chosen—men, almost without exception, of high attainments and holy lives.

But fresh troubles came upon the land: the Saxons had to experience in their turn the miseries which centuries past they had inflicted on the ancient inhabitants. Again Somerset was the rallying place, and the last hope of an oppressed and despairing people. "Reculer pour mieux sauter" might well be the motto of Somerset. Arthur's magnificent defence was but the last lingering flash of a decaying cause; but Alfred's was the vigorous struggle of a young and energetic nation, rising with fresh life and determination from each defeat; and Alfred not only won peace in his own day, but transmitted a power greatly strengthened and increased to his descendants. Learning, too, was fostered, and to the sacred Isle of Avalon were

invited teachers and professors from Ireland and abroad, and Glastonbury flourished again, as in Ina's days, with renewed life and splendour, and from her precincts, and those of Bath and other schools of learning, went forth men famous in their generation. Men like those spoken of by the son of Sirach, "Such as did bear rule in their kingdoms, renowned for their power, giving counsel by their understanding, and declaring prophecies. Leaders of the people by their counsels, and by their knowledge of learning meet for the people; wise and eloquent in their instructions. Such as found out musical tunes, and recited verses in writing. Rich men furnished with ability, living peaceably in their habitations. All these were honoured in their generations, and were the glory of their times. And some there be which have no memorial, who are perished, as though they had never been; but these were merciful men, whose righteousness hath not been forgotten. Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth for evermore." Nay, we can count a martyr among these heroes of Somerset, Archbishop Alphege, whose heroic death relieves the level misery of the reign of Ethelréd the Unréd.

The guilty ambition of Harold, and his mean revenge for the punishment of his rebellion and treachery against Edward the Confessor, brought much sadness upon Somerset. Then followed the iron rule of the Conqueror. During what historians have agreed to call Stephen's reign, Somerset, under the influence of Maude's half-brother, Robert, the great and good Earl of Gloucester, remained in great part faithful to the Empress, and her son, Henry of Anjou, was much in Somerset in his younger days, while he was being

trained by his wise uncle in learning and good government. It was in those days, in the woods of Canyngton, that he met the beautiful Joan Clifford, known to all time as Fair Rosamond; but alas for him, and for her, and for all, the great Earl died, and Henry was left, without wise restraint and with his passions unchecked, to the care of the weak father, whom he despised, and his proud, passionate mother. There was a conference in 1141 held at Bath between Stephen's and Matilda's partisans. The Earl of Gloucester was there, but they wasted words to no purpose, and departed without being able to conclude a peace.

But in all these troublous times the monastic schools of Somerset sent forth wise and learned men, whose names should be held in honour.

Earthquakes appear to have been of greater severity in early times in the west than they have been in later years. In 1248 we hear of one that injured Wells Cathedral, and another in 1271 that threw down St. Michael's Tower on the Tor hill at Glastonbury. In 1356 the castle of Somerton was chosen as the residence of King John of France; and here seems a fit opportunity to make some mention of the strange anomaly that, though Somerton, from its name, would naturally be supposed to have been at one time the capital of the county, such never seems to have been the case, and the town probably took its name from the county instead of, as usually happens, the county from the town. There is, in fact, no town in Somerset which has ever held the undoubted position of capital or chief city. Bath was the largest town in the Roman times, but it lies too much in a corner. Wells and Glastonbury were only ecclesiastical

centres, and, as towns, were very small. Taunton is the place that most nearly holds that position, but no one place can be called the undoubted chief town or city.[1]

In the reign of Henry VII. the curious episode of the Cornish Rebellion took place. The insurgents passed through Somerset; they visited Taunton and Wells on their way. They were finally subdued by Lord Daubeny, himself a native of the county. Meanwhile the wise traders, the Canyuges, founded the beautiful Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, in *our* portion of Bristol, and Sebastian Cabot discovered the Continent of America and Newfoundland, and a great rage for church building went through the county, and the magnificent church towers of Somerset are almost all of this date. It has been said that Henry VII. promoted this fervour of church building as a reward to the people for their being staunch Lancastrians. But this seems doubtful.

But troublous days were coming on the church, and at the destruction of the monasteries Glastonbury furnished martyrs who refused to betray their trust, and Abbot Whiting and his two friends were murdered by the tyrant Henry; while in the days of Edward VI. Bishop Barlow yielded up the church's patrimony without a struggle.

In Mary's reign Somerset was singularly free from persecution; the gentle Bishop Bourne, of Bath and Wells, Romanist though he was, refusing to persecute. It, however, furnished a Protestant martyr in Bishop Hooper, of Gloucester.

Elizabeth's reign furnishes us with a motley assembly of

[1] Mr. Freeman's "Shire and Gau."

celebrities: the Jesuit Parsons, the witty Sir John Harrington, the poet Daniel. The Wadhams, and their foundation of the first post-Reformation College at Oxford, belong to the reign of James I.

In the days of the great rebellion Somerset all but redeemed the struggle for the king. Two champions, one on each side, were natives of the county, and on whichever side our sympathies are, we may be proud to reckon among the worthies of Somerset two men of such valiant courage, such unblemished purity of life, such high conscientiousness and deep religious feeling, as the chivalrous Sir Ralph, afterwards Lord, Hopton, and the truly patriotic soldier and sailor, Admiral Blake.

The life of that holy confessor, Bishop Ken, embraces the reigns of Charles II., James II., William and Mary, and part of Anne's reign. Two scenes in the life of the guilty and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth are connected with Somerset—his quasi-royal progress in his father's reign, his defeat at Sedgemoor and its subsequent horrors.

It is the last great historical event connected with our county. Since then Somerset has sent out many and worthy sons, but her history is merged in that of the nation at large. A sketch of Bath in the last century during the reign of Beau Nash has been attempted, though it requires the pen of Miss Austen to do it justice. The philosophers, John Locke and Dr. Thomas Young; the great Arctic Explorer, Sir Edward Parry, and Canon Hawkins, who has passed away but as yesterday; Captain Speke, the discoverer of the sources of the Nile (though not actually a native of the county); and the heroic toiler

at St. Peter's in the Docks, Father Lowder, were all worthy sons of Somerset. And the series of papers appropriately closes with "IN MEMORIAM," explaining the connection between the churchyard of Clevedon in Somerset and that exquisite garland laid on the tomb of a friend.

BLADUD, KING OF BRITAIN;

OR, THE LEGEND OF BATH.

(Circa B.C. 900.)

—:o:—

OF this, the earliest of the myths connected with our county that I have been able to trace, there are two versions; one—and marvellous to say the simpler of the two—is to be found in Geoffrey of Monmouth; the other, the longer and more interesting, has probably been handed down by oral tradition, gathering fresh incidents from the old minstrels, or possibly from "the old wives' tales" round the fire, and connecting itself by dint of names and places with divers spots on a route stretching from Ludgate Hill, in London, to the celebrated hot springs of Bath.

But before we proceed to tell the tale, the hero's birth and parentage should be known, and, thanks to old Geoffrey, we are able to trace his pedigree with marvellous accuracy for a period of at least two hundred and eighty-four years. And here it is:

LATINUS.

= ÆNEAS of Troy = LAVINIA.

ASCANIUS.

SYLVIUS = a niece of Lavinia.

BRUTUS = Ignoge, daughter of Pandrasus, King of the Greeks. Brutus at the age of fifteen killed his father, having by his birth caused his mother's death. At this time Eli governed Israel, and the Ark was taken by the Philistines; and the sons of Hector reigned in Troy, and Sylvius Æneas, uncle of Brutus, in Italy.

CORINÆUS. ALBANACT. KAMBER.

LOCRIN = GWENDOLEN; by Estrilda, Locrin had a daughter Sabre, who was drowned in the Severn—to which she gave her name—by the jealous hatred of Gwendolen.

MADDAN; at this time Samuel governed Israel and Homer flourished.

MEMPRICIUS. MALIN.

EBRAUCUS.

BRUTUS; and 19 other sons, and 30 daughters.

LEIL; contemporary of Solomon. Queen of Sheba and Sylvanius Epitus.

HUDIBRAS.

BLADUD; contemporary with Elijah.

LEIR.

It does not need to go on with this mythical and impossible genealogy, save to advise those of my readers who will take the trouble to examine for themselves (in Dr. Giles' transla-

tion of the old Chroniclers) this mythical world. They will find that it will lead them into a wondrous shadow-land, whence have been culled so many flowers of myth and legend, as witness, Thomas Sackville, Lord Dorset's *Tragedy of Gorbudoc or Ferrex and Porrex;* Wordsworth's *Artegal and Elidure;* Shakespeare's *King Lear;* and *Cymbeline*, whose son, Arviragus, is connected with our next legend.

"It was," begins old Geoffrey, "in the days when Lud Hudibras was king over Britain," and then in that terribly accurate way of his, which of itself breeds suspicion, he tells us how it was in the time of Capys, son of Epitus, and when Haggai, Amos, Joel, and Azariah were prophets in Israel, that he built Canterbury, Winchester, and Salisbury. At this last place an eagle spoke while the wall of the town was being built; his speech (the eagle's) the old Chronicler would have transmitted to posterity had he thought it as true as the rest of the story!

It is as well to explain to such of my readers as are not aware of the fact, that Lud Hudibras gave his name to London; for is not London Lud's town? and Ludgate, what is it but Lud's gate? But we must not discourse of Lud Hudibras, for, except as connected with his son, he has nothing to do with our story. Old Geoffrey's account of Bladud is as follows: "Next succeeded Bladud, his son, and reigned twenty years. He built Kaerbadus, now Bath, and made hot baths in it for the benefit of the public, which he dedicated to the goddess Minerva, in whose temple he kept fires that never went out, nor consumed to ashes, but as soon as they began to decay were turned into balls of stone. About this time the Prophet Elias prayed that it might not rain

upon earth; and it did not rain for three years and six months. This prince was a very ingenious man and taught necromancy in his kingdom; nor did he leave off pursuing his magical operations till he attempted to fly to the upper region of the air with wings which he had prepared, and fell down upon the temple of Apollo, in the city of Trinovantum, when he was dashed to pieces." So far Geoffrey of Monmouth; let us now turn to the more developed legend, whose parentage I have been unable to trace. We will give it the unpoetical title of

BLADUD AND HIS PIGS.

While Bladud, the only son of Lud Hudibras—the eighth king from Brute—was still young, he, by some mischance, became infected with leprosy, and, following the cruel but necessary precautions of the times, the nobles and people who frequented the court all joined in a humble petition to the king that the prince might be banished from the kingdom. Lud Hudibras had no means of evading their request, and desired Bladud to depart from his palace; the queen, his mother, on parting with her only son, whom she dared not embrace, so fearful was the infection of this deadly scourge, presented him with a ring of exquisite workmanship, as a token whereby she should know him again, if perchance he should ever be cured of the loathsome disease, and so be enabled to return.

And now we must follow the steps of the young prince, an outcast from his home from no fault of his own, but a victim to the ignorance of those sanitary laws which it took so many centuries to discover. Sad, sick, and solitary he

went his way: the world was before him. He might have said with Norfolk—

> "Now no way can I stray,
> Save back to *Lud's town* all the world's my way."

He was sent forth to wander he knew not whither, and chance—or an over-ruling Providence—directed his steps westward. Berries and roots, or some wild animal caught in a snare or shot with his bow and arrows, satisfied him for a time, but ere he came to the Wiltshire Downs he had begun to feel the pangs of hunger. But what could he do? He was too proud to beg, and he had very little idea of work, but he must needs try to find some employment; but when the people to whom he applied saw the youth in his fine sheepskin raiment, elaborately stained with emblems and quaint devices, they shook their heads, and said they wanted an honest lad who knew how to work, and not some runaway servant, who had dressed himself in his master's fine clothes. The poor peasantry on these fresh open downs knew nothing of the terrible disease with which he was afflicted, and at last he persuaded a shepherd boy about his own age to change clothes with him, and once more he set forth in search of employment and food. It is to be owned that this proceeding of my hero was undoubtedly a very selfish one; he must have known the risk, though the lad with whom he made the exchange knew nought of it.

And now in his peasant's dress he passed into Somerset, and at Caynsham, or Keynsham, he persuaded an aged swineherd to let him undertake the charge of his pigs.—The story here is strangely like that of the prodigal son; it

is likely enough that some tale-telling monk may have dressed it up with details from the parable.—But alas! in a short time he discovered that he had given the infection to his charge, and that the swine were suffering from leprosy. Remorse preyed upon him for his selfish disregard of others, and day by day he led his herd deeper into the forest, and further from the haunts of men. In his wanderings he came to the clear waters of the Avon, and a great desire seized upon him to cross the sparkling water, and to feed his charge on the acorns which fell from the oak trees in the forest on the other side. His old master consented, so on the next day, starting early, he discovered a shallow part of the river where they could cross without difficulty, at a spot since known, in memory of his adventure, as Swineford. Here the rising sun breaking through the clouds saluted the royal herdsman, and while he was addressing himself to the glorious luminary, which was to him the representation of Deity, and praying that the wrath of God might be averted, the whole herd of swine were seized as with a sudden madness, and, bursting from his control, took their course up the valley by the side of the river, to which their natural instinct guided them.

The scum which the water naturally emits, mixing with leaves of trees and decaying weeds, had made the land about the springs overrun with vegetation; into this the pigs plunged, and so delighted were they with wallowing in their oozy bed that hunger alone made them leave it. Enticing them with acorns, their favourite food, Bladud drew his herd to a convenient spot to wash and feed them day by day, as well as to secure them by night; he made distinct

crues (cribs?) for the swine to lie in; the prince concluding that by keeping the pigs clean and separate, the infection might be the better prevented from spreading. In this plan he was much encouraged, when, upon washing them clean from the filth with which they were covered, he observed some of the pigs to have shed their hoary marks. (It is quite evident that Bladud was far in advance of his age, and on the way to becoming a great sanitary reformer.)

He had not been settled many days in the place, which from the number of crues took the name of Swinewick, before he lost one of his best sows, nor could he find her during a whole week's diligent search, till, passing by the place where the hot springs were continually bubbling up, he observed the strayed animal wallowing in the mire about the waters, and on washing her found to his joy and surprise that she was perfectly cured. The prince now began to consider that the same means might effect his own cure, so, stripping himself and plunging in, he wallowed as the pigs had done, and with the same effect; in a few days the loathsome scales fell off, he was cured of his leprosy, and "his flesh became again as the flesh of a little child."

No sooner did Bladud make this happy discovery than he returned to his aged master. He told him his story, and with some difficulty persuaded him of its truth, for naturally enough it seemed incredible to the old man that he had a prince as his swineherd. At last, however, he was induced to accompany him to his father's court. Arrived at the palace, whither he was followed, not only by his aged master, but by his favourite pig, it was no wonder that the weak and sickly young prince was not recognized in the

healthy and stalwart peasant lad who was so strangely attended. He found the king and queen keeping the feast of acorns, and, as was their custom at that festival, dining in public. Bladud found means unperceived to drop the ring his mother had given him into her goblet of hippocras, which the queen perceiving as she drank, cried aloud that her son had returned. Immediately, to the astonishment of all, Bladud discovered himself, and was received with transports of joy, not only by his parents, but by the whole assembly as the heir to the throne, given back to them as from the grave.

When the rejoicings were over, and the young prince had sent back his old master loaded with presents, he began to solicit his father for permission to travel into foreign parts. To this the king at last consented, and Bladud set out for Greece to study literature and science.[1] The king would have sent him abroad with a numerous retinue, as befitted his state and dignity, but the prince preferred to travel as a simple student, that he might find no hindrance to his desire to acquire all the learning to which he could possibly attain. He chose Athens for his residence, and remained abroad eleven years, studying philosophy, mathematics, and necromancy, or what the simple folk of that age thought to be such; so that when he returned he was of great use to his father in the government, and on the death of Lud Hudibras succeeded to the throne, and became a wise and beneficent king. In fact, could Bladud only have claimed to

[1] It seems worth noting that in this legend we find the first mention of the debt our learning and literature owe directly to Greece—a debt renewed again and again in later years.

be a native of Somerset, we might have ranked him as first among the philosophers of that county.

Bladud's first care on receiving the kingdom was to found at the hot springs a city which went by the name of Carbren, and was the beginning of the beautiful city of Bath. He built a temple to the goddess Minerva, who, however, seems scarcely to have guarded her votary well. For himself he built a grand palace and houses for his chief nobility, and it became the main seat of the power of the British kings.

After this Bladud sent for his old master and gave him a handsome estate, upon which he built a mansion, which he settled on his family for ever. From the circumstances the place was called Hog's Norton, or, as it now stands, Norton Malreward, from a tradition that the king's bounty was looked upon in the same light as Hiram regarded King Solomon's.

In spite of state duties Bladud did not neglect his studies, which he pursued with so much assiduity that he even taught necromancy in his kingdom. He pursued his magical or scientific operations till he persuaded himself that he could fly with wings which he had invented for the purpose, but, unfortunately, falling from a temple in the city of Trinovantum (London), dedicated to Apollo, he was dashed to pieces.

Such is the curious legend of Bath, which, in spite of its bearing evidence of being, at least in some degree, of modern growth, yet who will venture to dispute the main facts, for is there not yet to be seen, close above the hot spring that has been bubbling up with its health-restoring properties for at least three thousand years, a piece of sculpture

representing a forest in which swine are feeding? and is not the head of Bladud still to be seen in the square of one of the Bath rooms? He was succeeded by his son King Leir, the original of Shakespeare's Tragedy.

What elements of truth there may be in this quaint and picturesque myth it is impossible to say. Perhaps the most curious part of it is the comparatively wide stretch of country which it embraces. Writing from Southwark, it is interesting to the author to notice the probable connection between South London and this earliest legend of the west. The feast of acorns must almost certainly have been held in the oak woods of Bermondsey. For in historic times the monks of St. Saviour's, Bermondsey, fed their swine there upon the acorns they loved so well. Could Bladud's pet pig, which is said to have accompanied him to his home, have been the ancestress of a long and illustrious line of pigs, and so have become the indirect cause of the principal trade of Bermondsey? I leave this as a suggestion for archæologists and antiquaries to pursue!

In Warner's "History of Bath" is found another curious development of the legend. In this version Bladud, instead of being cured by the springs, is himself the author of them, and we are told that "Our ancestors considered them as produced by the all-powerful necromancer, King Bladud. The origin of their heat and the theory of their constitution are given in some lines which the author rightly calls a barbarous jargon. The first few lines are as follows:

Two tunne ther beth of bras,
And other two imaked of glas;

Seve Salt there beth inne,
And other thing imaked with ginne.
Quick brimstone in them also,
With wild fire imaked thereto.

Sal Gemmæ and Sal Petræ,
Sal Armonak there is eke,
Sal Albrod and Sal Alkine,
Sal Gemmæ is mingled with wine.
Sal Conim and Sal Almelke bright,
That borneth both day and night.

All this is in the towne ido,
And other things many mo;
And borneth both night and day,
That never quench it ne may.

* * * * *

The meaning of this doggrel is this, that Bladud buried deeply in the earth at Bath two tuns of burning brass and two formed of glass; the latter of which contained seven species of salt, brimstone, and wild-fire, and these being placed over the four springs occasioned (by the fermentation of their contents) that great heat which has continued for so many ages and should last for ever. This infernal mixture would not induce people to take them internally. They were used sparingly in Queen Elizabeth's time, and not generally taken till the time of Charles II.

AUTHORITIES.—Geoffrey of Monmouth; Burlington's Modern British Traveller; Miss Strickland's Stories from History; Warner's History of Bath; oral tradition.

JOSEPH OF ARIMATHEA

AND THE LEGEND OF GLASTONBURY.

(Circa A.D. 35.)

——:o:——

"Good Lucius
That first received Christianity,
The sacred pledge of Christ's Evangely:
Yet true it is, that long before that day
Hither came Joseph of Arimathy,
Who brought with him the Holy Grayle (they say),
And preacht the truth: but since it greatly did decay."

Faerie Queene, book 2, canto x. stanza liii.

"The cup, the cup itself, from which our Lord
Drank at the last sad supper with his own.
This, from the blessed land of Aromat—
After the day of darkness, when the dead
Went wandering o'er Moriah—the good Saint
Arimathean Joseph, journeying brought
To Glastonbury, where the winter thorn
Blossoms at Christmas, mindful of our Lord,
And there awhile it bode; and if a man
Could touch or see it, he was healed at once,
By faith, of all his ills."

TENNYSON—*The Holy Grail.*

GLASTONBURY, unlike most of the spots hallowed by tradition and dedicated to God's service by the monks of old,

owes nothing of its interest to the beauty of its situation. The exquisite ruins of this ancient Abbey, once the greatest and richest in Europe, is situated in the low flat lands of Somerset. Tradition and geology concur in stating that at no distant period the sea came within a short distance of the Tor, which rises like an island from the flat district around. Yet there is not a spot in the British Islands which should be so sacred to the heart of every British Christian; for here, unfailing tradition declares, is the place where Christian feet first trod, bringing to our island the sweet message of peace.

Glastonbury was originally founded on an island rising from the estuary of the little river Brue, the clearness of whose glassy waters won for it its ancient British name of Ynis-wytren, or the Glassy Isle, and of this name Glastonbury is nearly the modern equivalent; its alternative name of Avalon is derived from its apple orchards.

Like all ancient myths, there are slightly different versions. I have preferred that with which I was familiar from childhood, and which in a great degree was derived from oral tradition and not from books.

It was at the time of "the persecution that arose about Stephen" that the disciples, remembering our Lord's commands, went into all lands, "preaching the gospel to every creature." The curse of Babel was reversed, and the preachers of the Word went everywhere seeking to gather into Christ's fold the scattered families of the earth.

St. Freculphus, Bishop of Lisieux, tells us that St. Philip the Apostle was preaching in Gaul and contending mightily against the Druidical superstitions which prevailed there.

Whilst engaged in this work, he learned from his converts that the head and fountain of their teaching was in the neighbouring island of Britain, whither the youthful devotees of Gaul were sent to be instructed in the mysteries of their belief in the schools which flourished there.

Upon this St. Philip determined to send faithful men of his band to oppose the superstition at its chief seat. He selected as chief of the mission his beloved friend, Joseph of Arimathea, for it was meet that he, who took such loving care of the Lord's dead body, should be entrusted with the charge of settling a branch of His living body in that distant land. With him went eleven companions, for in those days it was never attempted to send a solitary missionary—priest, prophet, or apostle, though he might be—to preach the Christian Faith in some unknown region; but a band of friends went together, who could mutually assist and comfort one another.[1]

One of this devoted band is said to have been Simon Zelotes, the Canaanite. Setting out on their journey they traversed Gaul, and, having arrived at the coast, took boat and set out on their unknown route. Toiling at their oars they rounded the Land's End, and following the north coast

[1] It may not be amiss here to mention a striking remark made on this very subject to the author by a negro clergyman. He was asked how he could account for the fact that, while the governor of our colony at Gambia and his family were able to bear the climate, white clergymen invariably succumbed after a short time? He answered, "Partly because the clergy exposed themselves more, but principally because, sent out as they were alone, the want of sympathy and mutual intercourse was so felt, that on the first attack of illness they were completely prostrated, and having no rallying power, sank at once."

of Cornwall they at last entered the Bristol Channel. A vision or dream had been vouchsafed to St. Joseph, and he was warned not to stay his course till he saw before him a hill "most like to Tabor's Holy Mount." They toiled on with renewed hope till the Tor at Glastonbury burst on their sight; then, by St. Joseph's desire, they shipped their oars, and the vessel, impelled by unseen hands, glided into port and rested near the place, at a spot now twenty miles from the sea, but, as both tradition and geology concur in stating, then close to it. Here they knelt, and thanking God that their weary voyage was over, and that they had arrived at the desired haven, they took their pilgrims' staves and made their way to the hill pointed out to them.

Two precious treasures had St. Joseph brought with him, one a thorn taken from our Lord's brow, and as they crossed Wirral or Weary-All Hill he planted the precious relic. It soon grew to a great tree; in the course of centuries two branches grew from the same root, but it had this peculiarity that it ever flowered at Christmas time, and that however many cuttings were taken from it still it increased and flourished. The other relic, still more precious and sacred, was the cup out of which our Lord drank at His last supper. They stayed their course at the foot of the Tor, and there, to signify that at last he had found his resting-place, St. Joseph planted his staff, and from it grew the famous walnut-tree, which flowered ever on St. Barnabas' Day, the 11th of June.

It was here they lived, seeking to win the wild people around to their holy faith. The king of the country was Arviragus, son of Cunobelin—Shakespeare's Cymbeline. He

hearing of the patience and poverty of these holy men, and of the sanctity of their lives, granted to them Ynis-wytren, or the Glassy Isle, as their home; this grant, on account of its size and in relation to the number of the mission, has ever since been called "the twelve hides of Glastonbury." The first care of the holy men was to build and set apart a place for prayer, and here was raised the first building ever erected in Britain to the honour of the true God. It was made of withies and reeds—the best materials they could find; and the low wattled structure, the form and fashion of which has been preserved, was for ages regarded with reverence as the first Christian church in the land, and was known as "The Vetusta Ecclesia." We shall hear of it again.

It was dedicated in the name of the Blessed Virgin, and the myth tells how, when St. Joseph was asleep, he saw in a vision her Blessed Son Himself descend and consecrate it in His mother's honour. The saint was told on no account to dedicate it anew, as it had been already done by the Lord Himself. Arviragus, though he more than tolerated the mission, yet could not be induced to leave the worship of his false gods; the progress made therefore was slow, and, as men calculate success, the mission was undoubtedly a failure. But the foundations of any vast building are laid underground and out of sight, and the work, though silent and unobstrusive, remained. It was a hundred years later that Lucius, the first Christian King of Britain, took notice of the small colony of Christians, and desired to give their work fresh life, and to insure further and higher teaching for himself. Britain was at this time subject to Rome;

Lucius therefore sent to Elutherius, Bishop of that See, to request that he would send teachers to carry on the work, and spread the knowledge of the faith among his people. This was done, but the story of Lucius seems to have little connection with Somerset, beyond the fact that it was to the descendants of St. Joseph's mission that he owed his first interest in Christianity.

For several hundred years—long after we leave the region of myth and legend, and come to sober history—the vetusta ecclesia was preserved as a holy shrine. St. Paulinus, the first Bishop of York, from 625–644, is said to have cased it with boards and covered it with lead from top to bottom. Nor did it disappear till the great fire of 1184, when all the magnificent buildings lately erected by the munificent Abbot, Bishop Henry of Blois, were destroyed by fire, and this precious relic was lost in the flames. On its site was erected the exquisite chapel of the Virgin, now known, though erroneously, as St. Joseph's Chapel. But though the most ancient part of the ruins, it is far more perfect than the magna ecclesia, to which it formed the Galilee, or porch. To those who visit them with that reverend faith which is alone the temper of mind in which one should seek such spots, Glastonbury must ever remain the most sacred spot in Britain. It is not necessary that the legends which cluster around such places should be actually true; sacred they are, sanctified by unnumbered generations of worshippers, and from the germ planted in this secluded spot in Somerset, has grown the mighty tree which spreads its branches into all lands, and is gathering by degrees all nations of the earth to rest beneath its shadows, for where-

ever the English power plants its flag, aye and beyond, there the Church of England strives to gather the nations within its fold.

The Glastonbury thorn itself has perished; in the reign of Elizabeth, one of its huge trunks was hacked down by the impious zeal of a puritan, and the other would have followed but that the blow with which he would have felled it fell on his own leg, while a chip flying upwards put out his eye. The remaining trunk, the blossoms of which we are told were considered such curiosities that Bristol merchants carried them into foreign parts, survived till the great Rebellion, when it was cut down by a "Military Saint" of the period. What judgment fell upon him we are not told. But there are many survivors among its descendants, and few gentlemen's parks in Somerset are without the Glastonbury thorn, grown from a slip taken from the original tree. So firm was the belief in its sanctity, that in the author's younger days an old woman gravely argued that the old style must be right and the new wrong, as on *old* Christmas night (Epiphany) the cattle always knelt down at 12 o'clock before the Glastonbury thorn in Mr. Lee Lee's park at Dillington (near Ilminster), *not* on what we called Christmas day. It is a fact that the thorn does often flower about Christmas, and that it is undoubtedly of Eastern origin.

The holy grail has entirely disappeared, never having been seen since the days of Arthur; and it seems, moreover, to have quite died out of the folk-lore of Somerset.

One striking point in this legend is the way it serves as a meeting point for so many converging lines of history and

legend. In fact, it is a sort of quaint cross-road of literature and myth. We have Joseph of Arimathea, who plays the principal part, and yet is himself one of the persons mentioned in the New Testament, and a veritable disciple of the Lord. Then there is Arviragus, whose father, Cunobelin, represents at once Roman history, British history and British legend, and who, both father and son, figure in Shakespeare's play of *Cymbeline;* and to complete the tale comes the mythical King Lucius, whose much doubted mission to Rome appears to me, however, both natural and probable.

AUTHORITIES. — William of Malmesbury; Geoffrey of Monmouth; Ecclesiastical Myths and Legends from various sources; and local tradition.

WATCHET.

THE LEGEND OF ST. DECUMAN.

(Circa A.D. 400.)

—:o:—

"WATCHET is a neat little port with a neat little harbour, enclosed by piers and protected by a breakwater, close to which the line passes. Far older is it than it looks, for it was of sufficient importance back in Saxon times to be repeatedly ravaged by the Norsemen. Local memory of the site of some of the conflicts still abides, and a field between Watchet and Williton bears the name of Battlegore. The scenery is not bold, but it is peaceful and pretty, and the red cliffs of sandstone and conglomerate, alternating with variegated marls, intersected by white bands of gypsum, and contrasted with the sombre shade of the liassic limestones, gives the coast a chromatic character peculiarly its own. Nor does the land monopolize the richness of colouring. The sea along this shore often manifests a peculiar iridescent hue, with a tinge of rainbow green, which, mixed together, formed different gradations of kindred colours, and, sometimes going off in purple, gave the surface of the ocean a great resplendency."[1]

It was to this shore, some time in the fourth or fifth

[1] Worth's "Tourist Guide."

centuries, that St. Decuman crossed the Bristol Channel, or what was perhaps then called the Sabrina Æstuarium, from the opposite coast of Wales, on a hurdle, or as some say his cloak, which, if waterproof, was perhaps the better boat of the two. What moved him to this marvellous voyage the legend does not say; in fact, there is one note of a veritable legend to be observed, that it always leaves immense room for the imagination, while invented legends are suspiciously minute. But whatever may have been his motive he landed at Watchet, but not caring for the low flat shore scaled a hill near at hand, and built there some kind of shrine for worship, and a cell for his own habitation. Here he lived for many years, in part supported by the milk of a cow, which followed him wherever he went.

At last he suffered for his faith. The date is so doubtful, that whether heathen Britons, Romans, Saxons, or Danes were authors of his martyrdom, it is difficult to say; one thing—I had nearly said—is certain; perhaps it is safer to say, is undoubtedly part of the legend, viz., that when the heathen cut off his head, they left his body dead and dishonoured upon the shore, but he, not willing that his body, erewhile a living temple of the Holy Spirit, should be left in such a state, carrying his head in his hands, took it to a spring, where he cleansed it from all impurities. And there his body was found, decently laid out, by his disciples. They buried him in front of the altar in his own small chapel, and afterwards built a church over his remains on the hill where he had taught and worshipped, and for all ages it has born the saint's name and is known as the Church of St. Decuman.

This quaint and graceful legend is one of those wonders that plainly grew from the loving memory of his disciples; it may have been that some heathen who looked on, or even assisted, at his martyrdom, may have been seized with remorse while witnessing his pious end, and paid due reverence to his remains, and then, from fear of revenge, have concealed his good deed, and left it to be supposed to be the work of the saint himself.

PORLOCK AND ST. DUBRITIUS.

(A.D. 444–519.)

—:o:—

THERE is scarcely a fairer spot in England than Porlock—the enclosed port—on the north coast of Somerset. There the wearied traveller may be well pleased to rest and sigh out his soul in the very languor and weariness of happy idlesse. It was the writer's happy lot some summers past to spend a few days in the bowery Myrtle Cottage, with two charming elderly ladies as hostesses, and a stolid Somersetshire lass as attendant. The cottage is almost hidden from view by the wealth of climbing roses and woodbine, myrtle and jasmine, that cover it. Every sense is gratified at once. The interior is as charming as the outside, with stores of old china, antique oak furniture, with pots of flowering fuchsia and geranium in every window, and weak Christians might well be content to rest here on enchanted ground and forget the world, its pomps, vanities, and vexations.

But stay; there is a reminder that how fair soever this world may be, here is not our home, for night and morning the bell of the quaint little church of St. Dubritius summons

us to a higher service than a mere æsthetic or epicurean worship of material beauty. It is only the other side of the road, but, small as it is, it has some fine monuments and countless points of interest. I fear the patron saint cannot be claimed as a native of Somerset. He probably was a native of South Wales and Archbishop of Caerleon, the city of legions—metropolitan therefore of the British Church, the seat of his diocese being one of the three great fortified points which Arthur held as fortresses. It was at Caerleon that he crowned Arthur with great pomp, as Geoffrey of Monmouth tells us; and after the magnificent ceremony, which old Geoffrey minutely describes, the holy man resigned his archbishopric and went into retirement, and it may well be that he chose this lovely spot in which to spend his last days. Whether this be so or not, one thing is certain, that the communication between North Somerset and South Wales was constant, and the connection intimate.

One is thankful for the few records and memorials of the ancient British Church, before Saxon and Norman had occupied the county, and given to every sacred spot the name of some favourite saint of their own race, or of the intruding Roman Church, and the name of St. Dubritius is one that may well be held in reverence and loving remembrance.

"How great soever," says Alban Butler, "was the corruption of vice which had sunk deep into the hearts of many in the degenerate ages of the ancient Britons, before the invasion of the English Saxons, God raised among them many eminent Saints, who, by their zealous exhortations and

example, invited their countrymen by penance to avert the Divine wrath which was kindled over their heads. One of the most illustrious fathers and instructors of the Saints was St. Dubricius, who flourished chiefly in that part which is now called South Wales. He had two large schools of sacred learning on the Wye, where he had a thousand scholars with him for years together. He flourished about the year 444." For more than fourteen hundred years, then, has the name of this eminent saint of the ancient church of our county been held in honour in this fair spot. And, little as we know of his connection with Somerset, he well deserves a place among its worthies.

AUTHORITIES.—Geoffrey of Monmouth; Butler's Lives of the Saints.

KING ARTHUR IN SOMERSET.

(A.D. 492–542.)

——:o:——

DURING a summer holiday, some years gone by, the author made the acquaintance, for the first time and within a few weeks, of Arthur's birth-place at Tintagel, in Cornwall, and of his burial-place at Glastonbury, in Somerset. These visits gave a form and consistency to the myth that had been familiar from childhood, viz.; that Arthur was *not* dead, that he but slept a charmed sleep, and that the day *would* come when he would arise, with his sword Excalibur, and chase away the perfidious Saxons. Moreover, that where he slept would be found this legend—

"Hic jacet Arthurus, rex quondam rexque futurus."

From whence the legend was learned I cannot tell; certainly in those days I knew nought of Tennyson's *Morte d'Arthur*, or Caxton's version of Sir Thomas Mallory's *King Arthur*. But the myths and tales gathered from various sources have gradually arranged themselves together, till,

at least in my own mind, they have arrived at a clearness and consistency which, though much mingled with fable, makes the story of King Arthur in Somerset rather an embellished and elaborated piece of history than a veritable myth. It is at any rate satisfactory to be able to begin the story with

CAXTON'S APOLOGY FOR HIS LIFE AND DEATH OF ARTHUR.

"It is notoriously known, through the universal world, that there be nine worthy and best that ever were, that is, to wit, three Panims, three Jews, and three Christian men. As for the Panims, they were before the incarnation of Christ, which were named, the first, Hector of Troy, of whom the history is common, both in ballad and in prose; the second, Alexander the Great; and the third, Julius Cæsar, Emperor of Rome, of which the histories be well known and had. And as for the three Jews, which were also before the incarnation of our Lord, of whom the first was Duke Joshua, which brought the children of Israel into the land of behest; the second was David, King of Jerusalem; and third was Judas Maccabæus. And since the said incarnation have been three noble Christian men, called and admitted through the universal world into the number of the nine best and worthy; of whom was first the noble King Arthur; the second was Charlemagne, or Charles the Great, of whom the history is had in many places, both in French and in English; and the third, and last, was Godfrey of Bulloigne.

"And shall the Jews and the heathen be honoured in the memory and magnificent prowess of their worthies? Shall the French and German nations glorify their triumphs with their Godfrey and Charles? and shall we of this island be so possessed with incredulity, diffidence, stupidity and ingratitude, to deny, make doubt, or express in speech and history the immortal name and fame of our victorious Arthur! All the honour we can do him is to honour ourselves in remembrance of him."

Fortified by such authority we proceed to give the legend of Arthur in Somerset:—

FYTTE I.

BRITAIN AFTER THE DEPARTURE OF THE ROMANS.

"Time upon my waste, committed hath such theft,
That it of Arthur here scarce memory hath left."
DRAYTON'S *Polyolbion*.

It was before the Christian era, and some time before the coming of the great Cæsar, that a colony of the Belgæ came to Britain, and, headed by Divitiacus, settled in the southern counties, where probably other emigrants from Gaul had preceded them. The memorials of their occupation are still to be seen, notably their defensive works of the Fosse way in Wilts and Somerset, and, what concerns us most, the hill fort at Cadbury, in the east of Somerset. Both these are undoubtedly the work of the Belgæ, strengthened and improved by Roman science and military skill.

In all the legendary history of this part of the county we find traces of the original inhabitants of the land; fierce, nay, savage they seem to have been, "a race whom no civility could melt, who never tasted grace, and goodness ne'er had felt."[1] They seem to have been looked upon as the indigenous sons of the soil, and to have been regarded by the Trojan Brutus and his successors, by the Belgæ and others, as hopeless and irreclaimable monsters.

But the Romans came and overcame, and Gladerhaf, like the rest of Britain, shared in the mingled good and evil of the Roman rule. In the fifth century the Roman power was breaking up, and their armies were recalled from their distant dependencies to defend Rome's very existence at

[1] Wordsworth. These "salvage" men reappear in the romances of Mallory, Spenser, and of *Jack the Giant-killer!*

home. Every fighting man was in their legions, and Britain was drained of its youth and strength, deprived of its governing power, and left a helpless prey to the savage barbarians who attacked it from the north and east, and to repel whom had taxed even Roman power to the full.

"Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," was the reckless cry of the despairing Britons. Hopeless, heartless, they fell an easy prey to the fierce invaders, and the high civilization to which they had been brought by Roman culture was now only a source of weakness. The fearful state of the country has been described in the mournful pages of the one historian of the time, Gildas. In 420 A.D. the last Roman soldier left the British soil.

Nearly a hundred years pass before the heavy "plague-cloud" that descended upon Britain, its people and its history, rolls away. The period may be aptly described as "The groans of the Britons." It is all we can say of it with certainty. We hear of wars and rumours of wars; a confused sound of battle reaches us; misty shadows pass across the stage; there is much bloodshed but little resistance; we catch sight but of the pursuers and the pursued. But as the century goes on there is a change. When the dark cloud descended, it was on the despairing Britons, who either fell or fled; as it partially lifts, we descry the grand figure of a noble Briton of royal race, Aurelius Ambrosius. He had been trained under Roman discipline, and was a wise and valiant man. He is said to have been King of Damnonia, which included, besides Devonshire, part of East Cornwall and West Somerset. Those who were babes when the Romans left had grown to manhood, and a new

generation had arisen not enervated by servitude to Rome. Ambrosius gathered the youth of the country around him; he trained them to arms, and began a spirited resistance to the heathen Saxons, but in A.D. 497 Ambrosius died, and was succeeded by his far less worthy brother, Uther Pendragon. Uther forced the widowed queen of Gorlois, King of Cornwall, to marry him,[1] but he did not live to see the fruit of his violence, and passed away wailing that he had no heir to succeed him.

But Arthur in due time was born, and delivered to Merlin's care. Strange tales were told of a great storm, and a wondrous ship, and the naked babe being found wailing on Tintagel rock. Merlin, however, vouched him to be Uther's son, and all then looked to him to carry on the work that had been so well begun by his uncle. He was brought up by Merlin, and by him instructed in all wise government, while holy priests taught him a still higher lore. Glastonbury was then, as it remained till the sixteenth century, a school of holy teaching for the noblest in the land. Arthur was often there, if not, as is highly probable, entirely educated there. The spot where Christian foot first trod in Britain, it remained to the very last faithful to its high calling.

Here it is said that he saw a wondrous vision. While resting for a night at a convent at the foot of Weary-All Hill, he was commanded to go the next day, at dawn, to the Oratory of St. Mary Magdalene, at Bekey, a small island in the neighbourhood, and to attend diligently to what

[1] I am, of course, perfectly aware of the ordinary legend, but it has no connection with Somerset, and there being two versions of the tale I have preferred this one.

he should behold. Arthur entered the chapel, and was placed by the officiating priest in a position where he might get a clear view of all that passed. The priest began to vest himself, when suddenly the Virgin mother appeared with the infant Jesus in her arms, and she condescendingly assisted in adjusting his robes. The mass began, and the priest read to the prayer of consecration, when the lady handed the child to him. He placed it near the chalice on the corporal, elevated it at the words "Hoc est corpus," deprived it of life, and then returned it a corpse to the sacred cloth. Arthur partook of the slaughtered victim, which, after the conclusion of the mass, became a living child again, and flew back, sound and uninjured, to his mother's arms.[1]

At the age of fifteen Arthur was crowned king, at Caerleon-on-Usk, in Monmouthshire, then the acknowledged metropolis, both political and ecclesiastical, of the Britons. He fought against the Picts and Scots in the north, and at Carlisle lingers many a tradition of the valour with which he subdued his northern foes. But again he had to turn southward, to oppose the heathen hordes who were swarming from the east. It may have been the taking of Winchester by the Saxons, in the year 515, that determined him to fix upon some site of known strength, and fortifying it with all the skill of the time, to make it a rallying point and position of offence and defence against his enemies. Such a site he found in Camelot, or, as it is now called, Cadbury Fort.

Here it is necessary to pause and tell somewhat of its history.

[1] This is manifestly not a veritable legend, but a religious fable invented for a special purpose.

FYTTE THE SECOND.

ARTHUR AT CAMELOT.

"Arthur's antient seat
Which made the Briton's name through all the world so great,
Like Camelot, what place was ever yet renown'd
Where, as at Caerleon oft, he kept the Table Round?
Most famous for the sports at Pentecost so long,
From whence all mighty deeds and brave achievements sprung."

DRAYTON'S *Polyolbion*, song iii.

Arthur had arrived at man's estate, and his people would fain that he should take a wife, so that if, like his uncle, Aurelius Ambrosius, he were taken from them, he might, unlike him, leave an heir of his own blood. Among the petty kings in the West was Leodogran, King of Cameliard, a country represented at this day by Camelot, or Cadbury Fort, and a cluster of places in the east of Somerset whose names are derived from the same root: North and South Cadbury, Queen's Camel, West Camel, and Castle Cary. Leodogran's kingdom had been beset with invaders, and overrun with wild beasts: Arthur had come to his help and rescued his dominions. So it came to pass that when his people spake to him of marriage, Guinivere, the fair daughter of Leodogran, came to his mind, and he asked her of her father. The King of Cameliard was well pleased, and with his daughter's hand he promised him his greatest treasure—the Table Round—and made him his heir.

But Guinivere, in her pride of youth and beauty, had little noted her father's deliverer, and scarce glanced at the young knight, who paid her none of the homage she thought her due, and who was ever engrossed in earnest

consultations with her father on the state of the kingdom, on knights and wars, on castles and sieges; and so it came to pass when Launcelot, Arthur's best and most trusted knight, was sent by him to fetch her home, she, never doubting but that the king would have come himself, thought Launcelot was Arthur, and when she saw him her heart leapt to his. But, when she came to see her pure and stainless lord, he seemed cold and passionless beside Launcelot; and he, who had no thought of guile, and loved where he trusted, and trusted where he loved, gave them unconsciously opportunities of meeting, and Guinivere's heart passed more and more from Arthur and attached itself more and more passionately to Launcelot. For Arthur was taken up with affairs of State, and with his beautiful dream of the Knights of the Round Table. In this order none was higher than other; and here, in his palace of Camelot, built by Merlin's magic power in a single night, he would assemble a hundred and fifty knights of noble birth, pure and stainless like himself, and the knights bound themselves by solemn oaths to keep the rules of the order. They were as follows:—

1. That every knight should be well armed and furnished to undertake any enterprise wherein he was employed by sea or by land, on horseback or on foot.

2. That he should be ever prest (ready) to assail all tyrants or oppressors of the people.

3. That he should protect widows and maids, restore children to their just rights, repossess such persons as, without just cause, were exiled, and with all his force maintain the Christian faith.

4. That he should be a champion for the public weal, and as a lion repulse the enemies of his country.

5. That he should advance the reputation of honour and suppress all vice; relieve the afflicted by adverse fortune; give aid to Holy Church, and protect pilgrims.

6. That he should bury soldiers that wanted sepulture, deliver prisoners, ransom captives, and cure men hurt in the services of their country.

7. That he should in all honourable actions adventure his person, yet with respect to justice and truth, and in all enterprises proceed sincerely, never failing to use the utmost force of body and labour of mind.

8. That after the attaining of an enterprise he should cause it to be recorded, to the end the fame of the fact might ever live to the eternal honour and renown of the noble order.

9. That if any complaint were made at the court of this mighty king, of perjury and oppression, then some knight of the order whom the king should appoint ought to avenge the same.

10. That if any knight of foreign nation did come into the court with desire to challenge or make any show of prowess (were he single or accompanied), those knights ought to be ready in arms to make answer.

11. That if any lady, gentleman, or widow or maid, or other oppressed person, did present a petition declaring that they were or had been in this or other nations injured or offered dishonour, that they should be graciously heard, and without delay one or more knights should be sent to take revenge.

12. That every knight should be willing to inform young princes, lords, and gentlemen in the orders and exercises of arms, thereby not only to avoid idleness, but also to increase the honour of knighthood and chivalry.

Such were the rules of this renowned order, which, combined with the disturbed state of the country, caused that

> "Every morning brought a noble chance,
> And every chance brought out a noble knight."

It may probably, as I have already said, have been the taking of Winchester by the Saxon Cerdic in 515 which caused Arthur to concentrate his forces in the western peninsula. Cameliard was now his in right of his wife. He determined, therefore, to fortify his kingdom, and at the three extreme points to place strong castles, which he strengthened by every available means. These points were Caerleon-on-Usk, which guarded the Sabrina, or estuary of the Severn, and St. Michael's Mount, at the extreme south west; but the post of danger, and therefore of honour, was Camelot. He pitched with an experienced eye upon this great Belgic fortress, situated in one of the most fertile and picturesque parts of the south-east of Somerset, as the place where the great stand must be made. The shape of the mound is irregular, neither quite round nor square: part of it was hewed from the solid rock. Its circumference is about a mile. Four deep ditches in concentric rings, with as many ramparts of earth and stones, form the primary defences: these are further strengthened by a series of zig-zag terraces on inclined planes, so constructed that the

besieged, though they retreated from their assailants, could still make a desperate resistance. On the top of this fortified mount is a moated camp or Prætorium, enclosing a space of at least twenty acres, and here Merlin raised the enchanted palace of Camelot. The spot must have been well-nigh impregnable in days when artillery was unknown.

Here, then, was Arthur's great rallying point; hither the persecuted fled for protection, the wronged for redress, the patriotic to assist in the defence of their country. Every possibility of defence and adornment was lavished here; and here were held, specially at Whitsuntide, chapters of the order of Knights of the Round Table. Here, in intervals of peace, were held the mimic games of warfare; and from here, after a time of repose, they issued forth again and again against the heathen hordes. Within the greater triangle was a smaller and more sacred one; its three points were, the Tor Hill at Glastonbury, the Mons Acutus, or Montacute, and Camelot itself—lines drawn from point to point make an equilateral triangle, each side being twelve miles in length. This twice trebly guarded territory was defended by saintly shield from invasion, and from any noxious or venomous creature.

It was the year 520 A.D. Exactly one hundred years had elapsed since the last Roman soldiers left Britain a prey to their enemies. But what a different Britain it was now. It is true the enemy were in the land, and held a great part of it, but the Britons were no longer helpless or hopeless. From the towers of Camelot Arthur led forth an army full of confidence and eager for the fray; he led them beyond the bounds of Gladerhaf (Somerset), for he would

not that this beloved land should be soiled by the heathen's tread. At Mount Badon, in Wiltshire, was fought the great battle in which Arthur was victorious, and the onward march of the Saxons was stayed for the time. At Camelot watch and ward was kept; from its summit could be seen the Mendip Hills in the west of Somerset, the Blackdown summits in Devonshire, and the British Channel in the south. Twelve great battles did Arthur fight; the eleventh is said by some to have been fought near Camelot, but I hold rather that the traces of a great conflict, which have been discovered there, took place in more recent times, when the Saxon dominion was extending itself still further to the west. For Gladerhaf remained British till after Arthur's time, nor did Glastonbury pass under the Saxon sway till after they too had embraced Christianity, and conquerors and conquered knelt together at the same shrine.

The story of King Ryence's challenge belongs in part to Camelot. It may be found in full in Mallory's *King Arthur*, and also in part in a ballad preserved in Percy's "Reliques of Ancient Poetry." King Ryence, a potentate of North Wales, sent to Arthur at Caerleon to demand his beard, as he needed one more to make up the tale of twelve royal beards, with which "to purfle his mantle." If he were refused he would slay him, and lay waste his country. Arthur, who was then young, replied that his beard would scarce answer for the purpose he required it, and threw back his threat upon himself. Shortly afterwards Ryence was brought as a prisoner to Camelot, and Arthur seems to have been content with his humiliation, and to have retaliated no further upon him. The ballad is as follows; it is worth

noting how constantly Whit-Sunday or the day of Pentecost recurs in the Arthurian legends :—

KING RYENCE'S CHALLENGE.

" As it fell out on a Pentecost day
King Arthur at Camelot kept his Court Royall,
With his faire Queene, Dame Guiniver the gay ;
And many bold barons sitting in hall,
With ladies attired in purple and pall :
And herault[1]s in hewkes hooting on high,
Cryed ' Largesse ! Largesse ! Chevaliers très-hardie ! '

A doughty dwarfe to the uppermost deas
Right pertlye 'gan pricke, kneeling on knee,
With steven[2] fulle stoute amids all the preas,
Sayd, ' Nowe, Sir King Arthur, God save thee, and see
Sir Ryence of North-gales greeteth well thee !
And bids thee thy beard anon to him send,
Or else from thy jaws he will it off rend !

For his robe of state is a rich scarlet mantle
With eleven kings' beards bordered about,
And there is room lefte yet in a kantle
For thine to stande, to make the twelfth out :
This must be done, be thou never so stout ;
This must be done, I tell thee no fable
Maugre the teeth of all thy Round Table ? '

When this mortal message from his mouthe past,
Great was the noyse both in hall and in bower :
The king fum'd, the queene screecht, ladies were aghast ;
Princes puff'd ; barons blust'red ; lords began lower ;
Pages and yeomen yell'd out in the hall,
Then in came Sir Kay, the king's seneschal.

' Silence ! my soveraignes,' quoth this courteous knight,
And in that stound the stowre began still :
' Then ' the dwarfe's dinner full deerely was dight,
Of wine and wassal he had his wille :
And, when he had eaten and drunken his fill,
An hundred piece of fine coyned gold
Were given this dwarf for his message bold.

[1] Heralds' coats. [2] Voice.

'But say to Sir Ryence, thou dwarf,' quoth the king,
'That for his bold message I do him defye;
And shortlye with basins and pans will him ring
Out of North-gales; where he and I
With swords and not razors, quickly shall trye
Whether he, or King Arthur will prove the best barbor
And therewith he shook his good sword Excalabor."

As before told, in the legend of Glastonbury, among the treasures brought by Joseph of Arimathea to Britain were two of priceless worth; one, a thorn taken from the Lord's brow, the other, the cup from which He drank at the last supper. This latter most precious relic, called the Sangreal, had been preserved for ages at Glastonbury, but on account of the grievous sins which prevailed and the disordered state of the country, it had been caught away; but now a murmur arose, no one knew how or where, that the Sangreal had been seen again: and here seemed the salve for all their wounds, the cure for all their troubles, the talisman which was to preserve them from all ill; so men were waiting and wondering for what was to come to pass, they scarce knew what.

Pentecost had come, and a chapter of the order of the Knights of the Round Table was held as usual at Camelot. The knights were assembled in the great hall of the castle. Anon a cracking and crying as of thunder was heard, and they thought the palace would break asunder. In the midst entered a sunbeam more clear by seven times than ever they saw day. Then the knights beheld each other fairer than they had ever seen them before, and no knight might speak a word for a great while, and each man looked on the other

as they had been dumb. Then entered into the hall the Holy Grail, covered with white samite; but none might see it, nor who bare it, and all the hall was filled with sweet odours, and the holy vessel departed suddenly, and they wist not whence it came.

Dumb were they all for a time; then spoke the light and foolish Sir Gawaine, and took an oath that he would go on a quest for the Sangreal, and would search for it, at least a year and a day, until he found it. Then the other knights swore to the same. It was with bitter grief that Arthur learned the vow, for well he knew that high and holy gifts are given by God to those who are in their ordinary way of duty, as the angels came to the shepherds whilst they kept their sheep, and that this wild quest would but disperse the knights throughout the country, while they neglected the work that God had set them, viz. the defence of their own land against the heathen. Then said the king: "I am sure at this quest of the Sangreal shall all ye of the Round Table depart, and never shall I see you whole together again; therefore will I see you all together in the meadow of Camelot, for to joust and tourney, that after your death men may speak of it, that such good knights were wholly together on such a day." So were they all assembled in the meadow both more and less.

Arthur's last tournament was held, and the maiden-knight, Sir Galahad, won the honours of the day. Then, when the tourney was over, the whole assembly went to the Minster, and there, for the last time, joined all together in rites of prayer and praise. Then said the king to Sir Gawaine: "Alas! ye have well-nigh slain me with the vow and

promise that ye have made, for through you ye have bereft me of the fairest fellowship and the truest knighthood that ever were seen together in any realm of the world; for, when they shall depart from hence, I am sure that all shall never meet more in this world, for there shall many die in this quest, and so it forethinketh me a little, for I have loved them as well as my life." The next morning the knights rode out of Camelot.[1] But the history of their adventures does not belong to Somerset.

FYTTE THE THIRD.

ARTHUR'S TOMB AT GLASTONBURY.

"Not great Arthur's tomb, nor holy Joseph's grave
From sacrilege had power their sacred bones to save
He, who that God in man to his sepulchre brought,
Or he, which for the faith twelve famous battles fought."

DRAYTON'S *Polyolbion*.

Behind all this bravery and fair seeming, however, was rising a dark cloud, which did more to break up Arthur's Table-Round than even the quest of the Sangreal, for rumours had long been rife that Guinivere was unfaithful, and that his best-beloved knight, Sir Launcelot, was the partner of her sin. It was long ere they reached Arthur,

[1] It seems necessary to say here that Caxton gratuitously explains Camelot to be Winchester; but Caxton was a Kentish man and, moreover, lived abroad in Burgundy and the Netherlands for a great part of his life. He probably knew something, though little, of Winchester, and nothing whatever of Somerset. Stowe, and Drayton in his "Polyolbion," make it in Somerset, and local tradition is clear upon the point. As a matter of fact, dates make it simply impossible, as Winchester passed to the Saxons in 515.

who was so guileless that he could not believe in the guilt of those he loved; but at last it became too manifest, and Guinivere's flight made the unfaithfulness of his wife and friend patent to the king. Guinivere's first flight was to Glastonbury; and in a life of Gildas, written by Caradoc of Lancarvon, we are told that whilst he (Gildas) was residing at Glastonbury, Arthur's Queen was carried off and lodged there, that Arthur immediately besieged the place, but, through the mediation of the Abbot and of Gildas, consented at length to receive his wife again and to depart peaceably. When this first flight took place we are not told; but after a time, and when the rebellion of his nephew Mordred took place, Guinivere fled again, this time to Amesbury, in Wiltshire. There she was professed a nun. After her death her body was carried to rest at Glastonbury by Sir Launcelot himself, she having prayed that she might never see him again in life. And when she was put into the earth, Sir Launcelot swooned and lay long upon the ground. A hermit came and awaked him, and said: "Ye are to blame, for ye displease God with such manner of sorrow-making." "Truly," said Sir Launcelot, "I trust I do not displease God, for He knoweth well mine intent, for it was not, nor is for any rejoicing in sin, but my sorrow may never have an end. For when I remember and call to mind her beauty, her bounty, and her nobleness, that was as well with her king, my lord Arthur, as with her; and also when I saw the corpse of that noble King and noble Queen so lie together in that cold grave, made of earth, that sometime were set in most honourable places, truly mine heart would not serve me to sustain my wretched and careful body also.

And when I remember me, how through my default, and through my presumption and pride, that they were both laid full low, the which were ever peerless that ever were living of Christian people. Wit ye well," said Sir Launcelot, "this remembered of their kindness, and of mine unkindness, sunk and impressed so in my heart, that all my natural strength failed me, so that I might not sustain myself."

The rebellion of his nephew Mordred brought strife and war into the hitherto carefully-guarded peninsula. Mordred maintained that Arthur was no son of Uther Pendragon, and that he himself was the rightful heir; so Arthur had to turn his arms against his own people. It was at Camelford, near the north coast of Cornwall, that he fought his last fight. He was wounded to the death, for his skull was, as we shall see, pierced with ten wounds. Then, after the episode of the flinging away of the sword Excalibur, when Sir Bedivere saw "the water, wap, and waves waun," a barge hove to the bank; in it were ladies with black hoods, and one was Morgan la Fay, King Arthur's sister. Then the barge floated to the shores of Gladerhaf,[1] and thence to the valley of Avilion, where they took him to heal him of his grievous wound. And so men said that Arthur was not dead, but by the will of our Lord Jesus Christ was in another place; and men say that he will come again. I will not say that it shall be so, but rather I will say, that here in this world he changed his life. But men say that there is written upon his tomb this verse—

"Hic jacet Arthurus, rex quondam, rex que futurus."

[1] Gladerhaf, the ancient name of Somerset. Avilion, or Avalon, of Glastonbury.

And thus leave we him here, and Sir Bedivere with the hermit that dwelleth in a chapel beside Glastonbury.[1]

With Arthur perished the bright gleam of hope for the British race, but the Saxons did not as yet advance farther westward, nor was it till the seventh century that Gladerhaf became Somerset. That he was buried at Glastonbury, men knew, but the exact spot remained a secret from all, and so the record of Arthur's life and labours became a myth on which the earliest and latest British poets alike have loved to dwell and idealize, till men scarce believed that he had any existence save in the realms of romance.

Long years passed away. The old order had changed and given place to new more than once. The Britons had been avenged, for the Saxons had passed under the power of the Dane, and then rose again only to submit to the Normans. Yet the Saxons were never so crushed as the Britons had been, for the Teutons have a staying power and a power of combination that seem to have been denied to the Kelts. Only in Wales did the ancient race preserve their individuality. But a weird and troubled rule was that of the Norman; father fighting against son, and brother against brother. It was in the year 1177 that Henry II., when on his journey to Ireland to receive the submission of the princes of that country, passed through Pembroke, and was there entertained by some of the Welsh chieftains. Whilst there "it chanced to him to heare sung to the harpe certaine ditties of the worthy exploits and actes of this Arthur by one of the Welsh bards, as they were termed, whose custom was to record and sing at their feasts the noble deeds of their

[1] Mallory's *King Arthur*.

ancestors, wherein mention was made of his death and place of buriall, designing it to be in the monks' burial ground at Glastonbury, and that betwixt two pyramids there standing."[1]

King Henry made this known to his cousin, Henry of Blois, who was at once Abbot of Glastonbury and Bishop of Winchester, but no steps seem to have been taken in his time to ascertain its truth; and it was not till after his death that, in the reign of Richard I., Henry de Soliaco, nephew of the late king and Abbot of Glastonbury, instituted a search, the result of which has been described by Giraldus Cambrensis, the historian of his time, who was present when the grave was opened.

"At the depth of seven feet was a huge, broad stone, whereon a leaden cross was fastened: on that part that lay downward, in rude and barbarous letters (as rudely set and contrived), this inscription was written upon that side of the lead that was towards the stone—

'Hic jacet sepultus Rex Arturius in Insula Avalonia,"

and digging nine foot deeper his body was discovered in the trunk of a tree, the bones of great bignesse, and in his scull perceived ten wounds, the last very great and plainly seene. His Queen Guinivere, that had been neare kinswoman to Cador, Duke of Cornwall, a lady of passing beauty, likewise lay by him, whose tresses of hair finely platted, and in colour like the gold, seemed perfect and whole untill it was touched, but then, bewraying what all beauties are, shewed itself to be duste."

[1] These pyramids are minutely described by William of Malmesbury.

The crosse of lead with the inscription, as it was found and taken off the stone, was kept in the treasury or revester of Glastonbury Abbey till its suppression in the reign of Henry VIII. The bones of King Arthur and Queen Guinivere his wife were translated into the great church, and "there in a fair Tombe of Marble his body was laid, and his Queen's at his feete, which noble monument among the fatall overthrowes of infinite more were altogether raced" (razed).[1]

I know of scarcely anything more pathetic than the old chronicler's account of that tress of golden hair, the sole remains of the beauty that had captivated the heart of the great king, and made his noblest knight to fall, and then—the seeing it at a touch fall into dust. She, who had mourned her sin at Amesbury, at last, by the loving hands of those who had witnessed her penitence, was borne to rest beside her rightful lord; and the golden tresses which, when she had last seen him in life (as described or imagined by our great bard of modern times), swept the dust at his feet, now, after more than six hundred years had passed away, faded into dust again when they had fulfilled their mission of testifying to the main facts of the legend of Arthur.

Nearly a hundred years again had passed when in the year 1276 King Edward I. and his Queen Eleanor kept the

[1] Speed. I have followed Speed's description taken from Giraldus, save where Speed, in defiance of all chronology, makes the finding of Arthur to have been during Henry II.'s reign, under Abbot Henry of Blois. Dates show that it was as stated above, during Richard I.'s reign, under Henry de Soliaco. He evidently confuses the two Abbots Henry.

festival of Easter at Glastonbury. It was during the Abbacy of John of Taunton, a great benefactor to the Church in buildings, books for the library, and vestments, that this visit took place. So great were the privileges of this place, that even the king himself was laid under some restraint while abiding in it. His deputy high marshal was not allowed to exercise his office; the king's judges were held to have no authority; and even a man who had incurred the penalty of *læsa majestas* was not allowed to be punished. The mausoleum of black marble was opened for their inspection; the king's bones were seen, of gigantic proportion, the thigh bone the width of three fingers longer than that of the tallest monk present. The tomb was ordered to be placed in front of the high altar; the skulls of the king and queen to remain outside for the adoration of the people!

Leland, who saw the tomb, says: "At the head of Arthur's tombe lay Henricus Abbas (Henry of Blois?)[1] and a crucifix; at the feet lay a figure of Arthur; a cross on the tomb, and two lions at the head and two at the feet."

And here the hero's bones rested till the Tyrant King scattered all such precious relics to the winds. His body has *not* been allowed to rest in peace, though "his name liveth for evermore." Nor is Arthur's fame confined to England alone, for among the figures that keep watch and ward round Maximilian's tomb at Innspruck is one of the patriot king, and an exquisite photograph of him in armour, as he is there portrayed, faces the writer as this attempt to

[1] Almost certainly Henry de Soliaco, in whose Abbacy the remains were discovered. Henry of Blois was certainly buried at Winchester.

show the connection of Arthur's most heroic deeds with her native county is being penned.

AUTHORITIES.—Gildas; Geoffrey of Monmouth; William of Malmesbury; Giraldus Cambrensis; Caxton's Mallory's King Arthur; Leland; Drayton's Poly-olbion; Speed; Camden; The Greatest of the Plantagenets; Our Ancient Monuments, and the Land Around them, by C. P. Haines-Jackson; and lastly, oral legends.

St. Keyna the Virgin, of Keynsham.

(October 8th, some time in the Fifth or Sixth Century.)

—:o:—

This saint, though like St. Dubricius, probably a native of south Wales, deserves a niche in our Temple of Fame. It was somewhere in the troublous times of the fifth or sixth centuries, when the great Roman Empire was breaking up, ere yet our county was the land of the Sumorsœtas, that St. Keyna, the daughter of Braglan or Braganus, Prince of Brecknockshire, became a recluse, and fixed her home in Somerset in a wood near Keynsham. The county was infested with venomous serpents, and these, by her prayers, were converted to stones.

Such is the legend. Geologists would give a different account of those strange petrifactions with which the county abounds.

In sober truth we may believe that she was a godly and devoted woman, whose superiority in birth, her eminent piety and her fuller knowledge, made her an authority in cases of wounds and injuries; and the remedies she used, some simple secrets of the healing art, being administered by her own hands, made the people look upon her as one furnished

with supernatural powers, and exaggerated her cures into miracles of healing. It is said that she returned into her own land and died there. Keynsham has already been mentioned in the story of Bladud. It stands on the Avon, not far from Bristol. Is she the same to whom the Cornish well of St. Keyne is dedicated? The story is told in one of Southey's ballad poems.

AUTHORITY.—Butler's Lives of the Saints.

PHILOSOPHERS OF SOMERSET.

GILDAS BADONICUS, CALLED GILDAS THE WISE, ALSO GILDAS THE QUERULOUS.

(Born A.D. 520.)

A PERIOD of legends, myth, and uncertain tradition of more than one hundred and fifty years, intervening between two periods of authentic history, is a strange fact in the story of our island. When we lose sight of it, it was Britain; when the curtain lifts, it is (almost) Saxon England. This strange time, which has been turned to such good account by poets and romance writers for more than a thousand years, was from the year 420 to that of 599 inclusive. It was during this period that our hero was born; the brave men of the west, with their great leaders, had made a stand, and stood like a rock which dashes back the waves of hostile progress.

The culminating point of Arthur's life was his great victory in A.D. 520, at Mount Badon, and it was in that year that Gildas Badonicus, or Gildas of Bath, was born. It might have seemed a bright omen to have first seen the light at such a time, but ere he came to man's estate, the

bright gleam of hope with which Arthur's victories and Arthur's greatness had imbued his countrymen had faded away, and Arthur died fighting against his own people. Somerset had, of course, from its position, borne the brunt of the struggle in the western peninsula, but never while Arthur lived did the heathen cross its boundaries; necessarily, however, it fell first to the Saxons, but not till they too had embraced the Christian faith. Devon and Cornwall did not form an integral part of the West Saxon kingdom till, perhaps, the reign of Athelstan, in the 10th century, but with Arthur's death a dull despair fell upon the Britons, and with this despair came the vices born of it. Gildas was a witness of these troubles, and as he grew up he saw the last faint struggles of a decaying state; he saw, too, and recognized the vices which were alike the cause and effect of this state of things, but he had neither the courage nor the energy to strive against them. His writings are chiefly remarkable for two things—first, the melancholy, despairing tone of every word in them, for, with the exception of the "Lamentations of Jeremiah," they are perhaps the most sorrowful wail that ever was penned; secondly, the intimate knowledge they show of the whole Bible.

Gildas, the son of British parents, and, it is said, of royal blood, was brought an infant from Bath, where he was born, to the monastery of St. Iltutus, in Glamorganshire; but, as he grew in years, Somerset, by the valiant defence it made against the Saxons, being now considered safe from invasion, he returned to his native county—the Gladerhaf of the Britons—in order to complete his education at Ynis-wytren (Glastonbury), the largest and most learned monastery of

the time. Here he took the vows and professed himself a monk.

Whilst here, it is said that Guinivere sought refuge in the abbey from her husband's indignation at the discovery of her frailty. Arthur besieged the monastery, but, through the mediation of the Abbot and Gildas himself, who was probably a relation, he was persuaded to receive back his wife and depart peaceably. But troubles thickened, and, judging from the agreement of the legends and Gildas' own charges against his countrymen, it is plain that the vices of impurity and unchastity were rampant in the land.

On the other hand, from internal evidence alone, it appears plain that he does scant justice to the bravery and resolution that the Britons showed in their battles with the Saxons, for when Gildas was writing, though an hundred years had elapsed since their coming, and fresh swarms had poured in every year, a large part of the county was still in possession of his fellow-countrymen. He speaks, too, of the foreign wars—meaning the wars against the invaders, as distinguished from the wars among the Britons themselves—having ceased, so that the valour of Aurelius Ambrosius and his nephew Arthur had won for them at least a temporary peace.

Of their brave endeavours to repulse the heathen, he makes but this slight and thankless mention: "The poor remnants of our nation, being strengthened, that they might not be brought to utter destruction, took arms under the conduct of Ambrosius Aurelianus, a modest man, who, of all the Roman nation, was then alone in the confusion of this troubled period by chance left alive. His parents, who, for their merit, were adorned with the purple, had

been slain in the same broils, and now his progeny, in these our days, although shamefully degenerated from the worthiness of their ancestors, provoked to battle their cruel conquerors, and, by the goodness of God, obtained the victory."

There is more in this strain, so that, in spite of himself, as it were, Gildas bears witness to the wonderful recovery of the county from its first disastrous overthrow by the heathen. But the ulcer that was eating away all that was brave and fair was the sin of impurity, to which the wild and beautiful romance of "King Arthur," by Sir Thomas Mallory—which is but a collection and digest of other legends—bears such grievous witness.

But, perhaps, after all, the most noteworthy characteristic of Gildas' writings is his exhaustive acquaintance with Holy Writ. He quotes, and often copiously, from almost every book in it. In his works he refers to—sometimes extracting long passages from—Genesis, Exodus, Deuteronomy, Joshua, Judges, Samuel, Kings, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Hosea, Joel, Amos, Micah, and indeed almost all the prophets, as also from the Gospels and Epistles. He shows, too, how he has studied the ancient Fathers of the Church, and we find passages from, and references to, Ignatius, Polycarp, Basil, Bishop of Cæsarea, &c. From each of these his gloomy nature delights in drawing denunciations against sinners. But Gildas' mournful diatribes had little or no effect; it is, perhaps, worth remarking that his copy of the Holy Scriptures was not St. Jerome's (or the Vulgate).

For some time Gildas lived a hermit life on one, or, perhaps passing from one to the other, on both of the two

islets in the British Channel, called respectively Ronech and Echin, the Steep and Flat Holms of the present day; these are, in truth, but a continuation of the Mendip range. It was here he wrote his "De Excidio Britanniæ."

But, as old age came on, he returned to the home of his younger days at Glastonbury, where he died, and was buried about the year 581, or possibly later.

AUTHORITIES.—William of Malmesbury; Legends of King Arthur; Gildas' works.

ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY.

NATIVES OF SOMERSET, OR WHO HAD BEEN ABBOTS OF GLASTONBURY.

—:o:—

ST. BRITHWALD, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

(Abbot of Glastonbury, 670; Abbot of Reculver, date uncertain; Archbishop, 692–731).

THOUGH the name of St. Brithwald has been removed from the English calendar, it still remains in the Roman hagiology on January 9th; and, indeed, he well deserves to be had in loving remembrance. It is curious that the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle speaks of him as the *first* English Archbishop of Canterbury, and adds, moreover: "Before this the bishops had been Romans, but from this time they were English." Yet Deus-dedit or Adeodatus, the sixth Archbishop of Canterbury, was, it is said, an Englishman; and Bede calls him one of the South Saxons, meaning, probably, a Saxon of the south of England. It had been the custom from the time of Augustine, in order to prevent any break in the succession, for each archbishop, before his death, to nominate his successor; but Honorius, the fifth archbishop, died without

having taken this precaution, and a vacancy of a year and a half occurred, until Ithamar, Bishop of Rochester, consecrated Frithona, a West Saxon, giving him the name of Deus-dedit.[1] It is more than probable that Frithona, or Deus-dedit, might take his place not only as first of the Saxon archbishops, but first also of those educated at Glastonbury; for, as neither Malmesbury nor Peterborough were then in existence, he being a south-country man, could scarcely have owed his education to the Scotch schools of the north.

Little is known of Deus-dedit; yet what is known marks him as a man of patience and piety, large-hearted, and who was held in high respect by his contemporaries. During his episcopate, Wilfrid, the talented but turbulent Bishop of Northumbria, lived; and he unwittingly bears witness to the large-minded charity of the archbishop, so far beyond the tone of mind of that day. When Wilfrid was elected Bishop of York he refused to receive consecration from the hands of Deus-dedit, because, forsooth, the archbishop *held communication with heretics*—the meaning of which was that the good archbishop set himself to promote the union of the British and Saxon Churches, and declined to look upon some immaterial points of difference as hindrances to intercommunion. But, in spite of this, Deus-dedit's charity was not to be overcome; for on Wilfrid's return, after his consecration by Agilberd, Bishop of Paris (with twelve other

[1] So says Churton, in his "Early English Church," and Dr. Hook, who apparently follows him, but neither give their authority; and he is not called Frithona either by Bede or the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. The late Mr. Edward Solly most kindly sent me a quotation from Abp. Parker's "De Antiquitate Britannicæ Ecclesiæ," in which he says, speaking of Deus-dedit: "Patria enim lingua Frithona vocatur."

bishops), he invited him to Canterbury, and at his death confided his diocese to his care.

The greatest event in Deus-dedit's episcopate was the hallowing of Medehamstead, afterwards Peterborough, Abbey, of which a long account is given in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. Penda, the fierce King of Mercia, being dead, the throne was filled by his sons Peada and Wulfhere in succession. These young kings were both Christians, and the one planned what the other carried out, viz., a grand monastic school for the central kingdom, such as Glastonbury was for centuries for the south and west; and for the hallowing of this monastery Wulfhere would have the highest ecclesiastic in the Church. So Deus-dedit was there as archbishop, with his suffragans, Ithamar of Rochester, Wini of London, Jaruman of Mercia, and Tuda of Lindisfarne. Oswy, King of Northumberland, the Bretwalda, was there also, and signed the charter as well as Wulfhere, the founder. It must have been a magnificent gathering, even in those rude and early days, and marks the fact that amid all the divisions of the State the unity of the Church was a living power.

In 604 or 605 Deus-dedit, the first native Archbishop of Canterbury, died. Four years elapsed without a fresh appointment, and then again Ithamar of Rochester came to the rescue, and consecrated Damian; but whether the appointment was irregular, or whether—which is likely enough—it was considered undesirable that the metropolitan of the English Church should be the nominee of a Kentish bishop, Damian is not reckoned among our archbishops. The latter was probably the reason; for it would

manifestly have been undesirable that the metropolitan of the whole of England should be nominated by the Bishop or King of Kent, one of the smallest of the many kingdoms into which the land was divided, and must eventually have resulted in each petty state having an independent Church of its own. This calamity—for such it would have been—was averted by the wisdom of Oswy, the Bretwalda, with the large-hearted co-operation of Egbert, King of Kent.

They, acting together, appear to have summoned a council of the Church; for they specially declare that they acted with the consent of the English Church, and chose Wighard, an Englishman, whom they sent to Vitalian, Bishop of Rome, for consecration—the reason of which seems to have been that, from various causes, the only bishop in England at that time whose consecration was absolutely regular was Wini, Bishop of Winchester; and three bishops were, then as now, considered necessary for a canonical consecration. Even could they have sunk national jealousy so far as to have summoned British bishops to their assistance, the same difficulty would have occurred as took place after the separation of the United States from England. The first formality after the consecration would have been the taking oaths of obedience to the new archbishop, and this no British bishop would, of course, have done.

Wighard then set out for Rome, but died almost immediately upon his arrival; and Oswald and Egbert, anxious for no further delay, desired Vitalian to select a suitable person and send him at once. A very interesting correspondence remains between the Bretwalda and the Pope, showing

that the latter was fully worthy of the trust reposed in him. He wrote thus to Oswy:

"We have not been able to find, considering the length of the journey, a man docile and qualified in all respects to be a bishop according to the tenour of your letters. But as soon as such a proper person shall be found we will send him, well instructed, to your country."

Vitalian at last pitched upon Adrian, an African by birth, Abbot of Nerida, near Naples; but Adrian, who was of a studious habit, knowing that a man of energy and action was required for such a post, declined it, recommending his friend Theodore of Tarsus. He, however, offered to accompany Theodore, and to take his part in the work of building up the Church in that distant land. Perhaps of all the missions that were ever sent out to evangelize the world, this was the most truly Catholic. Vitalian, the head of the Roman Church, urges Adrian, an African, to go to "the ends of the earth," and the two combined together to persuade Theodore, a member of the Greek Church, to undertake the office. He was consecrated by Pope Vitalian in the year of our Lord 668, on Sunday, the 20th of March, and on the 27th of May started with his friend for Britain. Adrian became Abbot of Canterbury, and appears to have devoted himself principally to the education of candidates for the ministry. Both the archbishop and abbot were learned men, well skilled in the Latin and Greek tongues. Their schools were numerously attended, men of all ages and degree being attracted to them by the fame of their learning and piety.

Among these scholars was Brithwald, Abbot of Glaston-

bury. His position makes it almost certain that he must have also been educated there, as we find among the privileges granted by King Ina in later years one that none but a monk of Glastonbury should be chosen to be Abbot; and this was probably only giving legal authority to what was a custom of the place. It is as well here to pause and endeavour to realize the energy and humility of this man. Glastonbury was one of the oldest ecclesiastical foundations in the world, the richest monastery in England, the only one where the ancient inhabitants of Britain and the new people knelt side by side; yet Brithwald, in spite of the opposition of both the King of Wessex and the Bishop of Winchester, resigned this proud position to sit at the feet of these new teachers. He became a simple monk at Reculver, where Adrian had founded one of his schools, and there he devoted himself to the study of the Scriptures in their native tongue. Reculver had been a royal palace before it became a monastic school. Eventually Brithwald rose to become Abbot of Reculver; and, without any great stretch of imagination, we may suppose that he would invite promising young men from the west country to come and study the new learning, and then return to carry back what they had gained and become teachers in their turn. It was, in fact, in a small way, just such a revival of learning as took place eight centuries later, when the taking of Constantinople scattered the learned Greeks through Europe and revived the study of the Greek language through the civilized world.

In 691 Theodore died, after a primacy of twenty-three years, and all men turned their eyes to Brithwald as his successor. The appointment of Frithona and Wighard had

broken through the tradition that none but a foreigner could be metropolitan, and the excellent work done by the late archbishop[1] and Abbot Adrian had made it still more possible for a worthy successor to be found among the native Saxons or English. So Brithwald was accepted by the Church; and as it was undesirable that he should be consecrated by Wilfrid of York, lest any fancied superiority should be claimed by the northern diocese, he sought consecration from the hands of Godwin, or Goudon, metropolitan of France. Brithwald was elected with the concurrence of Withred and Swebhard, kings of Kent, and on Sunday, 29th of June, A.D. 692, was consecrated. On Sunday, the 31st of August, he was installed in his cathedral, the eighth Archbishop of Canterbury, and the second of the Saxon race. This was very nearly twelve hundred years ago, and from that time Augustine's chair has been, with few exceptions, filled by Englishmen. After the Conquest, Lanfranc and Anselm were brilliant exceptions, and Boniface of Savoy, in the time of Henry III., was a less worthy successor, but he was, I believe, the last foreigner intruded into the chief seat of our Church.

The year after Brithwald succeeded to the primacy, Withred succeeded to the whole kingdom of the Kentish men. He held a great council at Baccancilde (Becken-

[1] To Theodore is *said* to be owing the division of parishes, and the appointment of a priest, or parson, to each parish. Probably this is saying too much, but he promoted the division of dioceses, which, as we know from experience in the present day, has a wonderful influence in promoting the increase of parochial clergy. At any rate, from his time, and by his education of a learned clergy of native growth, our Church became established, instead of being a missionary church presided over by foreigners.

ham), in Kent, at which the king presided, "and Brithwald, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Tobias, Bishop of Rochester, and with them abbots and abbesses and many wise men, assembled to consult about the bettering of God's churches in Kent." King Withred made a noble opening address, in which he clearly defined the relative limits of the secular and ecclesiastical rights and duties.

It was during the primacy of Brithwald that the great work of dividing the enormous diocese of Winchester—whose limits were co-terminous with the ever-spreading kingdom of Wessex—was carried out. Ina was then king of Wessex, and he and Brithwald seem to have cordially worked together, and assisted each other in their large-minded projects for the religious and secular benefit of the people committed to their charge. The first effect of Brithwald's good offices seems to have been the healing of the long-standing feud between Wessex and Kent. The fierce king of Wessex, Cœdwalla, had committed ravages in Kent, which were retaliated by the burning of Mul, Moll, or Mules, brother of the king, and twelve other men with him, by the Kentish men, and this was an excuse for fresh ravages by fire and sword; but immediately on Brithwald's becoming archbishop, we find that the men of Kent offered a heavy money compensation, which was accepted by Ine, or Ina, and peace was restored.

At this time Daniel was Bishop of Winchester. Another diocese was formed, with Sherborne for its cathedral city, to which Aldhelm was appointed, and a bishop was given to the South Saxons, whose seat was at Selsey, though it was eventually removed to Chichester.

Ina's great object seems to have been to weld into one the antagonistic races of Britons and Saxons; and with this object he passed a great part of his time in Somerset, where the mingling of the two races was beginning. Brithwald cordially worked with him, and did his part by seeking to promote the union of the churches. His intimate knowledge of the people must have been valuable to Ina, and his efforts at conciliation were so successful that a large number of Keltic bishops, both in the north of Britain and Ireland, expressed their willingness to yield on the question of the proper time for keeping Easter. The bishops in Cornwall still retained their ancient British usage, but they were met in a truly Christian spirit by Brithwald, who employed the pen of the eloquent Aldhelm to endeavour to convince them that they should conform to the general usage of the Western Church. His enactments with regard to the keeping of the Lord's Day were strict enough to satisfy the most rigid Puritan, his principal object apparently being to secure to the slave one day of absolute rest. He was anxious to abolish slavery altogether, and we hear of his paying as much as three hundred soldi to redeem one from servitude.

Deusdedit's primacy had been signalized by the hallowing of the Abbey of Medehamstead, and now Brithwald's was illustrated by a work of equal—perhaps greater—importance, and which more nearly concerns us, viz., the enlarging, rebuilding, and almost refounding of Glastonbury Abbey; so that Ina is often spoken of as the founder, as though it had not existed for hundreds of years before his time.

The charters, given in William of Malmesbury's Chroni-

cles, which Ina and his successors granted to Glastonbury, are said, by the learned of the present day, not to be genuine, but to be interpolations of a later date; in that of Ina he speaks of the large lands granted by his predecessors, and that it is with the permission of Brithwald and his suffragans that he grants the charter, and the lands therein conveyed by himself and his predecessors, to the monastery, with certain privileges. But even supposing these not to be genuine, one cannot doubt that when William of Malmesbury says, "What spendour he (Ina) *added* to the monastery may be collected from the short treatise I have written about his antiquities," that the monastery *had* existed, but perhaps not under any specific rule. We must remember that William of Malmesbury was a perfectly unprejudiced witness, his great object being to exalt his own monastery.

There can be no doubt, then, that Ina did not originate; he only restored and added to an old foundation. But this restoration and re-edification was done right royally, and made Glastonbury—what it continued for centuries—the richest monastery, and one of the most celebrated schools for education, not only in England, but in Europe. We shall see in the life of one of the greatest of Brithwald's successors, St. Dunstan, the work that was carried on there in later years.

But it is not alone the promotion of learning and discipline within the Church, and the promoting the study of the Scriptures in their native languages, that marks the period of St. Brithwald's primacy. Under his fostering care the Church of England began to exercise one of the highest functions of a living church, by sending out missions to the

heathen; and Winifrid, better known as Bonifaće, became the Apostle of Germany.

Brithwald held the see of Canterbury thirty-seven years. He was specially famed for his learning in the Scriptures. He is credited with having originated the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, that most invaluable record of our early history. He died simply of old age. He was the second archbishop (Theodore being the first) who was interred within the walls of the cathedral, the porch where former archbishops were buried being full. Butler, in his "Lives of the Saints," calls him "a living rule of perfection in the Church." Perhaps the chief value of his biography consists in the clearness with which it shows how far older the unity of the English Church is than the unity of the kingdom.

AUTHORITIES.—Anglo-Saxon Chronicle; Bede; William of Malmesbury; Churton's Early English Church; Hook's Archbishops of Canterbury; Stubbs' Constitutional History; Butler's Lives of the Saints.

King Ina in Somerset.

Ina and Aldhelm.

(A.D. 688–728.)

—:o:—

It is impossible to make the story of King Ina in Somerset as interesting or as picturesque as the companion sketches of King Arthur on the one side, or King Alfred on the other. We know at once too much and too little of him; myths and legends form no part of his story, and the details of his career are so shortly told, that it is difficult to write a connected and accurate life of him. Yet he well deserves a place between those great heroes; and his life, though not as full of romantic vicissitudes, nor his character perhaps as ideally perfect, deserves more than the passing mention or utter neglect with which historians almost invariably treat him. His rule was wise and beneficent, and he specially attached himself to Somerset. This is so remarkable, that it is believed by some that Ina was a native of our county; indeed, there is a sentence in one of his charters which appears to allude to it as a well-known fact; there is also a tradition that his mother was of British race. If this were

so, it would of course account for his great desire to unite the two races.

It would be difficult to point out any reign or period in which Church and State worked together so harmoniously for the good of the people. King and bishop vied with each other in their endeavours to promote the welfare of the land; and specially they gave their attention to healing the wounds of that county which was the border-land and meeting-point of the opposing races; and by equalizing the laws and restoring the ancient ecclesiastical foundations, they sought to unite Briton and Saxon together, and make them in truth one nation.

It is necessary to throw a glance back, to understand the state of the country when Ina succeeded to the throne. After Arthur's brilliant achievements were ended by internal rebellion, the plague-cloud again descends. We have no trustworthy or even probable account of anything that took place. All we know is, that westwards, ever westwards—as has been its destiny ever since—advanced the kingdom of Wessex, the nucleus of our present enormous empire.

Of Kenric, one of Ina's predecessors, we read, "he was a great scourge unto the weak and overborne Britaines, making conquests of their possessions and forcing them even to the sea-shore, being a people allotted unto misery, and by these strangers pursued so vehemently that lastly they were drawn into the west angle of the island."[1] Under the fierce Cœdwalla, the Britons of Gladerhaf appear to have had a little rest, as he expended his energy on fighting with the Jutes of Kent, first provoking cruel deeds, and

[1] Speed.

then retaliating with acts of still greater ferocity. Cœdwalla at last embraced the Christian faith, and, penitent for his many sins, gave up his kingdom, made a pilgrimage to Rome, and being baptized there by the name of Peter, died before he had laid aside his baptismal robe. He was succeeded by Ina, who, though not the nearest in the succession, was chosen king, and his whole reign justified the choice. His aim—while manfully maintaining his right to what his predecessors had won with the sword—was to unite the conquered race and the conquerors in bonds of amity and good-will. His unusually long reign of thirty-seven years gave him great opportunities for this work; and the peace which he made with the men of Kent enabled him to devote his attention to the western part of his kingdom.

Aldhelm, his near kinsman, was his constant assistant in this good work. It will be as well here to give a sketch of his life and character, before we proceed to give any account of their joint labours. William of Malmesbury mentions a tradition that he was Ina's nephew, but adds, "I do not choose to assert for truth anything which savours more of vague opinion than of historic credibility. Aldhelm needs no support from fiction, such great things are there concerning him, so many which are beyond the reach of doubt." Of course if Aldhelm were Ina's nephew, the probability would be that he also was a native of Somerset; but on this subject I can but echo Malmesbury's wise and moderate words.

From the time of the withdrawal of the Romans, religion and civilization alike decayed, and at times seem to have

languished almost to extinction; but meanwhile, in Ireland was a flourishing Christian Church, and it was natural that the Kelts of the West, when they required learned and wise teachers, should prefer to apply to them, rather than to the intruding Roman priests who founded the Saxon Church. So we find at this time, and for at least two hundred years later, Irish monks and priests abounding in the western ecclesiastical societies. It was in Somerset that the two Churches—the ancient British Church and the Saxon Roman Church—met, and it was here ultimately that they coalesced, and the lion and the lamb lay down in the same pastures.

In the early part of the seventh century, Maidulf, a monk of the Scots in Ireland, called therefore indiscriminately an Irish or a Scotsman, settled at Caer Bladon, in what is now Wiltshire; there he built a hermitage, and gathered a school around him. Among his scholars was Aldhelm: he, when he desired to profit by the new learning introduced by Archbishop Theodore and his friend Abbot Adrian, went to Canterbury and studied there, in the same way that we have seen Archbishop Brithwald did at Reculver. It may well have been that Brithwald and Aldhelm formed here a friendship—for Reculver is not far from Canterbury—that lasted their life-time; at any rate, it is a striking fact to notice that Ina's two great friends, the men who had probably the greatest influence on his life, were students in their mature years under the same teachers, and at schools closely allied. After Aldhelm had devoted some time to his studies, he returned to Caer Bladon, now called Ingelburne, as it passed under Saxon sway, but hereafter, from

the reverent love of Aldhelm for his old master, to lose both designations in that of Maidelfsburg or Malmesbury.

Eleutherius, Bishop of Winchester, the only bishopric at that time in the ever extending kingdom of Wessex, appointed Aldhelm Abbot of Malmesbury, and he immediately set to work to make it a worthy rival of the great Keltic Abbey of Glastonbury. Aldhelm is said to have been the first Saxon who wrote Latin verses. He was also a musician and a poet, as well as an author on other subjects. His most popular work was the translation of the Psalms into English verse. One specimen, modernized by Archdeacon Churton in his history of the early English Church, will serve to show its superiority over the feeble work of our modern metrical versions :

Lord, to me Thy minsters are
Courts of honour, passing fair,
And my spirit deems it well
There to be and there to dwell;
Heart and flesh would fain be there,
Lord, Thy life, Thy love to share.

There the sparrow speeds her home,
And in time the turtles come;
Safe their nestling young they rear,
Lord of Hosts, Thine altars near.
Dear to them Thy peace, but more
To the souls who Thee adore.

These strains he would sing to his harp, and, because the country people who came to Divine service would not remain to the sermon, probably—though this seems to have escaped his biographer—because, being Britons, they but imperfectly understood the Saxon tongue, he took his stand

on the banks of the Avon, and, possessing a fine voice, first sang to them some trifling song, and then proceeded to sing some of David's Psalms, and so gathering his congregation he took them into church.[1] But now came a change. Eleutherius had been succeeded by Hedda, and, on his death, it was determined to divide the vast diocese; and so Daniel was made Bishop of Winchester, and Aldhelm was almost forcibly drawn from his cell and made Bishop of Sherborne. He did much to reconcile the British and Saxon churches; and though, as was perhaps but natural, he laid too much stress on the Roman customs, still he kept the peace both ecclesiastical and political, and, as long as he lived, Ina of Wessex and Geraint of Cornwall were friendly potentates.

We have now brought the story of king and bishop to the same point, and henceforth they worked together, and we can in no way separate to one or the other the good works they carried on together. The monastery at Glastonbury was so enlarged and improved, that by some Ina is spoken of as the founder; but ages before Ina, Glastonbury had proclaimed the truth. The first church founded there—the Vetusta Ecclesia—was built, as tradition says, by Joseph of Arimathea and his companions if not by some of our Lord's immediate followers in the very early days of Christianity; the second by St. David; the third by twelve pious men from the north of Britain; the fourth and largest, called the Major Ecclesia, was dedicated by Ina to the Holy Apostles SS. Peter and Paul, and for the good of the soul

[1] It is worth remarking that the same plan is carried out in the mission services of the present day.

of Moel, brother of Cœdwalla, who was killed by the men of Kent. It is highly probable that the large money compensation paid by the Kentish men, an enormous sum in those days, was devoted to building churches and monasteries in Ina's native county.[1] Ina's church, the Major Ecclesia, stood at the east; while the Vetusta Ecclesia, the ancient church, stood at the extreme west. It has been before stated, in the legend of Joseph of Arimathea, with what sacred care this precious relic was preserved.

We do not know certainly that either Ina or Aldhelm were natives of Somerset, but certainly it was Ina's chief home, and on Somerset he lavished his royal bounty with a magnificence we could not have expected in that rude age. William of Malmesbury's account of a chapel forming part of the abbey at Glastonbury reads like a supplementary paragraph to the description of Solomon's Temple, or a page from "The Arabian Nights," rather than sober truth. He says: "The sayde king (Ina) did also erect a chapell of gold and silver (to witt, garnished), with ornaments and vesselles likewise of gold and silver; to the building of which

[1] As monasteries, especially Glastonbury, will appear repeatedly in these pages, the author wishes it to be understood that she has no wish to ignore their mistakes or palliate their corruptions, which, however exaggerated, undoubtedly existed; but she wishes to keep before the minds of her readers that they were the schools, the colleges, the hospitals, the art and science schools, the relieving offices, &c., &c., of that day: and that, till they were done away with, endowed grammar schools and poor-laws were unknown, and the latter, at least, certainly unnecessary. Moreover, before the invention of printing, from the scriptorium of the monastery went forth new and old books; and it was in an abbey, and under monastic patronage, that the first printing press was set up at Westminster, and the first entire English Bible printed in Southwark.

chappell he gave 2640 pounds of silver, and to the altar 264 pounds of gold; a chaleis, with the patten, tenne pounds of gold; a censar, 8 pound and twenty mancas of gold; two candlesticks, twelve pound and a half of silver; a kiver [? cover] for the gospell book, twenty pound and 60 mancas of gold; vessels of water for the altar, thirteen pound of golde; a bason, eight pounde of gold; an holy water bucket, xx. pound of silver; images of our Lord and the Twelve Apostles, 175 pound of silver and 28 pounde of golde; a pall for the altar; and ornaments for the monks of gold and precious stones, subtilly compacted: all whiche treasure he gave to that monastery." Such is the sober-minded William of Malmesbury's record of Ina's liberality. Ina then proceeded to endow this foundation "most plentifully," and "he enriched it with vast possessions and granted it special privileges."

Ina's charter to Glastonbury is thus given in Malmesbury's Chronicle:—

"In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, I, Ina, supported in my royal dignity by God, with the advice of my Queen Sexburga, and the permission of Berthwald, Archbishop of Canterbury, and of all his suffragans, and also at the instance of the princes Baltred and Athelard, to the ancient church, situate in the place called Glastonbury, do grant out of these places, which I possess by paternal inheritance,[1] and hold in my demesne, they being adjacent and fitting for the purpose, for the maintenance of the monastic institution and the use of the monks, Brente ten hides, Sowy ten hides, Pilton twenty hides, Dulting twenty hides, Bledenhida one

[1] This seems to imply that Ina was a native of Somerset.

hide, together with whatever my predecessors have contributed to the same church; to wit, Kenwalk, who, at the instance of Archbishop Theodore, gave Ferramere, Bregarai, Coneneie, Martineseie, Etheredseie; Kentwin, who used to call Glastonbury 'the Mother of Saints,' and liberated it from every secular and ecclesiastical service, and granted it this dignified privilege, that the brethren of that place should have the power of electing and appointing their ruler according to the rule of S. Benedict; Hedda, the Bishop, with permission of Cœdwalla, who, though a heathen, confirmed it with his own hand, gave Lantokay; Baltred, who gave Pennard, six hides; Athelard, who contributed Poelt, sixty hides; I, Ina, permitting and confirming it. To the piety and affectionate entreaty of these people I assent, and I guard by the security of my royal grant against the designs of malignant men and snarling curs, in order that the Church of our Lord Jesus Christ and the eternal Virgin Mary, as it is the first in the kingdom of Britain and the source and fountain of all religion, may obtain surpassing dignity and privilege, and, as she rules over choirs of angels in heaven, it may never pay servile obedience on earth. Wherefore, the chief Pontiff Gregory assenting, I appoint that all lands, places, and possessions of St. Mary of Glastonbury be free, quiet, and undisturbed from all royal taxes and works which are wont to be appointed, that is to say, expeditions, the building of bridges or forts, and from the edicts or molestations of all archbishops or bishops as confirmed and granted by my predecessors in the ancient charters of the same church. And whatsoever questions shall arise, whether of homicide, sacrilege, poison, theft,

rapine, the disposal and limit of churches, the ordination of clerks, &c., &c., they shall be determined by the decision of the abbot and convent without the interference of any persons whatever. Moreover, I command all princes, archbishops, bishops, dukes, and governors of my kingdom, as they tender my honour and regard, as they value their personal safety, never to dare enter the island of our Lord Jesus Christ and of the eternal Virgin at Glastonbury for the purpose of holding courts, &c., &c.

"And I particularly inhibit by the curse of God any bishop on any account whatever from presuming to take his episcopal seat, or celebrate Divine service, or consecrate altars, or dedicate churches, or ordain either in the church of Glastonbury itself or its dependent churches. Moreover let the aforesaid bishop be mindful every year, with his clerks that are at Wells, to acknowledge his Mother Church of Glastonbury with Litanies on the second day after our Lord's ascension."

The charter [1] of this donation was written in the year of our Lord's incarnation 725, the fourteenth of the indiction, in the presence of the King Ina and of Berthwald, Archbishop of Canterbury.

And now, having refounded Glastonbury to show his goodwill to the ancient church of the county, he proceeded to make a wholly new foundation at Wells. He founded a collegiate church with canons and every requisite for a grand service, and this he made a centre for active work. There is no doubt that Ina intended it to serve as the seat

[1] It has before been acknowledged that these very early charters are of doubtful authenticity.

for a new bishopric, but whether he lacked funds—which was likely enough after his lavish expenditure at Glastonbury —or whether, perhaps, he may have thought it undesirable as yet to separate Somerset ecclesiastically from the rest of his kingdom, he for the present made it subject to his newly-created diocese of Sherborne, under the fostering care of Bishop Aldhelm. The church at Wells was dedicated in the name of St. Andrew, and so it has continued ever since. In the bishop's gardens is St. Andrew's Well, which forms the head waters of the city; and the quarry at Doulting, seven miles from the city, whence the stone was taken for building Wells and Glastonbury, also bears St. Andrew's name. Indeed, so much is he the favourite saint of the county, that, with the exception of the blessed Virgin, there are more churches dedicated in his name than in that of any other saint. It was two hundred years, however, before Ina's foundation became a cathedral, when a further subdivision of the diocese was made.

With one very short exception, Glastonbury and Wells remained till the reign of Henry VIII., each doing the work marked out for them. Glastonbury, the home of contemplative religion, was employed in teaching and training the young and doing much for art and literature, whilst Wells was the centre of active religious life, acting, before its separation from Sherborne, as a sort of secondary cathedral for the work of the western counties.

But whilst providing so bountifully for the Church, Ina did not forget the State. He built a strong castle on the Tone, thereby founding a town on that river, which became known as Taunton. Taunton Deane is one of the richest vales

not only in Somerset but in England. Ina seems to have resided much at Taunton, and made it the western capital of his kingdom. He drew up a code of laws, called them his Doom or Judgment, and promulgated them from Taunton. In these, as in his ecclesiastical foundations, his great object seems to have been that the Britons and Saxons should have equal justice done them, and in particular he desires that the Welsh (*i.e.* the British) living under his government should retain their lands. Another of his laws that deserves noting was the respect paid to the Lord's day, and the benevolent desire to gradually abolish slavery altogether. It was provided that any master who made his slave work on a Sunday was, for that cause alone, to lose his right in him, and he might at once demand his freedom.

It is not wonderful that under Ina's able government, with the wise consideration shown to the feelings of the ancient inhabitants, they should have submitted to him and become good subjects. Of course, if Ina's mother were a British lady, and he himself a native of Somerset, this would, in a great measure, account for his desire to unite the two nations, and also for his special love for Somerset. He built country houses there in various places, but probably most of them did not approach to what we should now call a palace, but answered more to a gentleman's hunting lodge. But at South Petherton there is a beautiful old mediæval house still known as King Ina's Palace. It is, of course, of far later date than the seventh century; but it perhaps marks the spot where stood his principal residence in the county he loved so well.[1]

[1] See Article No. 56, "King Ina's Palace."

But perhaps Ina had bestowed too exclusive attention to the western part of his kingdom, and now came encroachments and disturbances on the east, for in his later years we find him involved again in war with Sussex, and troubles and sorrows arose on every side. Whether the loss of his dear friend and coadjutor Aldhelm had anything to do with the apparent decay of material prosperity cannot be known; we must pause, however, to notice the last days of this excellent man.

Aldhelm was a bishop of the Apostolic type. He sedulously visited all parts of his diocese, which at the west was but ill-defined, but certainly included the greater part of Somerset. At a council of the Saxon Church, which was held A.D. 700, Aldhelm was commissioned to write a letter to Geraint of Cornwall, to exhort him to adopt the Roman rule for Easter, &c. In this letter he refers to the unchristian hatred shown by the Britons of West Wales (as the Saxons called the western peninsula) to the Saxons. They would not pray in the same church or eat at the same table with a Saxon. They would throw the food a Saxon had cooked to the dogs, and rinse the cup a Saxon had used with sand or ashes before they would drink out of it; if a Saxon went to sojourn among them, they put him to a penance or quarantine of forty days before they would show him any kindness or act of good neighbourhood. Of this Aldhelm complains, as a man of peace and charity might complain. He acknowledges that the Welsh Christians held all the doctrines of the Catholic faith, but tells them that their want of charity will destroy the benefit they would otherwise receive from it. His earnestness and Ina's measures of conciliation seem to have had the desired effect.

It was in the year 709, as Aldhelm was making a visitation of his diocese, that he was attacked by sudden illness. Finding that his end was near, he desired his attendants to remove him into the nearest village church, which was a little wooden edifice at Doulting, near Shepton-Mallet, in Somerset, where, commending his soul to God, he tranquilly breathed his last.[1]

With Aldhelm's death Ina's prosperity seems to have waned. Wars and rumours of wars troubled him. In 710 he had to fight against Geraint; then with Ceolred at Wanborough, in Wiltshire. In 718 he lost his brother Ingild. In 722 he was called again into Sussex to fight against the South Saxons. While there Ealbert the Etheling, whom he had before banished, seized the town of Taunton and held the castle; but his Queen Ethelburga was equal to the occasion. She drove him out and razed the castle to the ground. In 726 Ealbert was killed by Ina whilst fighting in Sussex.

And now we come to the closing scene of the great king's reign. His wife Ethelburga was continually urging upon him the necessity of bidding adieu to earthly things, and the king as constantly deferring the execution of her advice; at last she endeavoured to overcome him by stratagem. They had been holding high festival at one of their country seats, and on their departure the queen gave express

[1] The wooden church in which St. Aldhelm died has been replaced by a cruciform structure, of which the tower is thirteenth century, the nave transitional, and the chancel Decorated. Near the church stands a fine barn, formerly belonging to the monks of Glastonbury. In the churchyard is a cross. Near the church is St. Aldhelm's Well, the source of the River Sheppey. Here also are the quarries of which mention has been made before.

orders to one of the attendants to defile the palace in every possible way, and, lastly, to put a sow with her young in the very bed they had lain. Then, when they had proceeded some way on their journey, she persuaded her husband to return, saying that his denial would be attended with dangerous consequences.

"Her petition being readily granted, the king was astonished at seeing a place, which yesterday might have vied with Assyrian luxury, now disgusting and desolate, and, silently pondering over the sight, his eyes at length turned upon the queen. Seizing the opportunity, and pleasantly smiling, she said: 'My noble spouse, where are the revellings of yesterday? Where the tapestries dipped in Sidonian dyes? Where the ceaseless importunities of parasites? Where the sculptured vessels, overwhelming the very tables with their weight of gold? Where are the delicacies so anxiously sought throughout sea and land to pamper the appetite? Are not all these things smoke and vapour? Have they not all passed away? Woe be to those who attach themselves to such, for they in like manner shall consume away. Are not all these like a rapid river hastening to the sea? And woe to those who are attached to them, for they shall be carried away by the current. Reflect, I entreat you, how wretchedly will these bodies decay, which we pamper with such unbounded luxury. The mighty must undergo mightier torments, and a severer trial awaits the strong." Without saying more, by this striking example she gained over her husband to these sentiments, which she had in vain attempted for years by persuasion.

"For after his triumphal spoils in war, after many successive degrees in virtue, he aspired to the highest perfection and went to Rome. There, not to make the glory of his conversion public, but that he might be acceptable in the sight of God alone, he was shorn in secret; and, clad in homely garb, grew old in privacy. Nor did his queen, the author of this noble deed, desert him; but, as she had before incited him to undertake it, so afterwards she made it her constant care to soothe his sorrows by her conversation, to stimulate him when wavering by her example; in short, to omit nothing that was conducive to his salvation. Thus united in mutual affection, in due time they trod the common path of all mankind. This was attended, as we have heard, with singular miracles, such as God often deigns to bestow on the virtues of happy couples." [1]

One is rather apt to think that Ethelburga's eloquent speech may owe something to William of Malmesbury's own pen; in fact, the whole story may have been a little worked up in the course of three hundred years, but the main fact is certain, that Ina and his wife ended their days at Rome. They probably found a strong interest there in watching over the English school that Ina had established in that city, in advising and guarding the young Saxons sent there to study, and in wisely laying out the sums which came from England, the proceeds of a penny tax which Ina had himself established upon every hearth, worth twenty, some say thirty, pence, towards the expenses of this college. That this tax degenerated into the oppressive burden of Peter's pence, claimed as a right by the Popes, was not the

[1] William of Malmesbury.

fault of Ina. His school, or college, was founded for the "higher education" of his younger subjects.

Such is, as far as can be gathered, the career of this large-minded and pious prince. Though his life possesses little of the legendary and dramatic effects which make Arthur and Alfred's connection with our county so remarkable, yet he appears worthy to take his place by their side. Indeed, he forms a connecting link between the British and Saxon occupation of the land, and deserved well of both, as seeking to weld the differing races into one people. He deserves more than the mere mention of his name, which is all that most historians accord him.

AUTHORITIES.—William of Malmesbury; Anglo-Saxon Chronicle; Speed; Churton's Early English Church; local histories.

St. Congar and Congresbury.

(Circa 711.)

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According to ancient legend, Congresbury derives its name from St. Congar, a religious hermit, son of one of the emperors of the East. He is stated by Cressey, in his Church History, to have stolen away privately in a mean habit from the imperial court of Constantinople, in order to avoid a marriage enjoined by his parents. After travelling through Italy and France, he came into Britain, and finding this spot, in the dreary marshes of the Yeo—then part of the kingdom of Ina—very suitable to his purpose, being surrounded by water, reeds, and woods, he settled upon it, built himself an habitation, and afterwards an oratory to the honour of the Holy Trinity. King Ina bestowed on him the little territory around his cell, wherein he instituted twelve canons, and taught, according to Capgrave, both English and Welsh, assisting the king, therefore, in his great desire to unite the races.

After settling his priory he went on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, where he died. His body was brought back and buried at Congresbury.

It is remarkable that St. Congar finds no place in Alban Butler's "Lives of the Saints." Two reasons may be given for this, of which the reader may choose which he prefers. Butler, as an earnest, though most enlightened, member of the Romish Church, may have declined to insert an obscure member of the Eastern Church, or—he may have doubted St. Congar's existence; for, alas! modern etymology declares that Congresbury takes its name, *not* from a Saint, but from Kœnig, King; and that it is but another form of Kingstown, or Kingston.

CONGRESBURY AND PUXTON.

But, besides its Saint, Congresbury, in conjunction with the adjoining parish of Puxton, is remarkable for a peculiar old custom, which was followed till within the last few years. Two large pieces of common in these parishes were called East and West Dolemoors, from the Saxon *Dol*, share or portion. This land was divided into single acres, each bearing a peculiar mark cut in the turf, such as a horn, an ox, a horse, a cross, an oven, &c.

On the Saturday before Old Midsummer Day, the several proprietors of contiguous estates, or their tenants, assembled at these commons, with a number of apples marked with similar figures, which were distributed by a boy to each of the commoners from a bag. At the close of the distribution, each person repaired to the allotment with the figure corresponding to the one upon his apple, and took possession of that piece of land for the ensuing year.

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Four acres were reserved to pay the expenses of an entertainment at the house of the overseer of the Dolemoors, where the evening was spent in festivity.

AUTHORITIES. — Capgrave; Rutter's Delineations of Somerset.

From the reign of Ina to that of Egbert is just a hundred years. Somerset in that time had become Saxon, and was assisting to build up the great kingdom of Wessex; it now formed, not a barrier, as in Arthur's days, but a connecting link between the opposing races which were gradually assimilating and coalescing.

HUN, THE LEADER OF THE SUMORSÆTAS,

AT THE BATTLE OF ELLANDUNE.

(A.D. 824.)

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THE Battle of Ellandune deserves record as one of "the decisive battles of the world," for on its fate depended which of the rival Anglo-Saxon dynasties should occupy the throne of a united England. Egbert, fourth in descent from Ingild, brother of Ina, became King of Wessex, after a life of some vicissitudes. Chased into banishment by the jealousy of Berhtric, the king, who dreaded his popularity, he took refuge at the court of Charlemagne, and learned from him the policy of uniting and building up, instead of disintegrating, an empire. He was at Rome with him when Leo III. crowned Charlemagne Emperor of the West. Recalled to England on the death of Berhtric, he resolutely kept before him the aim of uniting the jarring elements which brought war and confusion into our county, and forming a strong government and a united people. Every state was at war with one or more of its neighbours, and

wherever Egbert's kingdom was touched by another, he had sooner or later to defend his territories; but wherever he turned his arms he was successful.

One kingdom alone could vie with his own, and that was Mercia, and a desperate struggle soon took place between the two states. At Ellandune, now Wilton in Wiltshire (showing how far the Mercians were the aggressors), the armies met, and Beornwulf, king of Mercia, was defeated and fled. Shortly afterwards Egbert received the submission of the other states, and from that time the ascendency of Wessex was never disputed; and so it is that, though as a matter of fact the title is by no means strictly correct, yet from 827, when the last state yielded to his dominion, Egbert has been looked upon as the last of the Bretwaldas and the first king of all England.

We may therefore consider that the Battle of Ellandune was to the British Empire what Plassy was to our Indian Empire. But what has all this to do with Somerset? Ellandune is in Wiltshire. True, most true, but now for the connection. Not far from Burnham, a town at the mouth of the river Brue, on which Glastonbury also stands, but on the opposite side of the river, is a place called Huntspill; this place is said to have taken its name from Hun, the Alderman, or Ealdorman, of the Sumorsætas. He led his men to the great battle of Ellandune—now Wilton, near Salisbury—and there he fell: one of those brave men who, all unconsciously, were building up the mightiest empire on which the sun has ever shone. It was probably his birthplace, and, after the great fight was over, we may imagine his faithful Sumorsætans bearing back the body of

their brave leader to rest in his native place. It is all we know of Hųn—but his name, and his birthplace, and his death, would not have been recorded, had he not been a man to be both loved and feared in his day.

AUTHORITIES.—Anglo-Saxon Chronicle; Freeman's Old English History; Murray's Handbook.

King Alfred in Somerset and the Legend of St. Neot.

(A.D. 848-901.)

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In the early history of Alfred, as well as in that of his father Ethelwulf and his mother Osburga, are related various incidents, which it is difficult to reconcile with known historical facts. To make legend assist history, and out of apparent contradictions to form a consistent whole, and at the same time to mark the connection of the most picturesque incidents in the life of the greatest of our kings, with Somerset, is the object of this paper. The difficulties to which reference has been made, and which are slurred over or inadequately explained by historians, are as follows. *First*, the personality of the young Sub-Regulus. Athelstane, whose disappearance after the battle of Sandwich in 851 is not satisfactorily accounted for, and who is variously described as brother or son of Ethelwulf. *Secondly*, the dropping out of Osburga's name in history, and its reappearance in the tale of Alfred's first learning to read, and of his refuge at Athelney in Somerset. (Historians, by the way, get over

this last difficulty by substituting his wife for his mother.) *Thirdly*, the marriage of Ethelwulf and Judith, and consequent rebellion of Ethelbald; and, *Fourthly*, the identity of Prince or King Athelstane with Alfred's friend and spiritual adviser, St. Neot.

To make the story clear, it will be necessary to go back to the days of the great King Egbert. Egbert had two sons: the eldest—whose name presumably was Athelstane—died, and the heir to the throne was Ethelwulf, who had been brought up as an ecclesiastic, if not as a monk; he had been appointed, if not actually consecrated, to the Bishopric of Winchester. On the death of his brother, however, a release from his vows was asked and obtained. Ethelwulf returned to the world, and married Osburga, daughter to the king's butler, and was put in possession of the kingdom of Kent (consisting of Kent, Sussex, and part of Surrey), which was then looked upon as the appanage of the heir to the throne. At the death of Egbert he succeeded to the throne of Wessex and the over-lordship of the rest of Britain, resigning Kent to *his* eldest son Athelstane.

I cannot resist here giving Ethelwulf's genealogy as it is to be seen in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicles. Ethelwulf was the son of Egbert, Egbert of Elmund, of Eafa, of Eoppa, of Ingild; Ingild was Ina's brother, King of the West Saxons, he who held the kingdom thirty-seven years, and afterwards went to St. Peter and there resigned his life, and they were the sons of Kenred, of Ceolwald, of Cutha, of Cuthwin, of Ceawlin, of Cynric, of Cerdic, of Elesa, of Esla, of Gewis, of Wig, of Freawin, of Frithogar, of Brond, of Beldeg, of Woden, of Frithowald, of Frealaf, of Frithuwulf, of Finn, of

Godwulf, of Geat, of Tœtwa, of Beaw, of Sceldi, of Heremod, of Itermon, of Hathra, of Guala, of Bedwig, of Sceaf, *that is the son of Noah: he was born in Noah's ark;* Lamech, Methusalem, Enoh, Jared, Mahalaleel, Cainion, Enos, Seth, Adam the first man, and our Father, that is Christ. Amen.

The young Sub-Regulus was, like his grandfather, of small stature, but he had withal a brave soul and a large heart. The Danes were making their piratical raids on the country. In 835 they had, in conjunction with the West Welsh (the Britons of the South-Western Peninsula), invaded Wessex; they were put to flight by Egbert, but he died the following year. From this period, year after year, we read of the incursions of these barbarians. In 845 "the Army," as it is always called in the Saxon Chronicle, landed at the mouth of the Parret, near Bridgewater; they were valiantly withstood by the Sumorsætans under their Ealdorman, and the men of Dorset under Bishop Ealstan of Sherborne, and their Ealdorman. The Danes were defeated, and the West Saxons gained a complete victory.

But these ruthless invaders were repulsed at one point only to appear again at another; and in the year 851 they appeared on the Kentish coast; the young King Athelstane flew to defend his charge. Willing to save his kingdom from fire and sword, he fought the first naval battle on record since the time of Carausius. He went out to meet them on their own element, slew a great number of the enemy, put the others to flight, and took nine of their ships. But, alas! in spite of his victory, we are told that for the first time they wintered in Kent. Was it as a mark of gratitude to the God of battles, who had given him this

great victory, or was it disappointment at the small results of it, that caused Athelstane in the flush of his triumph to dedicate himself entirely to God's service, forsaking the world, its pleasures and its troubles, its duties and its rewards? He left his father, his kindred, his military glory, and his succession to the Crown; and retiring to the Abbey of Glastonbury, chose for himself the humble and toilsome, yet peaceful duties of a simple monk. In order to prevent any special respect being paid to him on account of his rank, he dropped his own name and assumed that of Neotus. How Athelstane won over his father to consent to his taking the vows from which Ethelwulf himself had been released, does not appear; he may possibly have stolen away, and that may account for the mysterious silence which history maintains with regard to him after his victory at Sandwich. It may be that he pleaded earnestly with both his father and mother, that he dwelt on the happiness of giving up the world, and devoting himself in his youth to the service of his Creator and Redeemer; that he touched probably upon the examples of his ancestor, Cœdwalla, of Ina and his wife Ethelburga, who gave up their thrones, and, making a pilgrimage to Rome, there died. Such pleadings may have had, and probably would have, great effect upon Osburga and Ethelwulf. And now Osburga disappears from authentic history. What can be more likely—especially by the light of what followed—than that she, like Ethelburga, the wife of Ina, determined to retire from the world? And that she should feel specially drawn towards Somerset, where her first-born had betaken himself, was only natural. At the same time, her youngest son Alfred, a child of rare

promise, was sent to Rome with an honourable escort of both nobles and commons. Here he remained till after his father's death. In 855 Ethelwulf himself set out in great state for the Eternal City, and there can be little doubt that he went with the idea of resigning the world, and re-dedicating himself to a religious life. At Rome he would find his little son, who, though receiving no special instruction, must have had, from all he saw and heard, his remarkable intelligence ripened and his mind opened by all the wonders that he beheld.

But, in passing through France, Ethelwulf paid a visit to the Court of Charles the Bald, emperor and king, and there saw his beautiful and bewitching daughter. But she could not be for him. Osburga was still alive; he himself was—all but—revowed to a monastic life. But he could not forget her, and, as he continued his journey, he probably warped his own mind by the specious argument that, as Osburga was dead to the world, she was dead to him; that, as he had been released from his ecclesiastical, he might also be from his matrimonial vows. He hastened on to Rome. Did he equivocate? Did he mystify Pope Leo? or, did he bribe him to ask no questions by offering to settle on the Church the tenth part of the royal demesnes? Certain it is that he returned through France, and that he married Judith, and carried her to England. The marriage was solemnized by Hincmar, Bishop of Rheims. The laxity of the French kings with regard to their marriage vows was so great that it is likely enough that neither king nor bishop saw any reason for objecting.

But the news of the old man's crime and folly had gone

before him.[1] Ethelbald, who had looked upon his immediate succession to the throne as certain and imminent, found his father returning again to claim it, and as if to justify his unnatural rebellion, was insulting his mother by bringing another wife to take her place. He set up his standard, and was joined by Ealstan, Bishop of Sherborne, and Eanwulf, Earl of the Sumorsætans. Ethelwulf knew himself to be verily guilty, and from the very weakness and gentleness of his nature shrank from bringing on the land the horrors of civil war; he offered, therefore, as a compromise, to exchange kingdoms with his son, and he retired to the little kingdom of Kent. One thing only was he determined upon. The doting old man, probably incited thereto by Judith, insisted on her holding the position of queen, a dignity to which Osburga had never aspired, as it was against the Anglo-Saxon laws. Ethelwulf survived his ill-omened marriage only two years, and Ethelbald, treating her former marriage as a thing of nought, took the shameless siren Judith as his wife.

Meanwhile Alfred remained at Rome; and when the Pope heard of his father's death, he confirmed Alfred, who was his godson, and at the same time, with a prophetic instinct, anointed him king. It was probably after this that Alfred returned to England, being then between eight and nine years old.

Osburga, in her retreat in Somerset, gathered her sons at

[1] It is fair to say that Osburga's dedication to a religious life and the *motive* for Ethelwulf's journey to Rome are purely conjectural; but, if this view is accepted, it would remove all the puzzling difficulties and account for such loyal subjects as Ealstan and Eanwulf joining in Ethelbald's rebellion.

times around her, especially the two younger, Ethelred and Alfred, and the impression of her teaching, and that of St. Neot, was seen in the saintliness of Ethelred and the public and private virtues of Alfred's whole life. To this time, then, we may refer the tale of Alfred's being incited to read by his mother. Ethelbald, in his bold defiance of the laws of God and man, she would weep over and pray for. Ethelbert had succeeded to his brother's and father's kingdom of Kent, and was therefore far removed from her; but to these younger ones she might devote herself, and she saw in Alfred a character unsuited for the retirement of the cloister, and yet far too lofty to spend his energies in nought but hunting and fighting. So she encouraged him to study; and, though his difficulties at that time were great, more especially in finding teachers, yet his energetic spirit overcame them all. During the reigns of Ethelbald and Ethelbert it seems probable that Alfred spent great part of his time in Somerset, dividing his time between study, devotion, and the chase, of which latter, like all his race—even the saintly Confessor—he was passionately fond, and which he could enjoy to the full on the Mendip hills or in the wild woods of Exmoor.

But it is time to return to St. Neot—once Athelstane—who was destined to have so great an influence on the life of his more famous brother. At Glastonbury he studied and prayed, and became famous for his learning and piety. He would rise at the dead of night, and, leaving his hard pallet bed, would offer praise and thanksgiving, mingled with intercessions for his country and those he held dear; and, that none might know of these extraordinary devotions,

he would change his garments, disguising himself as the meanest of secular penitents. Thus watching till daybreak in the church, he would then steal back to his cell and resume his ordinary habit. Step by step he set himself to climb the path of holiness; he strove to gather from each person with whom he came in contact the particular virtue for which they were most esteemed. The fame of his piety was so great that it reached to the bishop of the diocese, who sent for him and insisted on his undertaking the office of deacon; and after this he was appointed sacristan. Before the usual time of probation he was raised to the priesthood; and he then, knowing it was the priest's office to teach, went about amongst the people. They flocked to him for advice, and none who sought him ever went away empty. His sympathy, too, was ever ready to "weep with those that wept," whilst at the same he "rejoiced with those that rejoiced."

About this time occurred the first miracle we find recorded in the life of this saint. It was the custom of the monks at midday to retire to their cells for private prayer and meditation; or it may be for sleep, as their night's rest was disturbed by keeping "the hours." At this time no communication whatever was allowed between the brethren. Neot, who was the porter, and whose cell, therefore, was nearest the monastery gate, was disturbed one day by a violent knocking; on repairing to the gate to learn the cause, he found a person, who might not be refused, in haste for admittance. He hurried to the gate, but not having with him his iron stool, which on account of his small stature he used when celebrating mass, he could not

reach the lock. In great distress he lifted up his heart, when the lock gently slid down to the level of his girdle, and he was enabled to open it without further difficulty. The lock ever continued in the same place, and people flocked from all parts to see it in its new position. William of Malmesbury, three hundred years afterwards, testifies to having seen *in loco* both the lock and also the iron stool.

But again was the saint called, for the love of God and the promotion of His glory, to tear himself from all he held most dear; he was selected as a missionary to the West Welsh of Cornwall, to endeavour at once to reconcile the British Church to the Saxon, and also to rouse the slumbering faith of the people, who, cut off as they were in the narrow peninsula from Briton and Saxon alike, had apparently fallen into a state somewhat resembling the apathy and semi-infidelity from which they were aroused in the last century by the preaching of Wesley and Whitefield. He was called upon by external authority to leave the glassy isle which had been his home for so many years, and, taking his pilgrim's staff, and accompanied by his faithful servant Barius, he left the stately monastery embosomed in fair orchards, looking bright and peaceful as it lay in the sheen of the summer sun, with the (then) not far distant murmur of the Severn sea,[1] and made his way across the rich plains of Somerset.

Thence we may follow him, climbing (it may be) the glorious mass of Dunkery Beacon, glowing with its gorgeous tapestry of purple heath and golden gorse, from whose sum-

[1] The sea at that part of Somerset has receded greatly within the last few centuries.

mit the eye can discover sixteen counties; one last loving look he took over the fair kingdom of Wessex, and strained his sight eastward towards his own dear land of Kent, though in imagination only could his eyes pierce the distance. His past life seemed spread out before him—the early days when he was his father's heir, his young brothers growing up around him—the troubles that gathered on his country—his famous victory at Sandwich—then, gradually, his mind and eye came home again to what had been his resting-place and home of later years; a happy time of praise, and prayer, and earnest work; and with one last loving, lingering look at Glastonbury, that home of heroes and of saints, he resolutely turned away, and crossing the Exmoor Forest—still, even now, the home of the red deer and the blackcock—he passed the beautiful district of North Devon, and made for the wild Cornish moors, where he settled, as directed by a vision, on a spot formerly inhabited by the good St. Guerryer, but henceforth through all time to be known as St. Neots.

Here we must leave him,[1] for the life of St. Neot is no further connected with Somerset, save as it affects the life of Alfred. The deaths of Ethelbald and Ethelbert placed Ethelred on the throne, and this drew Alfred from retirement; for, though he does not appear to have been appointed Sub-Regulus of Kent, yet it became his duty to assist his brother

[1] Those who wish to continue the life and legends of St. Neot may consult Hunt's "Popular Romances of the West of England"; Butler's "Lives of the Saints"; Whitaker's "Cathedral of Cornwall"; Gorham's "History of St. Neot"; or, "The Lives of English Saints," published by Toovey.

in his defence of the country against the Danes. In one year nine pitched battles were fought against these marauders. But the greatest fight was that at Ashdown, or Essendune. The combatants were parted by night coming on. As morning dawned, Alfred was ready at his post, but the king lingered at his devotions, nor would he hurry them, although urged by a message from his brother that the heathen were rushing forward with unbounded fury. The English were giving way, and even bordering on flight, for the heathen were pressing down upon them from the higher ground, when the king himself, signed with the cross of God, unexpectedly hastened forward, dispersing the enemy and rallying his subjects. The Danes, terrified equally by his courage and by the Divine manifestation, consulted their safety by flight. Here fell Oseg their king, five earls, and an innumerable multitude of common people. But the struggle was too harassing to be continued, and Ethelred, worn down with numberless labours, died and was buried at Wimborne, in Dorset.

It was in the following year, 871, that Alfred, a youth of twenty-one, succeeded to the toilsome labour of guiding the helm of the State. Ardent, impetuous, even cruel—it is said—in his vengeance on his enemies, yet with cultivated tastes, he despised the slow minds and sensual habits of his subjects, and took no care to conceal his contempt for them. For nine years the struggle with the enemy was continued, and at last was so far successful that the Danes left Wessex, and, crossing the Thames, visited London, Mercia, and East Anglia. And now came a pause and a period of comparative rest; but Alfred, instead of striving to heal the

wounds of his suffering people, and comfort them in their afflictions, showed naught but disgust at their ignorance and their evil habits and coarse tastes; he would not listen to his subjects' complaints, nor help them in their necessities, or grant them relief from their oppressors; instead of this he repulsed them, and paid no heed to their distress. It was not unnatural that Alfred should compare, to their disadvantage, his own pure and stainless life with the low animal pleasures of his people; but he was not left without warning, and his impatience and self-righteousness were rebuked.

It was some years since Alfred had visited his brother—who now, indeed, by his retirement into Cornwall, was removed farther from him—possibly he shrank from meeting the stern and unsparing criticism of that true friend; but at last he betook himself once more to him for friendship and counsel. In the interim St. Neot had visited Rome; he had left his solitary cell and founded a monastery. It was nine years since the brothers had met, and Neot, though receiving Alfred honourably as his sovereign, and lovingly as his brother, reproved him sharply, "for he grieved from the bottom of his heart" for his sin, and his prophetic spirit foretold what must befall him as a recompense for his pride of heart; nevertheless, he regarded not the reproof of the man of God, and refused to receive his words. Yet his conscience must have been awakened, for he went to his house in awe and great fear, and from that time came frequently to see the saint, and seek from him advice and counsel. At last came the last earthly interview, and the prophecy of final vengeance.

"Thou seest, O King!" said St. Neot, "what now thou sufferest from thine enemies, and thou shalt suffer more hereafter; for in thy kingdom thou art proud and tyrannical, whereas before the eyes of the Divine Majesty thou oughtest rather, with the King and Prophet David, to have shown thyself meek and humble. Therefore, by a foreign nation that knoweth not Christ, thou shalt be driven thence. Alone shalt thou escape from thine enemies, and shall be concealed under the hands of God, and so for thy sins shalt thou remain many days. Nevertheless I have obtained for thee, by my prayers, that if thou wilt turn from thine iniquities God will yet have mercy on thee, and restore thee to thy state and sceptre; and behold I go the way of all flesh, but when Divine Providence shall have fulfilled its purpose concerning thee, and shall have rightly punished thee for thy misdeeds, then be thou of good heart, and put thy trust in Him who rulest all things, and pray for His assistance, and Almighty God shall hear thy prayers and restore thee again to thy place."

And so it came to pass; Alfred had alienated the love of his subjects; and when, in the year 878, the Danes made a sudden irruption into Wiltshire and the adjoining districts, some of the inhabitants submitted; others fled into the Isle of Wight; and Alfred, deserted by all save a small band of trusty followers, found himself driven to take refuge in the marshes formed by the confluence of the Thone and the Parret; and on a spot slightly elevated above the surrounding country, since called the Isle of Athelney, he took refuge for several months. Yet in this, his deepest distress, William of Malmesbury tells us the people of

Hampshire, Wiltshire, and *Somerset*, "held fast by their allegiance."

We are not told how he disposed of his wife, Elswitha, and their children at this time; but evidently for the greater security—perhaps of both—he was alone, save for his aged mother, Osburga. It is likely enough that the Danes had destroyed the religious home in which she had taken refuge; at any rate, here we find her with him in Athelney. It was perhaps before his mother joined him that the episode of Alfred and the cakes took place, which has been repeated *ad nauseam*—and yet which *must* be told again amongst the legends of Somerset—though legend it scarcely is, for it appears in the pages of that most scrupulously truthful of all historians, Asser, in his Life of Alfred. We give it in his own words:—

"At the same time the above-named Alfred, King of the West Saxons, with a few of his nobles, and certain soldiers and vassals, used to lead an unquiet life among the woodlands of the county of Somerset in great tribulation; for he had none of the necessaries of life, except what he could forage openly or stealthily, by frequent sallies, from the Pagans, or even from the Christians who had submitted to the rule of the Pagans, and, as we read in the Life of St. Neot, at the house of one of his cowherds.

"But it happened, on a certain day, that the countrywoman, wife of the cowherd, was preparing some loaves to bake, and the king, sitting at the hearth, made ready his bow and arrows and other war-like instruments. The unlucky woman, espying the cakes burning at the fire, ran up

to remove them, and, rebuking the brave king, exclaimed—

"'Ca'sn thee mind the ke-aks, man; an' doossen zee 'em burn?
I'm boun thee's eat 'em vast enough, az zoon az tiz the turn.'[1]

"The blundering woman little thought that it was King Alfred, who had fought so many battles against the Pagans, and gained so many victories over them."

Alfred bore her threats and abuse meekly; it was part of his penance, he thought, and the woman must have soon learnt her mistake, if, as some say, her husband was the swineherd Denewulf, who, after receiving some training and education, became Bishop either of Sherborne or Winchester. In the times when Alfred could scarce find a priest south of the Thames who could read his own breviary,[2] supposing him to have been a pious and godly man, the thing is not so extraordinary as it appears at first sight; but all this was mended in the king's later years.

Whilst Alfred remained in this enforced seclusion at Athelney, he thought much, studied much, and prayed much. The second book which he studied (the first being the illuminated book of poems given him by his mother) was a volume containing a selection from the Psalms, with the daily prayers according to the ancient usages of the Church; and the perusal of this volume, which he always carried in his bosom, afforded him, we are told, constant comfort and support. But the time was now come when

[1] In a note to Dr. Giles' translation of Asser's "Life of Alfred," he says the original is in Latin verse; it may, therefore, be rendered into English verse such as every housewife in Somersetshire would understand.

[2] It must be remembered that the incursions of the Danes had destroyed the Monastic Schools.

this great and good man was to emerge from the fire of affliction, and, like gold seven times tried in the fire, was to appear purified from earthly dross, and shining with a clear and undimmed light in the world.

It became gradually whispered about, amongst those who remained faithful, where Alfred was; and the men of Somerset gathered around him. Then he built a fort at Athelney, and from here he sallied out, when he had the opportunity, and made frequent attacks upon the Pagans. But as the numbers of his followers increased it became more and more difficult to supply them with food, the Danes having eaten up or destroyed all the produce of both field and fold. Wild fowl and fish from the meres was all that could be found, and that only in scant measure.

Now it happened one day that all his followers had scattered themselves in search of necessary supplies, and he and his mother were in the fort alone, when a poor man came to the door begging an alms. They wondered much how he could have found his way to this secluded and jealously-guarded spot. Osburga told him that they were as poor as he was; but the king, who was reading, desired his mother to give him bread. She answered that they had but one loaf left to them, which would not suffice them for provision for the day, yet he prayed her to give half of it to the man, bidding her trust in Him who had fed the five thousand with five loaves and two fishes.

As they were awaiting the return of their companions, both Alfred and his mother lay down to rest, and as they slept the same vision appeared to each of them. Cuthbert, former bishop of Lindisfarne, appeared, and thus addressed

the king: "I am Cuthbert,[1] if ever you heard of me; God hath sent me to announce good fortune to you; and since England has nearly paid the penalty of her crimes, God now, through the merits of her native saints, looks upon her with an eye of mercy. You, too, so pitiably banished from your native kingdom, shall shortly be again seated with honour on your throne, of which I give you this extraordinary token: your fishers shall this day bring home a great quantity of fish in baskets, which will be so much the more extraordinary because the river, at this time hard-bound with ice, could warrant no such expectation, especially as the air, now dripping with cold rain, mocks the art of the fisher. But when your fortune shall succeed to your wishes, you will act as becomes a king if you conciliate God, your helper, and me, His messenger, with suitable devotion." Saying this, the saint divested the sleeping king of his anxiety, and comforted his mother also with the same joyful intelligence. When they awoke, they repeatedly declared that each had had the self-same dream, when the fishermen, entering, displayed such a multitude of fishes as would have been sufficient to satisfy the appetite of a numerous army.

But the vision was to receive a still more glorious fulfilment. News was brought that Hubba, the fierce Danish leader, with twenty-three ships, after much slaughter of the Christians, had come from the country of Demetia (South Wales,)[2] and sailed to Devon, where, with twelve hundred

[1] It is remarked as a sort of confirmation of this legend that a church in Wells is dedicated to St. Cuthbert, a north-country saint. (*Vide* Freeman's "Old English History.")

[2] Asser. It should be noticed that Asser, himself a Briton, never of course speaks of Wales or the Welsh, for he could scarcely allow them to be foreigners. He generally makes no distinction, save that of Pagans and Christians.

others, he met with a miserable death, being slain while committing his misdeeds, by the king's servants, before the Castle of Cynuit (Knywith, on the River Taw), into which many of the king's servants, with their followers, had fled for safety. The Pagans, seeing that the castle was altogether unprepared and unfortified, except that it had walls in its own fashion, determined not to assault it, because it was impregnable and secure on all sides except the eastern, as we ourselves have seen, but they began to blockade it, thinking that those who were inside would soon surrender either from famine or want of water, for the castle had no spring near it.

But the result did not fall out as they expected; for the Christians, before they began to suffer from want, inspired from Heaven, judging it much better to gain victory or death, attacked the Pagans suddenly in the morning, and from the first cut them down in great numbers, slaying also their king, so that few escaped to their ships, and there they gained a very large booty, and, amongst other things, the standard called Raven; for they say that the three sisters of Hingwar and Hubba, daughters of Lodobrok,[1] wove that flag, and got it ready in one day. They say, moreover, that in every battle, wherever that flag went before them, if they were to gain the victory a live crow (? raven) would appear flying on the middle of the flag; but, if they were doomed to be defeated, it would hang down motionless. And this was often proved to be so.

Great, therefore, was the dismay amongst the Danes when they heard of this terrible disaster—of the loss of men and

[1] Leather breeches.

leaders; but, above all, of their magic banner. In a corresponding degree were the hearts of the English raised. And now awoke the cry for Alfred, their king; he knew well that this was the moment to take advantage of the Danes' dismay; and, besides, had not St. Cuthbert promised him success? So, sending his faithful followers secretly in every direction to gather together the men of Hampshire, Wiltshire, and Dorset, he made a tryst to meet them with his faithful Sumorsætas at "Petra Ægbryhta," Egbert's Stone,[1] which was on the borders of Selwood Forest, which means in Latin *Silva Magna*, the great wood, but known in British as Coit-Mawr.

Meanwhile, determining to do nothing rashly, he would learn something of the state of the Danes and the watch they kept; so disguising himself as a glee-man, and taking his harp (of which he was as fond as King David), he started alone for their camp, which was in another part of Selwood Forest. He easily gained admittance, and, assuming the character of a Danish scald or bard, delighted these fierce men by singing them their favourite war-songs. Whilst he stayed there for some days, he went from tent to tent watching and carefully noting their entrenchments, the position of their leaders, the careless watch they kept, &c., &c. Having carefully observed all that he required to know, he made his way back to Athelney, and, assembling his companions, pointed out the indolence of the enemy, and the easiness of their defeat; he then joined the rest of his army at Ægbryht's Stone. It was now nearly Whitsuntide; and from thence he went to Iglea, or Iley. Here

[1] Now called Brixton Deverill.

they halted for the night, and, as Alfred lay in his tent, his anxious mind not letting him rest, St. Neot appeared to him; his form was as an angel of God; his countenance beaming with glory; his raiment white as the driven snow. He thus addressed him: "Rise up in haste and prepare for victory. When thou camest hither I was with thee—I supported thee. Now, therefore, on the morrow, go forth, thou and thy men of war, to the fight, and the Lord shall be with you—even the Lord strong and mighty—the Lord mighty in battle, who giveth victory to kings. And, behold, I go before you to the battle, and thine enemies shall fall by thy arm before mine eyes, and thou shalt smite them with the edge of the sword."

The Danes were at Ethandune (we do not know for certain the exact spot; three places are mentioned by different authors, but all agree that it was not in Wiltshire, but on the borders of Somerset), and were in careless security; so rapid and energetic had been Alfred's movements that he himself brought the tidings of the rising. The morning mist hung over the camp; not a watch-dog barked; not a note of alarm was given, while troop after troop of Saxons filed silently over the hill. Alfred made a stirring address to his people, promising them the success of which he had been assured. The word was given, and down rushed his men upon the foe. The Saxon army was as nothing to the great Danish host; but God and the Saints fought for the Christians against the heathen Danes. As the battle was doubtful, St. Neot himself appeared; he seized the standard; he fought by Alfred's side; he secured the victory. Thousands upon thousands fell, and the

terrible carnage had not ceased when the sun went down. The name of Slaughterford marks the spot where the battle was fiercest. Never again was St. Neot seen on earth!

After the conflict was over, the scattered remnants of the Danish army gathered together under Guthrum and took refuge in their entrenchments. Here they were blockaded by Alfred during fourteen days. No succour could reach them from their countrymen, and at last, being well-nigh hunger-starved, they were compelled to accept such terms as Alfred imposed. They asked for peace, and Alfred granted it on such conditions as they had never accepted before—viz., that they should give such hostages as the king pleased; while he should give them none in return. After which the Pagans swore that they would immediately leave the kingdom; and their king, Guthrum, promised to embrace Christianity and receive baptism.

But Alfred, though victorious, could not expel the Danes from England. He ceded East Anglia to them, and they were to hold it as vassals under Alfred, so that it would be to their own interest to keep the country free from fresh marauders; and those who would not submit to Christian baptism left the kingdom, and Guthrum and thirty of his chiefs were to be baptized at once.

Three weeks passed, while Guthrum and his thirty selected followers were placed under instruction in order to prepare for holy baptism. Then at Aller, not far from Alfred's refuge at Athelney, Alfred presented his conquered foe as a candidate for baptism. Bishop and priest, and the mingling crowd of Saxons, Britons, and Danes, so lately

foes, were there. The church doors opened, and a lengthened procession passed in, two and two.

Foremost, with every eye upon them, came the majestic figures of the two kings. Alfred led the Danish chief, and stood at the font as his godfather, and witness of his vows. When asked to name his son in the Faith, Athelstane was the name he chose, and so, bathed in the waters of purification, and signed with the sign of the cross, he rose up, no longer Guthrum, but Christian Athelstane. That name, dear to Alfred as his brother, his teacher, his deliverer, he now chose as the name of his reconciled enemy, trusting that it might bring a blessing upon him.

In like manner were his thirty warriors admitted into Christ's Church, and then they turned and took the oaths of fealty to England's sovereign. Twelve days did Guthrum-Athelstane and his followers wear the white robes of their baptism, and the chrisom cloth or white fillet which was bound round their heads at confirmation, a rite which then followed immediately after baptism. And during those twelve days of retirement and holy quiet, we may suppose that Alfred often instructed his godson in Christian truths, in Christian graces, and in Christian duties. Then, when the twelve days' "retreat" was over, Alfred took his guests and friends to his palace at Wedmore, and there he held the christening feast with holy and chastened joy; and there they loosed the chrisom, and laid aside their baptismal garments.

It was at Alfred's palace at Wedmore that the treaty was signed which gave peace to England for many years. By this agreement, Guthrum-Athelstane and his people were to

cross the Thames and live in East Anglia, subject to Alfred and his laws, but all those Danes who refused to give up their heathen gods had to cross the sea, and it is said they joined the host of Hastings, which went to ravage the fair lands of France. And Alfred sent his new subjects to their homes with great gifts.[1]

Alfred did not forget his "Isle of Refuge;" he built at Athelney a fair monastery on the side of his fort, and thither we may well believe he would retire at times for rest and repose from the toils and troubles of sovereignty. In order to defend the island, and yet render it attainable, a bridge was built between two heights, and at the western end of the bridge was constructed a tower of beautiful work, and in this monastery he collected monks of all kinds from every quarter. John, a priest and monk (an old Saxon by birth—meaning that he came from Saxony on the Continent), was first abbot. It seems that this motley assemblage of monks brought from different nations did not live well together, and two monks of Gaul laid a wicked plot to murder their abbot and bring his name into disgrace. This abominable scheme was, however, happily frustrated by his attendants being roused by the scuffle, and coming to his aid.

We must remember the state of fearful ignorance into which the country had fallen, and in inviting learned monks over from other countries, Alfred's object was to provide fit teachers in the monastic schools for his subjects.

[1] There is still shown at Aller a large ancient font, which was dug out of a pond in the vicarage garden, and is now replaced in the church; it is said to be the same in which Guthrum and his followers were baptized.

One interesting memorial of Alfred's residence in Athelney still remains. In the seventeenth century an ornament made of gold and enamel was found there, entire and uninjured. It bears an inscription, "Ælfred het meh gewircan," "Alfred caused me to be worked." It is now preserved at Oxford in the Ashmolean Museum.

Alfred's will once more connects his name with Somerset, that land which, though neither the place of his birth nor his death, yet seems in a special manner to have been his school in self-denial and tenderness; and as though from it and the bitter though loving discipline he there underwent, he went forth armed and equipped for the grand life which was thenceforward to be devoted to God and his country. In his will, which, according to the custom of those times, he brought before the Witenagemot to be ratified during his life—probably about the year 885—he makes mention of a great number of slaves, particularly on his estates at Cheddar and Domerham in Somerset, whom he had raised to the condition of free tenants, only making his petition to them, that they would, after his death, continue to cultivate those lands, with his son Edward for their landlord, rather than take to a new occupation.

From the peace of Wedmore, in 878, the glories of Alfred's reign may be dated. It was not that he had no troubles, anxieties, cares and sorrows; but that all worked together for good, his own good and that of his people. His life was henceforth one of constant progress towards the complete and full perfection to which he more nearly attained in his life than any other king in any age or place. But all this belongs to general history, and not in any

special way to Somerset. But when we know all that he accomplished, it is difficult to believe that Alfred finished his course at the comparatively early age of fifty-two.

It is scarcely possible to bring this legend to a close without comparing and contrasting the lives of the two great heroes, British and Saxon, who, alike in their patriotic struggles against foreign invasion and heathenism, yet were in their results so different. Arthur's brilliant career lighted up with a glorious blaze the expiring struggles of a decaying cause, while Alfred's represented a young and vigorous nationality, throwing off the evils that beset it, and rising stronger from each contest. A blessing rested on his work, and with the one exception of Edwy, his successors down to Ethelred had glorious and successful reigns. Both Arthur and Alfred alike made Somerset their rallying point, and the fairest and most graceful legends connected with the career of each have their local habitation in our county.

There is a curious myth with regard to Aller, a tradition of a terrible dragon which had its den on the south side of "Aller" Hill. This dragon devastated the neighbourhood, and the countryside was in constant dread of its attack; but at length an Aller man with a spear killed it, and this spear is still to be seen in Low Ham Chapel.

The spear is really an arrow or dart of a very light wood, and covered with a patterned textile fabric. It is about nine feet long, and has been feathered with double feathering. I never saw anything quite like it—says the Vicar of Muchelney. Might not the dragon—he suggests—be the Danes, whose army, conquered at Edyngton, were baptized

at Aller, *i.e.* what was left of it? If so, the spear, one would suppose, must have belonged to Alfred.

AUTHORITIES.—William of Malmesbury; Asser's Life; Lives of St. Neot; Histories of Glastonbury; A. S. Chronicle, &c., &c.; Butler's Lives of the Saints; Dugdale's Monasticon; Lives of English Saints (published by Toovey).

ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY

CONNECTED WITH SOMERSET.

—:o:—

ST. ATHELM.

(Abbot of Glastonbury, 905; First Bishop of Wells, 909; Archbishop of Canterbury, 914.)

ALFRED the King was dead. He died in the year 901, and his son Edward was chosen by the Witan to succeed him: but he was not permitted to mount the throne peaceably; for Alfred's elder brother, Ethelred, had left a son, and the hereditary right, as we understand it, was undoubtedly his. But no such right existed in those days. The Witan selected from the royal family the one who it was believed would fill the throne most worthily, and it was not to be supposed that their choice would fall on any one but the son of their late almost idolized monarch.

But Ethelwald would not acquiesce in his exclusion; he, however, took the surest way of proving the wisdom of his rejection by not only stirring up the flames of civil war, but

actually claiming help in his attempt from the Danes. For some years the strife continued, but at last, in a hardly-contested battle fought somewhere in Kent, Ethelwald was slain, and Edward's sovereignty secured.

It was a natural consequence of all these political troubles that the Church should suffer not only in her material wealth, but in her organization. Bishoprics fell vacant and were not filled up. But now that peace was restored, Archbishop Plegmund, the friend and adviser of Alfred in his literary labours, determined, with the co-operation of the king, to make further ecclesiastical divisions of the ever-growing kingdom of Wessex. Roman authorities say that he was driven to do this by the threats and edicts of Pope Formosus; but this is palpably false, for Formosus died in 896, and the ecclesiastical districts were not subdivided, nor the vacant sees filled, till 910. It was in 902, the year after Alfred's death, that Ethelwald, Bishop of Sherborne, died; in 908 died Denewulf, of Winchester; so that the whole kingdom of Wessex was left without a bishop. Then King Edward, by the advice of Plegmund the archbishop, called a council of the senators of the English, and therein it was agreed to fill up the vacant sees, and at the same time appoint others, so following the divisions of the shires or earldoms. To use William of Malmesbury's own words: "The King and the Bishops chose for themselves a salutary council, and according to our Saviour's words, 'The harvest truly is plenteous but the labourers are few,' they elected and appointed one Bishop to every province of the Gewissœ, and that district which two formerly possessed, they divided into five." "In one day he ordained in the

city of Canterbury seven bishops to seven churches. Frithstan to Winchester; Athelstan to Cornwall; Werstan to Sherborne; *Athelm to Wells;* Aidulf to Crediton in Devonshire; also to other provinces he appointed two bishops—to the South Saxons Bernegus, a very proper person, and to the Mercians Cenulph, whose see was at Dorchester in Oxfordshire."

Though Canterbury in the Saxon times had scarcely as magnificent a cathedral as now, still there is no doubt that it was a stately structure; and it must have presented a solemn and splendid spectacle when Plegmund and his suffragans received the seven newly-appointed bishops at the altar and consecrated them to their high office. With the exception of Winchester, which was an old foundation, it is remarkable that Wells alone retains the name and seat of the bishopric then appointed. Sherborne has given place to Salisbury, Crediton to Exeter, St. Germans, the Cornish see, after having been suppressed for several hundred years, has revived again, but at Truro, and Selsey has become Chichester.

Wells was a fit and natural seat for a bishopric, for Ina's foundation of secular canons stood ready to hand, and needed but a bishop to make the chapter complete. For a short time in the reign of Richard I., Glastonbury was joined to it, and ultimately Bath was raised to the dignity of a city, and incorporated as one diocese with Wells; but since the year 909, now nearly a thousand years ago, Wells has remained the chief cathedral city of Somerset.

It is little enough we know of the first Bishop of Wells. He was almost certainly a native of Somerset, and owed his

education to Glastonbury, of which he rose to be abbot; and it was from there that he was transferred to Wells by Plegmund, to organize and preside over the new diocese. Out of the seven bishops consecrated together on that day, he was selected, and, it is said, by Plegmund himself, to be his successor.

He was the second Archbishop of Canterbury who had been Abbot of Glastonbury. The fact of the little we know of some of these early archbishops is thus explained by Dr. Giles, in his translation of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. It is considered probable that to Archbishop Brithwald we owe the commencement of these chronicles, so valuable in themselves, and so carefully kept by successive archbishops. A copy called the Plegmund or Benet MS., from its being preserved in Corpus Christi College (formerly Benet College), Cambridge, is believed to have been written by or under the superintendence of that archbishop. It is a curious fact that his name is never mentioned except when inserted by a different hand. St. Athelm seems to have followed his predecessors in this divine "repression of himself," and so we hear little or nothing of his doings. In fact, like a true saint, his "life was hid with Christ in God."

So complete is this suppression of their own individuality that it is actually uncertain whether Athelstane was crowned by St. Athelm or St. Wulfhelm, for curiously enough the death of Edward the Elder and Archbishop Athelm occurred in the same year; but the probabilities seem rather in favour of the coronation being the last public act of Athelm's archiepiscopate.

Athelstane's coronation seems to have been a function of rather uncommon magnificence. He was in the prime of life—just thirty years of age—tall and of slender make, with long fair hair plaited with threads of gold, and his features were very fine. He probably inherited his mother's beauty, which had captivated his father's heart in his younger days; yet he was no effeminate dandy, but a great and wise king, who had enlarged his mind by foreign travel. He had been in Scandinavia, where he had learned the Norse tongue and become acquainted with their manners and customs, a knowledge which would be useful to him in dealing with the Danes and Northmen who inhabited a large part of the east and north of England. His coronation took place at Kingston-on-Thames—the king's town. Over a sacred stone or fragment of rock a platform was erected, on which the king stood, and he was thus crowned by the archbishop, in sight of all the people. The Mercians, as well as the people of Wessex, owned him for their king, and he was looked upon as Basileus or Bretwalda over the other parts of Britain, even of those who still possessed kings of their own. In fact, to Athelstane, rather than to his great-great-grandfather Egbert, belongs the title of first king of all England.

One most important part of the ceremony was the administering and taking the oath to govern according to law. The coronation service was nearly the same as that in use at the present day. The oath administered by Athelm was almost certainly the same as that taken by Ethelred:

"In the name of Christ I promise three things to the Christian people my subjects.

"1st. That the Church of Christ and all the Christian people shall preserve their peace under our auspices.

"2nd. That I will forbid rapacity and iniquities of every description.

"3rd. That I will command equity and mercy in all judgments, that to me and to you the gracious Lord may extend his mercy."

This oath, which was faithfully kept by Athelstane, was shamefully broken by Ethelred.

There is a Latin MS. of the Gospels still to be seen in the Cottonian Library of the British Museum, which belonged to Athelstane, and on which he was probably sworn; it was used at the coronation of Charles I.

Soon after this high ceremonial Athelm must have yielded up his spirit. He is said to have been an uncle of St. Dunstan, and to have exercised a powerful influence over his mind, but date renders this at least doubtful. One would fain know more of these ancient fathers of our Church; we know but that "they are numbered with the Saints," and that Athelm bears a name without reproach.

His figure, as first bishop of the see, appears on the very beautiful pastoral staff presented in 1882 to Lord Arthur Hervey, the present Bishop of Wells.

AUTHORITIES.—William of Malmesbury; Dr. Hook's Lives of the Archbishops; Dr. Stubbs' Constitutional History.

WULFHELM.

(Bishop of Wells, 914; Archbishop of Canterbury, 925. Died, 940.)

I have been unable to find anything relating to Archbishop Wulfhelm's early life or parentage. He was consecrated by St. Athelm as his successor at Wells, and selected, it is said, by him to follow him at Canterbury.

It was during his episcopate at Wells that the invasion by the Danes occurred, of which an account is given in the next paper. It must have been, therefore, a time of peril and anxiety, but it shows the more Christian feeling that existed between the Saxon and the British Churches that the great King Edward should condescend to the humiliation of paying a ransom in order to save the life of a British bishop.

The year 925 was a year to be marked in Anglo-Saxon story. Edward the Elder died, and Athelm, the Archbishop, did but survive him long enough to crown his son and successor, and then he too passed away, and Wulfhelm of Wells was raised to Augustine's chair. It is added in the Chronicle that in the same year St. Dunstan was born. In the life of Dunstan reasons will be given why this is probably a mistake.

In 927 Wulfhelm went to Rome to receive the pall and confirmation of his appointment as archbishop. During the period of Wulfhelm's archiepiscopate one of his duties must have been to marry some of Edward the Elder's numerous family, to whom, with the exception of the young Prince Edwin, Athelstane proved himself a kind and loving brother. It was in memory of this young prince and his

tragic end that Athelstane founded the Abbey of Muchelney, in Somerset, not far from Langport. The ruins are most interesting at the present day, though, of course, they are of a much later date than the time of which we write. Edwin was accused by envious tongues of having plotted against his brother's crown and life, as believing that he had a better right to the throne, Athelstane's mother having been of humble birth. Athelstane said that he would not be guilty of his brother's blood, but would trust him to the judgment of God. He placed him, with a faithful friend and servant, in an open boat without oars, and sent him out to sea. The boat drifted to the coast of France, with the attendant in it, but Prince Edward, in his impatient despair, had thrown himself into the sea. Athelstane discovered too late that he had been imposed upon by a false tale, and underwent a seven years' penance, and built other monasteries besides that of Muchelney, as a sin offering for his crime.

But it does not appear that Wulfhelm was an ardent friend of monasteries; for in the laws which he passed after the great battle of Brunanburgh or Brumby, for the regulation of the Church, there are many enactments with regard to parish churches, but nothing is said of the religious houses. The position of the clergy was assured. Priests were esteemed as holding the rank of thanes or gentlemen. A Saxon ceorl or franklin, if he were not rich enough to possess about 500 acres of land, a seat at the town gate (*i.e.* in the grand jury), and a place in the Witenagemot, *if he had a church on his estate with a bell tower*, could obtain the rank of a thane. There can be no doubt that such a law

as this would have great effect in increasing the number of parish churches.

Athelstane renewed the gift of his predecessors, of a tenth of the crown lands to the Church. Trials by ordeal were regulated, but not encouraged. The coinage was carefully attended to, the archbishop having the power of coining; but the money was stamped with the King's, not the Archbishop's, head. In all these enactments Archbishop Wulfhelm, from his position, must have borne a chief part.

Of Wulfhelm's, then, as of Athelm's, personal characteristics, we know little or nothing; but judging him by the work done—and we know who says, "by their works ye shall know them"—we must believe him to have been a wise and conscientious man, labouring for the good of the Church and the people entrusted to his charge, and working harmoniously with one of the wisest and greatest of our kings.

Our next biography will not be the shadowy and impalpable presentment which is all we can furnish of the lives and characters of St. Athelm and Archbishop Wulfhelm. We shall have to consider next the life of a man who was the central figure of at least four kings' reigns—the much vilified and misunderstood St. Dunstan.

AUTHORITIES.—Anglo-Saxon Chronicle; William of Malmesbury; Palgrave's Anglo-Saxons; Churton's Early English Church; Dr. Hook's Lives of the Archbishops.

THE LANDING OF THE DANES AT WATCHET.

(A.D. 918.)

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THE Danes, who were such fearless sailors and fierce warriors, and were withal so prudent and cunning, made, about the beginning of the tenth century, such constant descents upon our coasts that, when there is any uncertainty with regard to dates, it is sometimes difficult to know whether the same story is being told with a difference or whether it is a record of two distinct invasions. There was certainly an invasion of the Danes in 910, which sailed up the Severn mouth from Brittany, but we are told they all perished; again in 911 we hear of their attacking Mercia, and of the death of Earl Ohter among others: but it was in 918 that the great western invasion took place, which is told alike in prose and verse. "In this year (918) a great fleet came over thither from the south, from the Lidwiccas (Brittany), and with it two Earls Ohter and Rhoald; and they went west about till they arrived within the mouth of the Severn, and they spoiled the North Welsh everywhere by the sea-coast where they then pleased. And

in Archenfield they took Bishop Camleac,[1] and led him to their ships, and then King Edward ransomed him afterwards with forty pounds. Then after that the whole army landed, and would have gone once more to plunder about Archenfield. Then met them the men of Hereford and of Gloucester, and of the nearest towns, and fought against them and put them to flight, and slew the Earl Rhoald and a brother of Ohter, the other earl, and many of the army; and drove them into an enclosure, and there beset them about, until they delivered hostages that they would depart from King Edward's dominions. And the king had so ordered it that his forces sat down against them on the south side of Severn-mouth, from the Welsh coast westward to the mouth of the Avon eastward; so that on that side they durst not anywhere attempt the land. Then, nevertheless, they stole away by night on some two occasions, once to the east of Watchet, and another time to Porlock. But they were beaten on either occasion, so that few of them got away, except those alone who there swam out to the ships. And then they sat down, out on the island of Bradan-relice (Flat Holms), until such time as they were quite destitute of food; and many men died of hunger. Then they went thence to Deomod (South Wales), and then out to Ireland, and this was during harvest." Such is the short and unembellished account of this invasion and its repulse by the brave Sumorsœtas unassisted. Tradition, however, gives the name of their leader, to whose prowess and encouragement their brave resistance was probably owing; and poor Chatterton commemorates him in one of

[1] Of Llandaff.

his wonderful imitations of the antique. It is thus introduced in Evans's old ballads :—

A Song to Ælle, Lord of the Castle of Brystowe in Daies of Yore.

[About the year 920 Ælle was governor of the castle of Bristol, and gained many signal victories over the Danes, particularly at Watchet. The following song was made to the memory of this chief by Thomas Rowlle, a Carmelite friar, and father-confessor to William Canynge, founder of St. Mary Redcliffe Church. It was written in the year 1468, and the original is now in the hands of Mr. Barret, surgeon, in Bristol.]

O Thou (or whate remaynes of thee)
Ælle, the darlynge of futuritye !
Lette thys mie ſonge bolde as thie courage bee,
As everlaſtynge to poſteritye !
Whanne Dacyas ſonnes, with hair of blood-red hue,
Lyke kynge-coppes braſtynge with the mornynge dewe.

Arraung'd in drear arraye
Upon the lethale daye,
Spredde, ſarre and wyde, on Watchet's ſhore ;
Thenne dydſt thou brondeons ſtonde,
And, with thie burlye honde,
Beſpryngedde all the mees wythe gore ;

Drawn by thyne anlace ſell,
Down to the depthes of hell
Thouſands of Dacyans went ;
Bryſtowans, menne of myghte,
Ydared the blodie ſyghte,
And acted deedes full quent.

O thou ! wher'ere (thie bones att reſt)
Thie ſpryte to haunte delyghteth beſt,

Whether on the blod-embrued playne;
Or where thou keen'ſt from far
The blatant cryes of warre,
Or ſeeſt ſome mountayne made of hepes of ſlayne.

Or ſeeſt the hatchedde ſtede
Ypraucynge o'er the mede,
And neigh to be amongeſt the poyntedde ſperes;
Or, in black armour, ſtalk'ſt arounde
Embattelede Briſtowe, once thie grounde,
And glow'ſt ardorous onne the caſtle ſteers;

Or fierie round the mynſterne glare;
Let Briſtowe ſtille bee made thie care:
Guarde it from ſomenne and conſumynge fyre,
Lyke Avon's ſtreame encyrque it rounde;
Ne lette a flamme enharme the grounde
Tyll ynne one flame all the whole worlde expyre.

GODA, EARL OF DEVON.

(A.D. 988.)

"A.D. 988. This year was Watchet ravaged, and Goda, the Devonshire thane, slain, and with him much slaughter made. And this year departed the holy Archbishop Dunstan, and passed to the heavenly life."

So says the Saxon Chronicle, and there is no more to add to it. A horror of great darkness settled upon the land; the Saxons, in their turn and for the like sins, were delivered over to their enemies as, just five hundred years before, had the Britons been to them.

THE TIMES OF ST. DUNSTAN.

HIS LIFE AND LEGENDS.

(A.D. 915 or 925–988.)

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THERE is perhaps no character in English history so generally misunderstood, and yet who is so completely the dominant figure, in a picture of any given period, as St. Dunstan is in the times in which he lived. Born, it is said, in 925, the first year of Athelstane's reign—though it is more than probable that the date errs by at least ten years, and that the real date of his birth was 915—he lived in seven, and perhaps eight, kings' reigns. Before Athelstane's death he had made his mark; in the reign of Edmund the Pious or Magnificent [1] he was a trusted friend and councillor; while in those of Edred, Edgar, and Edward the Martyr, he held a position which we can only compare to a prime minister in our own day. During the short reign of the weak and foolish Edwy he was banished, but returned triumphantly after his death, and retained his ascendency till the murder of the young Edward, and the

[1] Not as we understand the word; but as, indeed, its derivation implies, the doer of great deeds.

consequent accession of the unhappy Ethelred. Then, appearing for a moment as the gloomy herald of the crimes and misfortunes of that miserable reign, he retires heart-broken from the stage where he had played so brilliant a part; and though he lived ten years longer, a period sufficient to show that his prophetic words were in course of fulfilment, he took no further part in secular affairs: thus closing, as so often happens, a life of singular renown and success in an old age of disappointment, if not of failure.

It was undoubtedly owing to the ascendency of this remarkable man that the sun of England's prosperity did not set with the violent death of Edmund the Pious; for, with the exception of Edgar, his successors were feeble monarchs, and the shortness of their reigns, their weak health or extreme youth, would have made it impossible for them to do any good work for England. Then, far more than now, the well-doing of a country depended almost entirely upon the personal character of the one who, in whatever capacity—whether as sovereign, or as the king's councillor and adviser—held the reins of government. Alfred, Edward the Elder, Athelstane, and Edmund, were men of high character and exceptional ability; they were their own ministers. Then, just as the sceptre was about to fall into weak or incompetent hands, it was, if not grasped, at least guided, by the wise statesmanship of the great Somerset Churchman.

Dunstan was born of noble parents; his father, a thane named Heorstan, his mother Cynethrith, had their home near Glastonbury: and, passing there the earliest years of his life, it seems always to have lain nearer to his heart than any

other place. When quite a child he was taken by his father to the abbey, probably that he might be trained in the monastic school. The child was laid in his bed, and, his imagination being excited by all he had heard of the sanctity of the place, he saw a vision: an old man appeared, clothed in white, who conducted him to all the spots hallowed by ancient memories. These were then but vacant places, with here and there a fragment of antiquity, for Glastonbury, like other religious houses, had suffered much from the incursions of the Danes, and the grand structure reared by Ina was, in a great degree, in ruins, though the church and some of the monks' dwellings still remained.

But, as the child was viewing the desolation, the scene changed: a splendid monastic pile appeared before him, and so clearly was the vision photographed upon the child's brain, that in years to come he was enabled to reproduce in substantial form "the airy fabric of a dream."

We must now picture to ourselves the young visionary a schoolboy at Glastonbury, for though, in a great degree, a ruin, Glastonbury had never renounced its high functions as a nursing mother of the Church. Its work of education appears never to have been interrupted, and most of the prelates and Church dignitaries of the south of England had been brought up there. The abbey was chiefly filled with Scottish monks from Ireland, for at the time when England had been so desolated by the Danes, Ireland, hidden in the shadow of her greater sister, was comparatively free from invasion. And there piety and learning flourished when it had well-nigh died out in England; so that when Alfred had

said he could find no priest south of the Thames who could read his own service-book, it was from Ireland that the torch of learning was re-lighted, and the chairs of the professors in the monastic schools were filled. These, then, were Dunstan's teachers, and under them he studied eagerly, nay, vehemently, and, as he painfully strove to overcome the difficulties that learning presented in those days, he seems to have overshot the mark, and was attacked with brain fever. His favourite studies were the same that had roused Alfred's dormant intellect, viz., the poetic legends and magic songs of the olden times. As a child he was singularly weak in body, but his mind was preternaturally active. The effect of a fever upon so delicate a frame and so excitable a mental organization reduced him to the verge of the grave, his strength failed, and his teachers and companions alike never looked to see him leave his bed alive. Suddenly he arose, apparently in a trance. He directed his steps towards the monastery church. The great doors were closed, but by some other entrance he ascended a flight of steps which led to the roof. Proceeding cautiously along the beams, he dropped unhurt into the aisle below. Dunstan recovered, and when restored to health related how he had risen from his bed by command of an angel, that fiends had encountered him in his path, but that he put them to flight, and, borne on the wings of a protecting spirit, was wafted down from the fearful height to the pavement of the church. It was undoubtedly a case of sleep-walking, produced by the excited state of his brain.

The effect of this serious illness was so far good that it caused his friends and tutors to decide that he must have

change of scene and rest from study. It was arranged, therefore, by some of his relations high in birth and place that he should spend some time at court. Probably the fever had left an irritability of brain which caused him easily to give and take offence, and this wonderfully precocious boy contrived to make enemies at court, and enemies who hated him with so bitter a hatred that nothing but his blood would quench their ill-will. Athelstane was a great and wise prince, but no sovereign can avoid at times being influenced by those that surround them, and whisperers and backbiters, mingling together truth and falsehood, persuaded the king that the boy was a sorcerer.

One can scarcely wonder in so rude an age that the ignorant and ambitious men who composed the king's court should think that Dunstan's varied accomplishments were something superhuman. A musician of no mean order, a painter, a sculptor, and, for those days, a marvellous mechanician, a worker in metals, iron and steel, silver and gold, he was also an exquisite caligraphist, and illuminated daintily the MSS. that he wrote. By some he is believed to be the inventor of that elegant toy, the Æolian harp, for a legend was carried from one to another in his lifetime that when he hung his harp on the wall it produced sweet sounds of itself without human agency. All this might perhaps have been pardoned in one who intended to enter the ministry or to bury his accomplishments in the monastic cell; but Dunstan had no thought of taking holy orders, although it is evident that his two episcopal uncles, Athelm of Canterbury and Alphage of Winchester, had educated him with that idea.

But Dunstan's position at court became insupportable. He could not brook the coldness of the king in addition to the slights and injuries of his enemies. He left, therefore, but was followed, pulled from his horse, bound hand and foot, trampled on, and finally thrown into a marshy pool. He was rescued by some passers by, who carried him to a neighbouring village, where he was nursed until he recovered from the effects of the assault which he had sustained.

Naturally enough, he was now disgusted with a court life, and he proceeded to Winchester to visit his uncle, the bishop of that see. But, alas for Dunstan, here he met his fate! His accomplishments, combined with his high birth and his near relationship to their bishop, made him welcome at the houses of the best families in the neighbourhood. In one of these he met with a lady in every way suitable, in age, rank, and position, to be his wife, and formed a passionate attachment to her. On a person of his excitable temperament a happy marriage would probably have had a most salutary effect; but it was not to be. At this time the idea was spreading in the Western Church that marriage was *not* honourable in all; that there was some special virtue in celibacy; and, recognizing his talent, his uncle desired earnestly to secure him, heart and soul, to the service of the Church. He strove, therefore, by every possible argument to persuade him that to suffer any earthly affection to come between him and an entire surrender of himself, body and soul, to God's work, would be a deadly sin.

The struggle was a fearful one. Devotion, obedience, ambition, on one side; the overpowering first love of a passionate nature, and the craving for all that a loving

woman could be as comfort and rest to a perturbed and fevered spirit, on the other. Mind and body both gave way under the strain, and once again he was attacked by brain fever. They persuaded him that it was a visitation of God to wean him from earthly delights; and so, at last, he yielded. He gave up all that could make his life sweet, and bright, and beautiful; he cast his earthly affections behind him, as the temptation of the evil one, and set his mind steadily to the career of a monkish ecclesiastic.

There can be little doubt that this second attack of fever had a permanent effect upon his brain, and that from that period he was at times afflicted with a partial insanity. His mind, shrewd and clear on most points, was disordered by the idea of the personal presence—sometimes in bodily shape—of the arch enemy, constantly haunting him. He had not yet succeeded in wholly overcoming those desires for earthly happiness he had been taught to regard as temptations of the evil one; so, not satisfied with the ordinary austerities of the monastic rule, he returned to Glastonbury and there dug himself a hole in the ground. Here, with just a covering overhead, he would work, and watch, and pray, but could not lie down, and it was here he fought out the struggle in his mind, and here that he had what we may entitle

DUNSTAN'S PERSONAL CONFLICT WITH THE DEVIL.

In the place of discipline and self-torture that he had chosen, his sole recreation was toiling with his hammer and anvil at the forge; and here he shaped out pieces of wrought-

iron of marvellous beauty; and still, as he watched, and prayed, and worked, would the demon haunt him and tempt him; but still Dunstan gained the better in the strife by "fast and vigil, watch and prayer."[1]

The demon, however, though he retired baffled again and again, determined upon one last attempt. It was night, the fire had died down, and Dunstan's work at the forge had ceased. The evil spirit was on the watch, but this time he disguised himself in the form of a beautiful woman. And now, like the serpent in "Paradise Lost," the tempter placed himself close to the ear of Dunstan, and so managed that if he looked up to the opening in the roof, he must see her wanton beauty. She began to suggest evil thoughts, she lured him with forbidden pleasures. Nearer and nearer came the fiend, closer and closer pressed the fierce temptation. His usual "Avaunt thee, Sathanas; get thee behind me!" availed nothing. He tried to occupy his mind with earnest prayer; but meanwhile his hands were not idle, he was replenishing the dying embers. The flame leaped up; the tongs with which he took the pieces of red-hot iron from the fire were themselves getting red-hot. Then, when the demon pressed nearer still, and, placing her face quite close to the ear of the saint, wanton words and shameful suggestions were breathed so near to him that he scarce knew whether the temptation proceeded from within or from without, suddenly he seized the tongs, and, catching hold

[1] This period of his life reminds one strangely of the exquisite and powerful tale of La Motte Fouqué, "Sintram and his Companions"; and yet historians, if they comment at all upon what they are pleased to call "this ridiculous story," can find nothing more appropriate to say than a sneer or a point blank accusation of falsehood.

of the demon's nose, held her, in spite of her howlings and fiendish shrieks. When at last the iron cooled and the evil creature was allowed to go, she fled away, with shrieks that echoed and re-echoed in the darkness of the night. The demon was conquered, and Dunstan was never again assaulted by the personal attacks of the evil one.

In this wild story I can see nothing to ridicule. I believe it to be absolutely true, only that the demon was that worst fiend in human shape—an abandoned woman, wrought upon probably by Dunstan's enemies to try and overcome his virtue, and so wound him in the tenderest part. It is likely enough, with his highly-wrought imagination, that he in good faith believed her to be a demon in disguise, and she, with her beauty destroyed for ever, and utterly disgraced and discomfited, could have been in no haste to make public her defeat, and so willingly countenanced the legend by her silence. Such seems to be the natural explanation of the story.

It was about this time that Ethelfleda, a noble lady, was attracted by the renown of Dunstan's holy life. She was living in seclusion, as became a widow. She sought his conversation, and he became her spiritual adviser and friend. She reconciled him to the king, and, dying shortly afterwards, bequeathed to him the whole of her great wealth; but Dunstan immediately distributed not only this legacy, but also his own patrimony, among the poor.

Athelstane died in the year 940, and his half-brother, Edmund the Etheling, succeeded to the throne. He was only eighteen years of age, yet his valour, his piety, and his

wisdom earned for him the titles of "the Magnificent" and "the Pious," this latter affix bearing witness probably to his liberal restoration of monasteries.

Dunstan had not yet assumed the monastic habit. It may be that, till the strange conflict and victory we have described, he could not trust himself; but now, perhaps in consequence of the king's desire that he should accept the abbacy of Glastonbury, he proceeded to Fleury, near Rouen, and there studied the Benedictine rule, which had not yet been introduced into England. There he took the vows and assumed the dress of the order, and there it seems most probable that he was ordained deacon, priest (nay, it may even be, as he was destined to be a mitred abbot), and bishop also.

On his return he was appointed chaplain to King Edmund, and now there seemed a possibility of the vision of his childhood being realized; for the king desired to rebuild Glastonbury, in fact to refound it, and make it the first and greatest Benedictine abbey in England. It eventually became perhaps the greatest in Europe. Edmund did not live to see his great work completed, but before he died gave a charter to the abbey, in which singular privileges were granted to it. This was done in the year of our Lord 944, and was written in letters of gold in the book of the Gospels, which he presented to the same church elegantly adorned. But Edmund's great deeds were ended, and the prosperity of England for a time obscured, after a short but brilliant reign of six years and a half.

It was in the year 940, the same year that Edmund ascended the throne, that, on account of his misdeeds, a

robber named Leofa was banished the kingdom. Years passed on, and he may have thought his crimes forgotten, or that his person would not be recognized; at any rate, emboldened by an audacious spirit, he presented himself at a banquet held by the king on the Feast of St. Augustine, the apostle of the English, at his palace at Pucklechurch, in Gloucestershire; for it was the custom of the Anglo-Saxon kings on high festivals to dine in public, and it would seem that none were turned away. Leofa had the insolence to take his seat at the banquet, and then draw attention to himself by proceeding to quarrel with the king's sewer. He drew his dagger upon him, which the king noticing, threw himself between them, and seized the robber by his hair; but Leofa dragged the king above him to the ground, and ere he could extricate himself and rise, the miscreant plunged the dagger into his breast.

All present were seized with fury at the crime. They removed the lifeless body of their lord, but when indeed they saw that he was dead, they rushed upon Leofa, and, with a just revenge, tore him limb from limb; yet nevertheless before they could overcome him he wounded several of them. A messenger was sent at once to Glastonbury to tell the woeful tidings to the abbot, but he was met by Dunstan himself speeding towards Pucklechurch in all haste and great anxiety. The saint was hurrying on to warn the king of impending danger. But when the messenger told him he was the bearer of heavy tidings, "Alas!" he said, "I know it; the king is dead!" And when the bearer had shown the manner of his death, he told how that in his cell at Glastonbury he had seen a devil dancing before him in insolent

mockery, and that from his gesticulations of delight he knew that evil had befallen the king. It was in weeping and mourning that Dunstan arrived at Pucklechurch. One only thought would comfort him, and that was that the body of his friend and sovereign should rest at Glastonbury, awaiting the resurrection of the just. With great state and magnificence they bore him thither. His tomb was made in the north corner of the tower. The village where he was so foully murdered was made an offering for the dead, that the spot where he fell might minister aid to his soul; and there prayers and alms were offered for the soul of King Edmund, that he might have peace.[1]

Edmund left two sons, Edwy, or Eadwig, and Edgar, both so young that the Witan passed them over, and, as in the case of Alfred, chose the brother to succeed instead. Edred also was young, and weak and sickly in health; "but," says Mr. Freeman, "his reign was an active one, and things were wisely managed; for Abbot Dunstan was his chief adviser." He was at once Prime Minister and Chancellor. The funds also were in his hands, and the royal treasures were kept at Glastonbury; and under Dunstan's advice the king gave largely to churches and monasteries. For fear it should be supposed that Dunstan was self-seeking and avaricious, while Edred was weak and superstitious, it is necessary occasionally to remind our readers that endowing a monastery meant endowing a college or school, for poor as well as rich; it meant the endowment of a library, a scriptorium (or room for copying old books and writing new ones—answering to an author's study, a printing and publishing office in one),

[1] William of Malmesbury.

a hospital, a school of art, a relieving office for the poor, making wholly unnecessary the machinery of the modern Poor Law. It meant placing certain lands under the highest known cultivation, and, unless when attacked by heathen, preserving them from devastation in time of war. The wealthy and great could therefore hardly make a better use of the funds they allotted for charity than by founding one of these schools for devotion, learning, art, literature, science, and industry. To say that these institutions were sometimes corrupt and abused, is but to say that they were human.

Edred reigned but nine years, and died at Frome in 955. He was buried at Winchester. He was succeeded by his nephew Edwy, the story or legend of whose life has been repeated by historians, *ad nauseam*, to show the cruelty and unscrupulousness of Dunstan. In any way to understand the whole affair, it is necessary to explain the state of the Church at that time. Ecclesiastics were divided into seculars and regulars. The regulars lived by some monastic rule, and owed obedience to their superiors; the seculars lived sometimes together in what are now called clergy-houses, sometimes alone in their parishes, much as our clergy do now, owing obedience only to the bishop of the diocese. A great controversy arose between the two parties, and contention ran high. It was a time of great trouble. The Danes and Northmen were devastating every part of Northern Europe, and it was in a period of like distress that St. Paul had counselled celibacy; and so earnest men, finding how careless and worldly were the lives of the clergy, how ignorant they were, how engrossed with the things of this world,

tried to wean them from earthly things, to detach them from bonds which necessarily secularized them, and to enforce upon them the rule of St. Benedict.

Dunstan was the first Benedictine abbot in England, and he pushed forward the reforms he thought absolutely necessary to purify the Church, in conjunction with Archbishop Odo, with the intense and feverish eagerness which was part of his nature. He had trampled on his own natural affections, and he endeavoured to impose on others only what he had himself done. Yet we find that, after he became himself archbishop, he allowed the secular clergy, when reasonable, to keep their wives; and he permitted the canons to remain at Canterbury, though at Worcester and Winchester the bishops resorted to acts of persecution to turn their cathedral foundations into monasteries.

It is, of course, true that harsh, possibly even unjustifiable, acts were done during the carrying out of this great reformation; but when the corruption is great the knife must cut deep, and festering sores require searching remedies. Party spirit ran high, and, as we see, alas! in our own day, opposing schools of thought in the Church say bitter things of each other, instead of "provoking" only "to love and good works;" and so it has come to pass that this great man's memory bears an undeserved burden of reproach to the present day, and that the wise King Edgar, his partner in the work, has been vilified in every possible manner by the seculars, in revenge for the stern justice that they received.

William of Malmesbury, one of the most careful and conscientious of historians, affirms that several of the scan-

dalous tales relating to Edgar rest on no better foundation than ballads, written with no other purpose than that of traducing his character as a friend of monasteries—utterly valueless, therefore, as history.

But we are anticipating. The usual story of Edwy and Elgiva is one of these ballad-myths, and it is now quite impossible to discover the true version. Thus much is certain, that Edwy was a dissolute youth, who fell into the hands of the seculars, and that they filled him with prejudice against Archbishop Odo and Abbot Dunstan. He therefore bitterly resented their forcing him back to his coronation festival, which he had insultingly left, for the company of his so-called wife, Elgiva, and another woman, represented by one side as her mother, by the other as a woman of more than doubtful character. Edwy, however, took his revenge: he banished Dunstan, the greatest statesman of his day. Odo, however, continued the struggle, and though the story of his cruelty to Elgiva is utterly apocryphal and absurd, the power of the Church seems to have been strong enough to separate the lovers, who were apparently too near of kin by canon law.

It is said that when Dunstan quitted his beloved home at Glastonbury, a loud, fiendish peal of laughter echoed through the sacred building. "Thou shalt have more sorrow at my return than thou hast now joy at my departure!" exclaimed the abbot, addressing himself to the unseen demon.

But now everything went wrong. The Mercians revolted, and chose the younger brother Edgar as their king, and all the land north of the Thames ceased to acknowledge Edwy

as their lord, "shocked with which calamity, he died in 958, and was buried in the new minster at Winchester. But when Dunstan learned that he was dead, and that the devils were about to carry off his soul in triumph, by his prayers he obtained his release."[1] It was probably before Edwy's death, while Edgar was only King of Mercia, that he recalled Dunstan and made him Bishop of Worcester. In the same year he made him Bishop of London, and in the following year (859) "Odo the Good,"[2] Archbishop of Canterbury, died, and Dunstan succeeded him.

And now Edgar was king of the whole country. He was acknowledged as Basileus, or lord of Britain, but he is better known by the more honourable title of "Edgar the Peaceable;" and his reign, the culminating point of Anglo-Saxon rule, owed, under God's blessing, its glory and its peace to the wise counsels and statesman-like qualities, shown alike in government of Church and State, of Archbishop Dunstan. Edgar was only sixteen when his brother's death raised him to the throne of united England. It seems likely that he was crowned King of Mercia at Kingston-on-Thames, or some other place, by Dunstan in Edwy's lifetime, and that there was no talk of repeating the ceremony when Edwy died. The account the Saxon Chronicle gives of him in one of the fragments of ancient verse is as follows:—

[1] A curious colloquy between the abbot and the devils on the subject may be found in Osberne's Life of Dunstan, Anglia Sacra, William of Malmesbury.

[2] Such was the title given him by his contemporaries. He only followed the recognized rule in separating Edwy and Elgiva; and Elgiva's death is attributed by Eadmer, the writer nearest their own time, to the Mercians.

"In his days
it prospered well,
and God him granted
that he dwell in peace
the while that he lived;
and he did as behoved him;
diligently he earned it.
He upreared God's glory wide,
and loved God's law,
and bettered the public peace,
most of the kings
who were before him
in man's memory.
And God him eke so helped
that kings and earls
gladly to him bowed,
and were submissive
to that that he willed;
and without war
he ruled all
that himself would.
He was wide
throughout nations
greatly honoured
because he honoured
God's name earnestly,
and God's law pondered
much and oft,
and God's glory reared
wide and far,
and wisely counselled,
most oft, and ever,
for God and for the world
of all his people."

"One misdeed he did," we are told; "he loved foreign vices." "But," it concludes with, "God grant him that his good deeds be more availing than his misdeeds for his soul's protection on the longsome course."

And now that Dunstan was archbishop, two of his friends and pupils, Oswald and Ethelwald, were bishops respectively of York and Winchester; and the three friends, with the co-operation and support of the king, proceeded in their great designs for purifying and evangelizing the Church and nation. In the course of his administration forty monasteries were built or restored, and most of them richly endowed. All, or at least the greater part, of these were of the Benedictine order.

But lest it should be thought that the great prelate's sole object was to magnify his order, it is well to record how sternly he reproved vice. Edgar had carried off by force from the monastery at Wilton a beautiful damsel named

Wulfrida; when next Dunstan came into the royal presence he refused to give his hand to the king. "I will never be a friend," he said, "to whom God is an enemy." Edgar fell on his knees, and acknowledged his faults; and Dunstan enjoined him a penance during seven years. For seven years he was never to wear his crown, thereby acknowledging his offence before his subjects. He was to fast strictly twice a week, to endow a convent of nuns at Shaftesbury, and *to send a copy of the Scriptures into every county into which the Saxon monarchy was divided.* Historians sneer at the not wearing his crown for seven years as being a mere pretence of ostentatious penitence, but they carefully omit the other provisions.

All Dunstan's reforms partook of this practical character. His rules for the guidance of his clergy were such as these: "That every priest was to do his duty in his own parish, and not to interfere with any other; not to administer the Lord's Supper in a private house, except in case of sickness; that every parish priest should preach every Sunday to his people. That parents were directed to bring children to the font within six weeks of their birth; to teach them, as soon as they can learn, the Apostles' Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and not to keep them too long unconfirmed by the bishop."

In regard to the education of the young, every priest who keeps a school is to understand some handicraft himself, and, while he diligently teaches his pupils, must take care to teach them some craft which may hereafter be profitable to the Church. When Dunstan enjoins works of penance, or acts of repentance to the rich, he bids them

build churches and give lands to them, or repair public ways, or build bridges over deep waters or arches over miry ground, or give alms thankfully of their goods to needy persons, widows, orphans, and strangers; or set free their own slaves, and redeem those of other people. But this was not to stand in place of fasting and mortifying their bodies.

In some of his counsels Dunstan shows a pleasant wit. "Let no priest," he says, "be a singer at the ale, nor in any wise play the jester to please himself or others, but be wise and grave, as becometh his order. Let him not love woman's company too much, but love his right wife, that is, his Church. And let him not be a hawker or hunter, or player at the dice, but play on his books, as befits his order."

Side by side with Dunstan's earnest but kindly words, let us place an address put forth by King Edgar to the people during his seven years' penance. He begins by stating the necessity for the great reformation which was being carried on by Dunstan and his coadjutors, and after a preamble of some length in which he magnifies his own office, he then accuses the bishops of not having looked well to their charge, or "such horrible and abominable things as are spoken of the churches had not come to our ears. Furthermore, how great negligence is there in the divines, when in the holy vigils they will scarce vouchsafe to be present; when at the holy solemnities of the divine service they seem to be gathered together to plaie and to laugh rather than to sing. That which good men lament, and evil men laugh at, I will speak with sorrow (if so be it may be spoken), how they flow in banquettings, in drunkennesse, in chambering and wantonnesse; that now, clearkes' houses may be

thought to be brothell houses of harlottes and an assembly of players. There is dice, there is dancing, singing, there is watching till mydnight, with crying and shouting. Thus the patrimonie of kinges, the almesse of princes, yea (and that is more) the price of that precious blood is overthrowne."

After much more in this strain, he proceeds in more impassioned language to appeal to the example of great reformers of ancient times. "Where," he says, "is the sworde of Levie? the spirit of Moyses? . . . the dagger of Phineas? . . . the spirite of Peter? . . . Endeavour to imitate, ye priests of God. It is time to rise against them that have broken the law of God. I have Constantine's, you have Peter's sword in your hands: let us joyne right handes, let us couple sword to sword, that the leapers [lepers] may be cast out of the Church. Goe to, carefully, I beseech you, lest it repent us to have done that that we have done, and to have given that we have given, if we shall see that not to be spent in God's service, but on the riotousnesse of most wicked men through unpunished libertie.

"Let the reliques of saints which they scorne, and the reverende altars before which they rage, move you. Let the marvellouse devotion of our ancestors move you, whose almes the clearkes' furie abuseth.

"My great-grandfather's father Ethelwolfus (as you know) gave the tenth part of all his lands to churches and abbies. My great-grandfather Alfred, of holie memory, thought not meete to spare his treasures, his patrimonie, no costes nor revenues, that he might enrich the Church: my grandfather the olde Edward, how much he gave unto the

Church your fatherhood is not ignorant. It becometh you to have in remembrance with what giftes my father and uncle enriched Christe's altar.

"O Dunstane, father of fathers, behold, I pray you, the eyes of my father shining on thee from the brighte coast of heaven, heare his complaining wordes with a certain pittie thundering in thine eares. Thou, O my father Dunstane! Thou gavest me wholesome counsell to build abbeis and churches, thou wast my helper and fellow-worker in all things. Thee I elected as a shepherd, father, and bishop of my soule, and keeper of my manners; when did I not obey thee? What treasures did I preferre before thy counsells? what possessions despised I not, thou commanding me? If thou thoughtest meete to give anything to the poore, I was ready. If thou judgest anything to be given to churches, I deferred not. If thou complainedst anything to be wanting to monkes or clearkes, I supplyed. Thou saidst Almes was everlasting, and none to be more fruitful than that which was given to abbeyes and churches wherewith God's servants may be sustained, and what remaynest may be given to the poore."

There is still more in this impassioned strain of eloquence, entreating Dunstan and his coadjutors, Ethelwold of Winchester, and Oswald of Worcester, to take speedy means to clear the Church from the foul stains that corrupted her.

One at least of Duncan's reforms should commend itself to the present age, and that was the measures he took to moderate the excessive drinking which was already the national vice. Stowe says "the king therefore, by the

counsel of Dunstan, put down many ale-houses, and would suffer but one in a village or town, except it were a great borough; he ordained certain cups with pins or nailes, and made a law that whosoever drank past that mark at one draught should forfeit a certain payne (penalty)."

Earnestly and piously, then, and for the most part wisely and kindly, labouring with his tutor and coadjutors for what they believed to be the welfare of both Church and State, for the maintenance of religion and the establishment of good morals, did Edgar pass the seven years of penance imposed upon him. And now the time wast past, he was released from the stern discipline of the Church, and restored to his customary state and dignity; and to mark the period, it was determined that he should be crowned with great pomp at Bath. It is, as has been said before, probable that Edgar was crowned, in his brother's lifetime, King of England north of the Thames. And if, as we may suppose, the ceremony was performed at Kingston-on-Thames, on Edwy's death no second coronation was deemed necessary. Now Dunstan would mark his restoration to favour and the removal of the penalty by this sacred rite, and so, on Whit Sunday, in the Abbey Church at Bath, Edgar was crowned Basileus of the British Isles.

What caused Bath to be chosen in preference to Winchester, then the capital, not only of Wessex but of all England, is not explained; it was probably owing to Dunstan's love for his native county. But whatever the reason may have been, the fact is certain, and with great state and magnificence the ceremony of coronation was performed by Dunstan himself.

The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, in one of those fragmentary ballads which are inserted at intervals, describes the ceremony thus :—

" A.D. 973.
Here was Edgar
ruler of Angles
in full assembly
hallowed king
at the old city
Akemanscester,[1]
but it the islanders,
beorns, by another word,
name Bath.
Then was much bliss
on that blessed day
to all occasioned
which children of men
name and call
Pentecost's day.
There was a heap of priests;
of monks a large band
as I have heard of sage ones
gathered
and then agone was
ten hundred years
told in numbers
from the birth-tide
of the glorious King,
Pastor of light,
but that there remaining
then still was
of yearly-tale,
as writings say,
seven and twenty.
So nigh had to the victor-lord
a thousand run out
when this befel.
And himself, Edmund's
offspring, had
nine-and-twenty,
guardian 'gainst evil works,
years in this world,
when this was done
and then in the thirtieth, was
hallowed ruler."

This, the only coronation that ever took place in Somerset, was of extraordinary magnificence, and Edgar, by far the most powerful of any of the Saxon monarchs, chose Bath as the scene of his hallowing, or consecration. William of Malmesbury says he was crowned with great pomp at Bath, survived only three years, and was buried at Glastonbury. According to our method of counting, we should say he died in the third year. His coronation was in 973; in 974 the record is a blank—England was in that

[1] *Aquæ*, water; *mann*, station; *cester*, camp.

happy state it had no history; but in 975 Edgar, like the rest of the royal family of Wessex, passed away at an early age. Alfred himself was but fifty-two, and his son and grandson, Edward the Elder and Athelstane, both of them died in the full vigour of manhood; but from Athelstane to Ethelred the Unready, with the one exception of Edgar, the sovereigns died either by violence or disease after very short reigns. And Edgar was only thirty-two when his summons came.

The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle gives two poetic versions of his death, in the year 975:

"Here ended
the joys of earth
Edgar, of Angles king,
chose him another light,
beauteous and winsome
and left this frail,
this barren life.
Children of men name,
men on the earth,
everywhere that month,
in this land,
those who erewhile were
in the art of numbers
rightly taught,
July month,
when the youth departed,
on the eighth day
Edgar, from life,
bracelet-giver to heroes.
And then his son succeeded
to the kingdom,
a child un-waxen,
of earls the prince,
to whom was Edward name.
And him, a glorious chief,
ten days before,
departed from Britain
the good Bishop,[1]
through nature's course
to whom was Cyneward name.
Then was in Mercia,
as I have heard,
widely and everywhere,
the glory of the Lord
laid low on earth:
many were expelled
sage servants of God;
that was much grief
to him who in his breast bore
a burning love
of the Creator in his mind.
Then was the Source of wonders
too oft contemned;
the Victor-lord,
heaven's Ruler.
Then men his law broke through
and then was eke driven out
beloved hero
Oslac from this land,
o'er rolling waters,

[1] Of Wells.

o'er the ganet's-bath;
hoary-haired hero,
wise and word-skilled,
o'er the waters throng
o'er the whale's domain
of home bereaved.
And then was seen,
high in the heaven,
a star in the firmament,
which lofty-souled
men, sage-minded,
call widely,
cometa by name:
men skilled in arts,
wise truth-bearers.
Throughout mankind was
the Lord's vengeance
widely known,
famine o'er earth.
That again heaven's Guardian,
bettered, Lord of angels,
gave again bliss
to each isle-dweller
through earth's fruits."

The other version is more concise:

"A.D. 975. The 8th before the Ides of July.
Here Edgar died
ruler of Angles,
West Saxon's joy
and Mercian's protector
Known was it widely
throughout many nations.
'Thæt' offspring of Edmund,
o'er the ganet's-bath
honoured far.
Kings him widely
bowed to the king
as was his due by kind.
No fleet was so daring,
nor army so strong
that 'mid the English nation
took from him aught
the while that the noble king
ruled on his throne."

One by one, all the great Church-statesman clung to were torn from him, and though each loss made a fresh wound, yet he turned ever from celebrating the obsequies of one friend to fresh loving service to the living. Edgar was buried at Glastonbury, a place dear to both, and in which Dunstan's visits for devotion and rest had kept up a keen and fresh interest. But hardly had Dunstan paid the last rites to his friend, when he found it necessary, as the man of highest mark in the realm, to plunge again into secular matters; for Elfrida, the "fair and false," was doing her utmost to get her own son Ethelred chosen as successor by the Witan instead of Edward, who, as the eldest-

born, was his father's heir. It almost seems as if the old struggle between the regular and secular clergy was at the bottom of the attempt to place the younger instead of the elder brother on the throne, and it seems probable that Elfrida bid high for the support of the seculars. But Dunstan was too prompt and powerful, and he and Oswald, Archbishop of York, so worked with the Witan that Edward was chosen king, and hallowed by Dunstan at Kingston-on-Thames.

And now Elfrida—who has much to answer for, even to the present day, in the ill-repute which has ever clung to step-mothers—tried a more subtle way of ruining the lad, whose inheritance she coveted for her own child. She pretended great love for him, and succeeded in sowing discord between him and his great minister; and Edward, bewitched by her blandishments, we are told, "conducted himself with becoming affection to his infant brother and step-mother; he retained only the name of king, and gave them the power."[1] The seculars triumphed, with the following result, so says the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle:

"In his days
for his youth
God's gainsayers
God's law broke
Eldfere, ealdorman
and others many,
and rule monastic
quashed,
and minsters dissolved
and monks drove out
and God's servants put down,
whom Edgar, king, ordered erewhile
the holy bishop
Ethelwold to stablish;
and widows they plundered,
many times and oft:
and many unrighteousnesses,
and evil unjust deeds
arose up afterwards,
and ever after that
it greatly grew in evil."

[1] William of Malmesbury.

Here seems to be the place, in order of time, to put the legend of

KING EDWARD'S HUNT AT CHEDDAR.[1]

It was in the year 975 that the young King Edward went to the royal palace or hunting seat at Axbridge, to enjoy the pleasures of the chase, of which he, like all the rest of his race, was passionately fond. Here was a forest well stored with game, and "sometimes, for the sake of hunting, the king spent the summer about the forest of the Mendips, wherein there were at that time numerous stags, and several other kinds of wild beasts, for, as we read in the life of St. Dunstan, King Edward, who sought retirement at Glastonbury, came to the said forest to hunt, Axbridge being then a royal borough.

"The king, three days previously, had, probably at Elfrida's instigation, dismissed Dunstan from his court with great indignation and lack of honour; which done, he proceeded to the wood to hunt. This wood covers a mountain of great height, which, being separated at its summit, exhibits to the spectator an immense precipice and horrid gulph, called by the inhabitants 'Chedder Clyffs.' When, therefore, the king was chasing the flying stag here and there, on its coming to the craggy gulph, the stag rushed into it; and, being dashed to atoms, perished. Similar ruin involved the pursuing dogs; and the horse on which the king rode, having broken its reins, became unmanageable,

[1] The story is told by some of King Edmund. But the MS. still extant at Axbridge must, I think, be accepted as proof that young Edward was the hero of it.

and in an obstinate course carries the king after the hounds: and the gulph lying before him, threatens the king with certain death—he trembles, and is at his last shift. In the interval his injustice recently offered to St. Dunstan occurs to his mind. He wails it, and instantly vows to God that he would as speedily as possible recompense such injustice by a manifold amendment, if God would for the moment avert the death which deservedly threatened him. God, immediately hearing the preparation of his heart, took pity upon him, inasmuch as the horse instantly stopped short; and, to the glory of God, caused the king, thus snatched from the perils of death, most unfeignedly to give thanks to God.

"Having returned to his house, that is, to the borough of Axbridge, and being joined by his nobles, the king recounted to them the cause of the adventure which had happened, and commanded Dunstan to be recalled with honour and reverence; after which he esteemed him as his most revered friend."

The king with such humility begged pardon of the prelate for the way in which he had treated him, that, after their interview and reconciliation, Dunstan was found in tears; and when questioned why he was weeping upon what should have been a joyful occasion, he said that he foresaw—with that prophetic power which he so often displayed—that such extreme humility betokened an early death.

There was an uneasy feeling throughout the county, and in the year 976 there was a famine in the land; a comet appeared, and men thought it betokened the evils that were coming upon the country. With the death of Edgar and

the sinister influence at court, Dunstan's power diminished, and the great fabric of the unity of the empire, built up so carefully by the great king and his greater minister, showed signs of tottering, and rents and fissures appeared in the edifice. The Earl of Mercia and others, now that Edgar was gone, tried to reinstate the secular clergy and turn out the monastics; and, under the influence of his step-mother, the young king seems to have sided with them. On the archbishop's side were Ethelwin, Earl of East Anglia, and Brythnot, Earl of Essex,[1] that brave and pious patriot who, in the next reign, died fighting valiantly for his country against his kinsmen the Danes. "We will not suffer the monks to be expelled," said they; "it is the same thing as to expel all religion from the country!"

A full synod was now convened at Winchester, and William of Malmesbury relates how the image of our Saviour speaking decidedly confounded the canons and their party. This, if it really took place, was probably the contrivance of some over-zealous partizan; but it appears to have been regarded as a trick, for it produced no effect: but in 978, a Witan being assembled at Calne, in Wiltshire, they were about to pronounce in favour of the expelled clergy against the monks, when the floor gave way, and the whole assembly fell with it, into the space below. Some were severely bruised or had their limbs broken, and some did not escape with life. Dunstan alone was unhurt, left

[1] The story of Brythnot's death belongs neither to the history of Somerset nor the life of Dunstan, and cannot, however beautiful it is, find a place here. It may be read in Palgrave's "Anglo-Saxons" or Churton's "Early English Church."

standing on a single rafter, which retained its position.[1] "This miracle," writes William of Malmesbury, "procured the archbishop peace on the score of the canons; all the English, both at that time and afterwards, yielding to his sentiments."

But now came the crowning grief of Dunstan's life. Blow after blow had descended upon him, in God's providence. He had only to attach himself to any one, and lo! the desire of his eyes was taken from him; and now this, his youngest pupil and royal friend, who was to him as the child of his old age, he too was to go. Vainly had Dunstan warned the kingly boy of the danger of trusting to the deceitful woman, his step-mother; but he appears to have dearly loved his younger brother, who, on his side, was much attached to him: and one day, when engaged in hunting in Dorsetshire, he stopped at Corfe Castle, where Elfrida and her son resided. The story is well known: the wicked woman handed him a cup of spiced wine, but as he stooped from his horse to take it from her hand, while he saluted her, the dagger of an attendant pierced him through. In the eagerness of the hunt he had separated from his companions, but

[1] It is strange that not only Hume but Sharon Turner and Southey have followed the impossible supposition that this was a trick of Dunstan's. If it was, as Fuller well observes, Dunstan was a better contriver than Samson. Strangely enough, a precisely similar accident happened in the latter part of the last century to the excellent Chief Justice Sir Eardly Wilmot at a county assize. The floor gave way, many were bruised and maimed, some were killed. The judge was left "with his seat sticking to the wall like a martlet's nest." The good man wrote an admirable letter to his family on the occasion, which may be seen in the life of him by his son. (Churton's "Early English Church.")

now, feeling himself wounded, he put spurs to his horse; but one foot slipping, and faint with loss of blood, he was dragged by the other foot in his stirrup through the trackless paths and recesses of the wood, while the crimson stains gave evidence of his death to his followers. He was then ingloriously interred without royal dignity at Wareham; for they envied him even holy ground when dead as they had envied him the royal dignity while living. Thus says the Saxon Chronicle: "This year, 979, was King Edward slain at eventide at Corfe Castle, on the 15th before the Kalends of April, and then was he buried at Wareham, without any kingly honours."

"There has not been 'mid Angles
A worse deed done
than this was
Since they first
Britain land sought.
Men him murdered
but God him glorified.
He was in life
an earthly king:
He is now after death
a heavenly saint.
Him would not his earthly
kinsmen avenge,
but him hath his heavenly Father
greatly avenged.
The earthly murderers
would his memory
on earth blot out,
but the lofty Avenger
hath his memory
in the heavens
and on earth widespread.
They who would not erewhile
to his living
body bow down,
they now humbly
on knees bend
to his dead bones.
Now we may understand
that men's wisdom
and their devices
are like nought
'gainst God's resolves."[1]

[1] It seems here worth remarking that the first of these ballads, which appear among the Anglo-Saxon Chronicles, is in 937, on Athelstane's victory over the Danes at Brumby. Seven follow in quick succession, the last of the eight being the one above on Edward's death; after which there are only three scattered at intervals of some length: and if, as has been said in the life of Brithwald, the Anglo-Saxon Chronicles

This last blow seems to have broken the old man's heart. As archbishop, it was his duty to place the crown on Edward's successor. Had there been a worthy member of the family of mature age, it is tolerably certain that the weak child, in whose interest this fearful crime had been committed, would have been passed over; and, as in the case of Alfred and Edred, one better fitted to govern would have been placed on the throne—but there was none, and Dunstan, in bitterness of spirit and grief of heart, performed the ceremony. "But when placing the crown upon his head, he could not refrain from giving vent with a loud voice to that prophetic spirit which he had so deeply imbibed. 'Since,' said he, 'thou hast aspired to the kingdom by the death of thy brother, hear the word of God. Thus saith the Lord God, the sin of thy abandoned mother, and of the accomplices of her base design, shall not be washed out but by much blood of the wretched inhabitants; and such evils shall come upon the English nation as they have never suffered from the time they came to England till then.'"

Dunstan's former prophecies had been fatally correct, and never was prophecy more speedily and completely justified. The very next year the south, east, and west were ravaged by the Northmen. One only consolation was granted to the mourning prelate: not only he himself, but his and the young King Edward's bitterest enemies joined in the honour paid to his remains. Alfhere, Earl of Mercia, had ever been one

were written, or what we should call edited, by the archbishop of the time being, all these eight ballads were probably from Dunstan's pen. They are full either of fire or tenderness as the case may be. It would also account for the extraordinary silence with regard to Dunstan in these Chronicles.

of Dunstan's strongest opponents; he had even gone the length of pulling down the monasteries and driving out the monks in his earldom, and William of Malmesbury accuses him of having to do with the young king's murder. But now, whether in consequence of miracles reported to have been done at his tomb, or urged by the remorse which must have followed on any connection with so foul a crime, thus much is certain, that Alfhere the earl joined the archbishop in fetching the body of the late king from Wareham and bearing it with much solemnity to Shaftesbury, where it was interred with royal pomp. After this Dunstan retired altogether from public life. Once only do we hear of him again, and then in a strangely different manner from what we should expect.

Year after year the country was ravaged by the Danes, and no effectual resistance was offered. It is one of the saddest times that occurs in English story. Nature itself appeared to give signs of sympathy with the terror that fell upon the country. A bloody cloud was seen ofttimes in the likeness of fire, and it was mostly apparent at midnight, and so in various beams was coloured; when it began to dawn, then it glided away. But no dawn shone upon the lurid glare which lighted up the land. Ethelred had arrived at the age of seventeen, but though utterly powerless against his country's enemies, he could use his arms against his own people. It was the year 986. Some quarrel had arisen between him and the Bishop of Rochester, the particulars of which are not known, and Ethelred led an army against that city.

Dunstan roused himself. He desired him to desist from

his fury, and not to irritate St. Andrew, under whose guardianship that bishopric was, for as he was ever ready to pardon, so was he equally formidable to revenge. This message having no effect, he sent him £100 as a bribe that he should raise the siege and retire. Ethelred, with a meanness almost inconceivable, took the aged archbishop's money and retreated. Dunstan, astonished at his avarice, sent messengers to him with the following words: "Since you have preferred silver to God, money to the apostle, and covetousness to me, the evils which God has pronounced will shortly come upon you; but they will not come while I live, for this also hath God spoken!"

There was a pause. The year 987 stands in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle with no record against it; then, in 988, the great enthusiast, ecclesiastic, and statesman passed away, following those he had loved so truly and served so well. In the same year his own fair land of Somerset was attacked by the Danes, the little port of Watchet ravaged; but the Danes could not effect a lodgment, and were compelled to retire, the earls of the West county manfully fighting for their people and themselves. Goda, the Devonshire thane, was slain, but the Danes were repulsed. It was the last success of the Saxons for many a long year. Dunstan was dead—and Ethelred was king—and the county was the prey of the heathen.

It needs an abler hand than the author's to draw Dunstan's character, with its strength, and its weaknesses, and its abundant contradictions. He was gifted with a vivid imagination, a deep enthusiasm, a severe purity: yet he preserved through life a childlike credulity, a passionate

love for his friends, and a tender care and affection for children. To all this was joined a brilliant intellect, a wonderful power of organization, and the rare gift of being able to imbue others with his own enthusiasm. All this was combined with intense love of art, and great manual dexterity. He was a practical musician, and did much with his own hands to improve the art of organ-building; he was a painter, sculptor, and worker in metals, and—if the ballads in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle in his time were his work, he was no mean poet; in fact, it would be difficult or well-nigh impossible to find another so marvellously gifted in mind and body. Dr. Stubbs, to his memorials of Dunstan taken from various sources, prefixes an introduction in which he gives an account of the several lives of the saint, and what the authority of each is worth. He gives an ideal sketch of the means by which the various tales and legends connected with him were preserved, and here we find that several picturesque legends have been omitted, which would, however, unduly swell the already lengthened story of his life. He says: "We can then, without any great stretch of imagination, see the white-haired old bishop, during the ten years of retirement from public life, sitting with the children of his household, his councillors, and guests, by the fire in winter, and telling the little ones the story of his childhood, as he told the elders the history of St. Edmund of East Anglia, King and Martyr, which had been told to him, when a boy, by the king's armour-bearer.

"To this direct source, it may well be, we owe our knowledge of the names of his parents, Heorstan and

Cynethrythis, his brother Wulfric, and his kinsmen Elphege and Kinsige; the legend of the unfailing barrel of meal, which marked the occasion of King Athelstane's visit to his men at Glastonbury, the mention of the Irish teachers, the narrow escape from the falling stones at Winchester and Glastonbury, the story of *King Edmund's* chase at Cheddar,[1] and all that is of local and of permanent interest in the early part of the story.

"In particular we must assign to Dunstan himself most of the marvellous tales of his first biographer, the child's dream at his first visit to Glastonbury, his walking in his sleep to church and climbing the mason's ladder, his dream of his friend Wulfred, his vision of the mystic dove at Ethelfleda's death, the mysterious music of his harp as it hung against the wall, and the noble words which formed themselves in his mind as he heard it. All these stories bear the impress of the same mind, a mind slightly morbid and very sensitive, but pure and devout, void of grossness and grotesqueness.

"They seem to be stories for the children, told by one who had a strong belief in dreams, and to be magnified and made important in the repetition, chiefly on account of the fulness of the narrator.

"Who guided the state of things during the childhood of Ethelred we do not know, but it is to this period that the letter of Abbo belongs, and the picture of Saint Dunstan's daily occupations drawn by the Saxon Priest.

[1] As I have before explained, different authors tell the story of Edmund and of his grandson Edward. It is probable that Dr. Stubbs did not know of the Axbridge MS.

His chief employment was on the Divine Service, Prayer and Psalmody, and Holy Vigils; now and then he resumed the employments of his youth, exercising his old skill in handicraft, in the making of musical instruments, like the organs which were kept at Malmesbury, or the bells that were known at Canterbury as his own work; the early hours of the morning he gave to the very needful task of correcting the faulty MSS. in the library. Even after he had retired from political life, leaving Ethelred to mismanage his kingdom as he chose, the great domains of his church afforded him abundance of public work: it was his delight to make peace between man and man, to receive and assist the widows and fatherless, pilgrims and strangers of all sorts. As an ecclesiastical judge he never stayed hand against unlawful marriages,[1] or in the maintenance of ecclesiastical order. He was an admirable steward of the Church's wealth, a founder and endower of new churches, and indefatigable of instruction, gathering together the young and old, men and women, clerk, monk, and layman, to listen to his teaching. And thus all this English land was filled with his holy doctrine, shining before God and man, like sun and moon.

[1] On one occasion an offender who had contracted an unlawful marriage, finding nothing would induce Dunstan to admit him to communion unless he should put her away whom he had so married, he applied to the Pope, and by using bribes obtained a letter entreating and commanding the archbishop to dispense with his fault and grant him absolution. "God forbid," said Dunstan, "that I should do it; if he shows me that he repents his crime, I will obey the Pope's instructions, but while he lies in his guilt, he shall never insult me by a triumph over the discipline of the Church. I will forfeit my life sooner" (Churton's "Early English Church").

"When he was minded to pay to Christ the Lord the due hours of service, and the celebration of the Mass, with such extremes of devotion he laboured in singing that he seemed to be speaking face to face with the Lord; even if just before he had been vexed with the quarrels of the people. Like St. Martin, he constantly kept eye and hand intent on heaven, never letting his soul rest from prayer."

Such was the character given of this great, wise, and, I dare to say, holy man by those who knew him best. To say that at times he erred, that he pursued what he considered the more excellent way, with an earnestness that—it may be now and then—approached to harshness (though nothing approaching to cruelty ever took place under his control, and the severe measure which was dealt out to the seculars never took effect in any part of his own diocese), is but to say that he was human. His work in the State may be judged by the prosperity of those kings who trusted themselves to his personal guiding, and by the terrible change when that guiding was put aside. With Edgar he had striven to weld the jarring elements of which the various races in England were composed into one harmonious whole; but when the master-hand was withdrawn, the fabric so carefully built up fell to pieces again, and it needed the crushing force of the Norman Conquest to make England one country, instead of separate earldoms loosely held together under one king. The terrible misfortunes that well-nigh broke the heart of the country after his death show by the force of contrast what he had done for England in his life, and it is surely time that this, one of the greatest of English statesmen, should receive somewhat of

the honour that is his due, and that Somerset, in particular, should be proud to recognize him as one of the most worthy of her sons. From his skill in working in metals, Dunstan was chosen by the Goldsmiths' Company as their patron. A large picture representing his temptation hangs in their hall. His name is happily retained in the Calendar, on May 19th. There are eighteen churches dedicated in his name.

AUTHORITIES.—Anglo-Saxon Chronicle; William of Malmesbury; Stowe; Butler's Lives of the Saints; Churton's Early English Church; Palgrave's Anglo-Saxons; Green's History of the English People; Annals of England; Dr. Stubbs' Life and Works of St. Dunstan, &c., &c.

MUCHELNEY ABBEY.

—:o:—

MUCHELNEY ABBEY is situated in the marsh lands of Somerset, not far from Langport. It, like Glastonbury, was an island rising out of watery meadows; this, its name, "muckle-eye," or great island, implies of itself. A member of the Somerset Archæological Society says: "Those who have been under the painful necessity of passing through it in the winter will not soon forget the passage, the water probably running through and through their carriage for a mile or more. Those who have had the better fortune of passing through the parish in spring or summer will not soon forget the apple-blossoms and the bowery elms on the road between the village and the church and abbey."

The abbot's house is now a farm-house, and remains of the abbey buildings may be found built up or in parts of other buildings. The principal remains are of the fifteenth century, but some few are of an earlier date. With its ecclesiastical remains, its village cross, and ancient houses embowered in orchards, it is a place of no ordinary beauty and interest. The abbey church, which must have stood side by side with the parochial church, is entirely

gone, and only its site traced out some thirteen years ago by diligent search. To the writer it owes much of its interest to the fact of the Vicarage of Ilminster having been a dependency of Muchelney. In some mysterious way, when Muchelney shared the fate of the other monasteries, Ilminster became independent, and has remained so ever since. It is "a peculiar": the vicar is his own ordinary, nor can the Bishop of Bath and Wells hold a confirmation or exercise any function in the church without the consent of the incumbent. The legend of the foundation of Muchelney is as follows:—

LEGEND OF MUCHELNEY ABBEY.

(Founded after the year A.D. 933.)

Muchelney Abbey, in Somerset, and Milton Abbey, in Dorset, were both founded by King Athelstane, it is said, as part of his penance for the share he had in the death of his young half-brother, Edwin the Atheling. The story may take its place among our legends. Edward the elder left behind him a large family of sons and daughters, who were carefully and wisely brought up by their eldest brother, Athelstane. Athelstane's mother was Egwina, a shepherdess; but though he was flouted at times for his mother's low extraction, there seems no reason to suppose that his birth was not legitimate, the more that he was always treated by his grandfather Alfred as his father's heir. But there were those who said that the young Edwin, the eldest son of a second wife, should have been king.

The boy—for he was little more—was at Oxford, at the school founded by Alfred by the advice of his elder brother, Athelstane or St. Neot; and there young and foolish companions appear to have tried to make him restless and dissatisfied, and to fill his mind with discontented ideas with regard to his supposed rights. At last one of these, angered perhaps that the young prince refused to listen to his treasonable suggestions, and afraid, it may be, of his betraying his teaching to the king, took advantage of his position as cup-bearer to the king to insinuate doubts as to his brother's loyalty into Athelstane's mind. He declared that the young prince had joined in a plot to murder the king and seize on the crown. No proof was offered, but the poor lad was seized and hurried into a boat with his own personal attendant, and, being taken out to sea, was left to the mercy of the winds and waves, or, as Athelstane said, to the judgment of God. Had the young Atheling been patient, his innocence would have been made clear; but, deserted as he was, in a small boat without oar or rudder, in an agony at his awful position, while stretching out his hands to the retreating vessel he either overbalanced himself and fell, or threw himself into the sea. His companion drifted in the boat to the coast of France; then, upon declaring who he was, he was taken before Ogina, wife of Charles the Simple and sister of both the king and the young prince, who sent him back to England, his safety, it was supposed, being sufficient proof of his innocence, and he stoutly affirmed that of his unhappy master.

Athelstane, conscience-stricken, commanded the treacherous and false cup-bearer to be put to death, and, as a

proof of his lifelong repentance, built these two fair abbeys as an atonement for his own fault and in remembrance of the sad fate of his young brother.

AUTHORITIES.—William of Malmesbury; Somerset Archæological Society.

ETHELGAR.

(Bishop of Selsey, 980; Archbishop of Canterbury, 988, 989.)

—:o:—

ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE, 988: "This year was Watchet ravaged, and Goda, the Devonshire thane, slain, and with him much slaughter made. And this year departed the holy Archbishop Dunstan, and passed to the heavenly life, and Bishop Ethelgar succeeded after him to the archbishopric; and little while after that he lived, but one year and three months."

Such is the record of the short-lived archiepiscopate of Archbishop Ethelgar; and thankful must he have been to have been called so early to his rest. We proceed to give such account of him and his times as we can gather from other sources. When Dunstan was appointed Abbot of Glastonbury by King Edmund, with power to restore the abbey from the ruin into which it had fallen through the Danish ravages, one of his first objects was to gather around him men eminent for learning and piety, who would go forth to restore and build up the ecclesiastical foundations that had been destroyed or injured. Among these, perhaps the most famous was Ethelwold, who was made first Abbot of

Abingdon and then Bishop of Winchester; the bishopric of Winchester being then the most important next to the archbishop's see. And, as it often happens in our own day, pupils of a beloved master constantly carry his principles far beyond his own teaching or intentions;[1] so Ethelwold. He earnestly worked with Dunstan in his great and much-needed reforms, but he insisted, with a severity never carried out by Dunstan himself, on the clergy in his diocese separating from their wives. This Dunstan had not done. It is true he discouraged the marriage of the clergy, and sought to impose the Benedictine rule upon them, but he did not cruelly and wantonly sever ties which were far older than any formed by monastic rule. In his own see, Dunstan permitted the seculars to live as they had been accustomed to do; but Oswald, Archbishop of York, and Ethelwold, of Winchester, turned out the secular or parish clergy unless they would turn monks, thus repudiating their wives and branding their children as illegitimate. But Ethelgar, one of Dunstan's suffragans, consecrated and appointed by himself to Selsey (afterwards Chichester), would not do this: though a Benedictine himself, he acted charitably and considerately toward the clergy. On the death of Dunstan he was chosen archbishop. The year of his archiepiscopate was one of the most calamitous in English history. It marks the utter break up of the prosperity which had existed almost without intermission since the peace of Wedmore, in the year 878—when the Danes were wholly subdued by Alfred—to the accession of Ethelred in 978, exactly a hundred years. Since

[1] As witness the followers of Wesley, or, later still, those of Dr. Arnold.

then ten years had elapsed, which were sufficient to show the truth of Dunstan's prophecy of the miseries that should befall the country under Ethelred's unhappy rule.

Ethelgar, like Dunstan, was a Sumorsætan, and the year of the death of one and the accession of the other was marked by a fresh invasion of the Danes and the harrying of their native county. Surely Ethelgar must have welcomed the death which removed him from these miseries. But the loss to the county was great; for he was succeeded by one of those weak characters who, perhaps, cause more ill even than men utterly bad and worthless.

AUTHORITIES.—Anglo-Saxon Chronicle; Hook's Lives of the Archbishops; Churton's Early English Church.

Sigeric or Siricius.

(Abbot of St. Augustine's; Bishop of Ramsbury, in Wiltshire; Archbishop of Canterbury, 989–993.)

—:o:—

Another student of Glastonbury, another pupil of St. Dunstan, raised by successive steps to Augustine's chair. So much of his master's spirit he had caught, that he was not only learned himself, but promoted learning in others. But it is impossible, in spite of his learning and his virtues, not to feel heartily ashamed of having to place him in our portrait gallery, for it is agreed on all hands that to him we owe the cowardly advice to buy off the Danes, instead of boldly attacking them. He was educated at Glastonbury, and apparently under Dunstan, who thought so well of him that he appointed him Abbot of St. Augustine's, and from thence was by the same prelate translated to the see of Ramsbury, which, after existing for 150 years, was suppressed in 1058, but transferred to Old Sarum, or Salisbury, in 1075.

What caused Sigeric to be selected for the archbishopric in those troublous times we have no means of knowing. Dunstan had mingled little in public affairs since Ethelred's

coronation, and one of the last acts of his life was to pay the sum of £100 to buy off Ethelred from ravaging Rochester; but Dunstan never would have counselled so pusillanimous an action as paying money to buy off a foreign enemy. Ethelgar had been little more than a year in Augustine's seat when he died, and Sigeric was appointed in his stead. He was, moreover, not only ecclesiastical, but temporal, head of Kent, being also the chief magistrate in that county; and it may be that, in this double capacity, he noted so grievously the miseries brought upon the county by the incursions of the Danes, and the weak government of Ethelred, that he thought any means allowable that would give a small breathing time to the unhappy county. Perhaps, too, he argued with himself that what Dunstan had done for Rochester, and even the great King Edward the Elder had done to save Bishop Camleac of Llandaff from the northern pirates (with the result, however, that though the bishop's life was saved, the pirates immediately landed, and would have ravaged the county but for the brave opposition of the men of Hereford and Gloucester), could not be wrong. But they were special cases, and no precedents.

It was in 990 that Sigeric was consecrated. He went to Rome for his pall. In such days of "trouble and rebuke" one would think such a journey might well have been omitted. On his return he found things worse than ever. Ipswich was ravaged, and Brithnoth, or Brythnot, Earl of Essex, the great Christian and patriot, was slain at Maldon, while fighting to prevent the Danes carrying off the treasure they had forced from the weak hands of the king and archbishop. *He* would be no party to this miserable expedient,

which was as futile as contemptible. The last words of the good earl were: "I thank Thee, O Lord of nations, for all the joys I have known on earth: now, O mild Creator, have I the utmost need that thou shouldest grant grace unto my spirit, that my soul may speed to Thee with peace, O King of Angels, to go into Thy keeping. I sue to Thee that Thou suffer not the rebel spirits of hell to vex my parting soul." An aged vassal stood over his corpse and encouraged the rest not to turn foot. "Our spirit shall be the hardier, and our soul the greater," he said, "the more our numbers are diminished." Had Shakespeare heard these words when he put the magnificent speech we all know into the mouth of Henry V.?

The enormous amount that was paid to the Danes, considering the value of money, is simply marvellous; and yet there can be no sort of doubt on the subject, though, considering the difference of the value of money in those times, the amounts seem fabulous, and one wonders where the gold came from. The first instalment proposed by Sigeric was £10,000; the second, £16,000; then £24,000; then £30,000. After the death of Archbishop Elphege £48,000 was paid, the amounts increasing with every demand. At last Ethelred had to flee the county, and on his return one of the first things he did was to pay the Danes £21,000. When Ethelred and Edmund Ironsides were both dead, the first tribute levied by Canute amounted to the enormous sum of £72,000—a tribute almost insupportable, says Sir Francis Palgrave. Truly Sigeric's weak and cowardly advice bore terrible fruit.

One cannot help supposing that the archbishop must

have bitterly regretted the advice he had given, and it is in connection only with this bitter shame of Ethelred's reign in England that he is remembered; for, alas! how true are Shakespeare's words—

> "The evil that men do lives after them;
> The good is oft interred with their bones."

So it is with Sigeric. If he is mentioned at all in history it is only for his weak and pitiable advice to Ethelred; yet it is hard upon him, for Sigeric's memory should be held in honour for his learning and his liberality. He collected a valuable library, which he left by will to the cathedral; moreover he employed and encouraged Ælfric, his successor, to write homilies and sermons which the unlearned clergy might read to their flocks. By his will he left some embroidered palls to Glastonbury, his early home. He died in 994. His primacy was a troubled time, and perhaps it is scarcely fair to deal so hardly with his memory. To a man of peace and learning, any way that would keep the homes of both free from these savage marauders seemed right. But the best patriots know that the way to preserve peace is to be always ready for war. Sideric's cowardly advice was the remote cause of the death of his successor.

AUTHORITIES. — Anglo-Saxon Chronicle; William of Malmesbury; Churton's Early English Church; Annals of England; Hook's Archbishops of Canterbury.

Elfeah, Elphege, or Alphege.

(Bishop of Winchester; Archbishop of Canterbury; Saint and Martyr; A.D. 953–1012.)

—:o:—

In our Church Calendar the 19th of April is inscribed with the name of Alphege, Archbishop; and there are few that better deserve loving and reverent remembrance than the martyred bishop, who, though not actually dying for the Christian faith, yet, like a good shepherd, "gave his life for his sheep."

Nestling at the foot of Lansdowne, near Bath, lies the parish of Weston, and here was born, in the year 953, Elfeah, or Alphege. His parents were noble and virtuous; they gave him a good education; but, fearing the snare of riches, he renounced the world, and devoted himself to a religious life when still young, and this he did in spite of his mother's tears, though in other respects a most dutiful son.

He first professed himself a monk in the monastery of Deerhurst, in Gloucestershire, and this has led to his being claimed as a native of that county; then, sighing for a still stricter life, he built himself a cell in a desert place belong-

ing to Bath Abbey. Here his saintly life could not be hid, and he was consulted by all who were anxious for instruction in the path of perfection; at last he was chosen and forced to accept the office of Abbot of Bath. He had shrunk, with a pious humility, from undertaking the post, but when appointed he introduced at once a better discipline, and put a stop to irregularities which had arisen. He was accustomed to say that it would have been better to have remained in the world than to be an imperfect monk, and that to wear a saintly habit without the spirit of a saint was to act a lie, which insults but cannot impose upon Almighty God.

It was in 984, when barely the canonical age, that his great fellow countryman, St. Dunstan, gave him a still wider sphere of usefulness (being encouraged thereto by a vision of St. Andrew), and appointed him Bishop of Winchester. At this time Winchester was not only the capital of the old kingdom of Wessex, but of the whole of England; its bishop therefore ranked next in position to the archbishops, and it still remains, after London and Durham, the highest in rank and largest in revenues.

Compelled to relinquish the monastic life, Alphege still adhered strictly to the monastic rule, and his life was one of continued self-discipline. His charity to the poor was so great that it is said not a beggar was to be found in the whole diocese of Winchester. For thirty-two years he governed wisely and well this important see, but in 1006, on the death of Archbishop Ælfric, he, who had shrunk from each successive step in his elevation, was compelled to accept the burden of the highest office in our Church. It

has been said that Dunstan himself pointed to him as his successor, but three others intervened before he was chosen, and we may be sure that if the miserable King Ethelred had any part in the election, a friend and pupil of Dunstan would not have been selected.

In 1009, on his return from Rome, whither he went to receive the pall, he held a great national council for the reformation of abuses and the restoration of discipline. Among other regulations he confirmed the ancient law, which still holds its place in our Prayer-book, for the observance of Friday as a fast day.

But now St. Alphege was to rise to a still higher honour, and to win the glorious crown of martyrdom. The time of his archiepiscopate was perhaps the darkest hour of England's misery and degradation—it was during the latter years of Ethelred's disastrous reign. England was overflowed, as with a flood, by hordes of savage Danes, and, "From the fury of the Danes, good Lord, deliver us," was one of the ordinary petitions in the litanies of the Church in those days.

It was in the year 1011 that the king and his Witan sent to "the army"—so the Danish force is always spoken of in the Saxon Chronicle—and "desired peace." They promised to pay tribute in money and food on condition that they ceased from plundering. They had overrun seventeen counties, and "all these misfortunes befel us through unwise counsel, that they were not in time offered tribute or fought against, but when they had done the most evil then peace and truce were made with them; and, nevertheless, for all the truce and tribute, they went everywhere in bands,

and plundered our miserable people, and robbed and slew them. And then in this year, between the Nativity of St. Mary (18th of September) and St. Michael's-mass (the 29th of September), they besieged Canterbury, and got it through treachery, because Elfmar betrayed it, whose life the Archbishop Elphege had before saved. And then they took the Archbishop Elphege, and Elfward, the king's steward, and the Abbess Leofana (of St. Mildred's), and Bishop Godwin (III. of Rochester), and when they had thoroughly searched the city then went they to their ships, and led the archbishop with them.

'Was then captive
he who erewhile was
head of the English race
and Christendom.
There might then be seen
misery, where men oft
erewhile saw bliss,
in that hapless city
whence to us came first
Christendom and bliss,
'fore God, and 'fore the world.'

And they kept the archbishop with them so long as until the time that they martyred him."[1]

We are told that when the Danes broke into the city his faithful monks detained the archbishop in the church, thinking that his life might there be more safe; but when he heard of the dreadful slaughter they were making among his people, he broke from his friends, and, rushing out amongst them, begged the lives of his flock, entreating that they would rather turn their fury upon him. He was immediately seized, and treated with the utmost barbarity; not content with making him spectator of the burning of his cathedral, and the decimation of his monks and citizens,

[1] Anglo-Saxon Chronicle.

they tore his face, they beat and kicked him unmercifully, they laid him in irons, and confined him several months in a filthy dungeon.

But now the Danish army became infected with some grievous epidemic, and their consciences or their superstition affrighting them, they imagined that their treatment of the saint was the cause of their being so afflicted, and they went to the dungeon and drew him out. The archbishop prayed for them, he gave them bread that he had blessed, and the sick recovered and the plague ceased. For a time their hearts were touched; the chiefs thanked him and consulted about setting him at liberty, but their covetousness prevailed, and they offered him freedom for the enormous ransom of three thousand marks of gold. But the county had been laid waste; the army had made terrible exactions upon the impoverished people. Alphege refused to allow such treasure as remained to be used for his ransom; it belonged, he said, to Christ's Church and to Christ's poor. He forbade a collection to be made for the purpose of purchasing his freedom, saying that the people had already been sufficiently plundered.

Again they bound him, and on Easter Sunday brought him before the commanders of the fleet, which then lay at Greenwich; they threatened him with torments and death, unless he paid the money they demanded. They were assembled at a banquet, and had drunk deeply, for wine had been brought them from the south. The archbishop was brought out to them, and as he approached, they, still thinking they could obtain their will, shouted, "Gold, Bishop; give us gold, gold!" Alphege remained calm and

unmoved, and was constant in his refusal; but they, furious with their disappointment, and maddened with wine, flung at him their battle-axes, cast the bones and horns of oxen at him until he sank to the ground, bruised and battered, wounded, yet not dead; then one, a Danish soldier, whom he had lately baptized, moved with a savage sort of pity, put an end to his sufferings with his battle-axe, "so that with the blow he sank down and his holy blood fell on the earth, and his holy soul he sent forth to God's kingdom."

Whether ashamed of their own unprovoked barbarity, or actuated by some latent feeling of compunction, or whether his body, which he had refused to allow the ransom to be paid for in his life, was purchased by Christians after his death, the Saxon Chronicle does not tell us; but William of Malmesbury attributes their change of behaviour to a miracle, such as the loving exaggeration of those days attributed to popular saints, and as Malmesbury was born nearly a hundred years after these events happened, there was time for the wonder to grow. He says, "After he was murdered God exalted him, insomuch, that when the Danes who had been instrumental to his death, saw that dead wood besmeared with his blood miraculously grew green again in one night, they ran eagerly to kiss his remains and to bear them on their shoulders. Thus they abated their usual pride, and suffered his sacred remains to be carried to London." Here his body was borne the next day to St. Paul's by the pious care of Bishops Ednoth of Dorchester and Elfhun of London, and the townsmen received it with all reverence, and buried it in St. Paul's Minster. "When

the tribute (eight and forty thousand pounds) was paid, and oaths of peace were sworn, then the army separated widely, in like manner as before it had been gathered together.

Twenty-one years had passed away; the weak and wicked Ethelred had gone to his account, and his brave son, Edmund Ironsides, had also passed away, being betrayed by the traitor Edric. Edmund was buried at Glastonbury near his grandfather, king Edgar. Canute the Dane was king in England; he had embraced the Christian faith, and now he granted the prayers of the monks of Canterbury and restored the remains of their martyred archbishop to their keeping. So with solemn reverence they took the body of the saint from its temporary resting-place, and, placing it in a magnificent barge or ship, the king himself steering the vessel, the Archbishop Ethelnoth, with his suffragan bishops, earls, and very many clergy and laity, carried his remains over the Thames to Southwark; there the holy body of the martyr was delivered to the care of "the archbishop and his companions, and they then, with a worshipful band and sprightly joy, bore him to Rochester. Then, on the third day, came Emma the lady, with her royal child Hardicanute, and they all, with much state and bliss, and songs of praise, bore the holy archbishop into Canterbury, and then worshipfully brought him into Christ's Church (the cathedral) on the third before the Ides of June. Again, after that, on the eighth day, the seventeenth before the Kalends of July, Archbishop Ethelnoth, and Bishop Elfsy (of Winchester), and bishop Buthwine (of Salisbury), and all those who were with them, deposited Saint Elphege's holy body on the north side of Christ's altar, to the glory of God and the

honour of the holy archbishop, and the eternal health of all who there daily seek to his holy body with a devout heart and with all humility. God Almighty have mercy on all Christian men, through Saint Elphege's holy merits."[1]

Such is the story of one of the chief worthies of Somerset. His name has been well-nigh forgotten, in spite of its remaining in our Prayer-book. It is said that when Lanfranc and Anselm revised the Saxon Calendar and turned out the names of Saxon saints because, forsooth, they were unknown to these foreigners, that it was Anselm's petition that the name of Alphege should be retained: for when Lanfranc argued that he was not really a martyr, as not dying for the faith, Anselm maintained with greater charity that as he gave his life for the lesser cause that the poor should not be overburdened, he most certainly would have laid down his life for the greater cause, the faith of Christ.

The day is now remembered and kept in memory of one of England's greatest statesmen, but it would be well when paying *him* due honour to link with his memory the holy man in whose name it has been dedicated for so many centuries. One can only regret that the story of his life seems in no special way to be connected with Somerset, though we may rejoice in the fact that it was the land of his birth.

AUTHORITIES.—Anglo-Saxon Chronicle; William of Malmesbury.

[1] Anglo-Saxon Chronicle.

ETHELNOTH OR AGELNOTH.

(Archbishop of Canterbury, A.D. 1020–1038.)

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"ETHELNOTH was," says William of Malmesbury, "the seventh monk of Glastonbury who became Archbishop of Canterbury." He then proceeds to enumerate them: first, Brithwald; second, Athelm (first bishop of Wells); third, his nephew Dunstan; fourth, Ethelgar, first abbot of the new minster at Winchester, and then bishop of Winchester; fifth, Siric, who when he was made archbishop gave to this his nursing-mother seven palls, with which upon his anniversary the whole ancient church is ornamented; sixth, Elphege, who, from prior of Glastonbury, was first made abbot of Bath, and then bishop of Winchester; seventh, Ethelnoth.

It was during the absence of Canute in Denmark, in the winter of 1019–20, that Archbishop Living or Elfstan died: and it almost seems, from the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, as if Canute hastened his return on account of his death. He had come with forty ships to see that all was well in his native country, and also to show them something of the greatness and riches of his new kingdom. After his return, Ethelnoth

the monk, who was dean of Christ Church, Canterbury, though a west county man and educated at Glastonbury, was chosen archbishop. He was consecrated at Canterbury by Wulfstan, archbishop of York.

That Canute was a heathen when he fought with Edmund Ironsides for the kingdom, the half only of which he obtained, and *that* by the treachery of the infamous Edric Streone, is certain; also that, within a comparatively short time, he professed himself a Christian seems absolutely true, but I have not found any record of his baptism. Thus much we know, that he connived at, if he did not actually order, the assassination of Edmund Ironsides; that he endeavoured to rid himself of his sons; and that, at first, he mightily oppressed the Saxons. It is very possible that his baptism may have been part of the contract made with Richard, Duke of Normandy, when he demanded his sister Emma, the widow of Ethelred, in marriage; if so, he must have been received into the Church by Living or Elfstan, Ethelnoth's predecessor, who also crowned him: but the only fruits he showed of his conversion was the building and having consecrated the minster at Assingdun, and he seems in no way to have reformed his life or character till some years later. From all that we can gather, there can be little doubt that the change in this great sovereign from a fierce barbarian and tryant to a Christian king was, under God's blessing, owing to the influence of Archbishop Ethelnoth.

"At that time," says William of Malmesbury, "there were in England very great and learned men, the principal of whom was Ethelnoth, archbishop after Living. He was appointed

primate from being dean, and he performed many works truly worthy to be recorded, encouraging even the king himself in his good actions by the authority of his sanctity, and restraining him in his excesses. It was in 1021 or 1022 that Ethelnoth travelled to Rome to obtain the Pope's confirmation of his appointment as archbishop, and to receive the pall from his hands. He was received by Pope Benedict "with much worship," he blessed him, and with his own hands put his pall upon him. This was on the nones of October. "And," says the Saxon Chronicle, "the archbishop soon after, on the self-same day, sang mass therewith, and then thereafter was honourably entertained by the same Pope, and also himself took the pall from St. Peter's altar, and then afterwards blithely went home to his country." He had with him as a companion Abbot Leofwine of Ely, who had been unjustly driven out from his abbacy. He was able, however, to clear himself from the charges laid against him, and the Pope commanded that he should be reinstated in the presence of the archbishop and those with him.

But, learned and pious as Ethelnoth undoubtedly was, he was not, of course, free from the superstitions of his time, and we find him paying the enormous sum of one hundred talents of silver and one talent of gold at Pavia—some say to the Pope himself—for the arm of St. Augustine of Hippo. This precious relic was presented by Ethelnoth to the church at Coventry. What was the reason that Coventry was selected to receive so costly a gift does not appear; possibly one reason may have been that just at this time the church of Canterbury was receiving relics, infinitely more precious than those of any foreign saint could be, viz., the

remains of the martyred Archbishop Elphege. It was in 1023 that Canute, seeking, apparently, to atone for the sins of his countrymen, took a prominent part, in conjunction with Ethelnoth, in restoring the body of St. Elphege to the church over which he had presided. The account of the translation of Archbishop Elphege's body is given in his story. It must have been a supreme satisfaction to Ethelnoth, himself a Sumorsætan, to preside over this magnificent function in honour of his predecessor and fellow-countryman.

On the 8th of June, the 17th before the kalends of July, Archbishop Ethelnoth, Bishop Elfsy of Winchester, and Bishop Brithwine, of Sherborne, deposited St. Elphege's body in the cathedral of Canterbury.

In 1031 Canute went on a pilgrimage to Rome, and after remaining there some time, and atoning for his sins by giving alms to the several churches, he sailed back to England, *taking Denmark on his way.* How Denmark could be on his way one does not exactly see. Of course it is possible that he may have returned by land to the north of Europe, where he may have taken ship to Denmark, and so returned to England. On leaving Rome for his rather erratic journey home, he transmitted a letter by the hands of Living, Abbot of Tavistock, and afterwards Bishop of Crediton (who, presumably, was going by a shorter and more direct route), "to exemplify his reformation of life and his princely magnificence." The letter is too long to give *in extenso;* but it is charming from its affectionate and homely style. It is thus addressed: "Canute, King of all England, Denmark, Norway, and part of the Swedes, to Ethelnoth, metropolitan, and

Elfric, Archbishop of York, and to all bishops, nobles, and to the whole nation of the English." He tells them his purpose in going to Rome, and how he met there at Eastertide the Emperor Conrad, from whom he received magnificent gifts, and he took the opportunity of desiring from him that his subjects might be free from vexatious imposts and obstacles on their way to Rome. To the Pope "he expressed *his high displeasure*" at the immense sum of money demanded from the archbishops when, according to custom, they sought the apostolical residence "to receive the pall." These were brave words from the king of the North to the mighty Bishop of Rome. But he gained his point, "and it was determined it should be so no longer." It is evident that this most interesting letter, which is given in full by William of Malmesbury, was addressed first to Ethelnoth, as the chief person in the country during the king's absence.

In 1032 Canute took a journey to Glastonbury, that he might visit the remains of his brother Edmund, as he used to call the "Ironside," and pray over his tomb. One can imagine that if, as is hinted, Canute was in any way accessory to his death, the thought of the peace they had sworn together, and then the cruel treachery by which Canute had profited, must have weighed upon his conscience as he understood more and more what Christianity was and what it enjoined; and he probably, therefore, went to Glastonbury to pray for forgiveness for the crime in which he had participated. He offered at the tomb a magnificent pall, interwoven, as it appeared, with parti-coloured figures of peacocks.

At this time Ethelnoth obtained from the king a new charter confirming all the immunities and charters that had been granted by his predecessors. After a preamble, this charter goes on to say: "I, Canute, King of England, and governor and ruler of the adjacent nations, by the counsel and decree of our Archbishop Ethelnoth, and of all the priests of God, and by the advice of our nobility, do, for the love of Heaven, and the pardon of my sins, and the remission of the transgressions of my brother King Edmund, grant to the Church of the holy Mother of God, Mary, at Glastonbury, its rights and customs. . . . Moreover, I inhibit men especially by the authority of the Almighty Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, and the curse of the eternal Virgin, and so command it to be observed by the judges and primates of my kingdom . . . from entering on any account that island;[1] but all causes, ecclesiastical as well as secular, shall await the sole judgment of the abbot and convent in like manner as my predecessors have ratified and confirmed by charters. . . . The grant of this immunity was written and published in the *Wooden Church*, in the presence of King Canute, in the year of our Lord 1032, the second indiction."

The mention of the little wooden church, the Vetusta Ecclesia, is specially interesting; for we may feel quite sure, as Mr. Freeman says, that even if the charter is a forgery, the fact of the ancient wooden church being in existence is no myth, as it is just a fact "about which a forger would take care to be accurate."

But Ethelnoth was not content with advising the king to

[1] The Isle of Avalon.

do good to his own subjects and his own branch of the Church; for, "by the advice of the said archbishop also, the king, sending money to foreign churches, very much enriched Chartres, where at that time flourished Bishop Fulbert, most renowned for sanctity and learning. Among his other works, a volume of epistles is extant, in one of which he thanks that most magnificent King Canute for pouring out the bowels of his generosity in donations to the Church of Chartres."

Four years after his return from Rome, in 1036, Canute died, and was buried at Winchester. He was taken ill at Shaftesbury, and, sending for his friend the archbishop, appears to have given him his last instructions. After the weak and short-sighted policy of those times—a policy copied from the French kings, but which invariably led to disaster—Canute desired that his dominions should be divided between his three sons, Sweyn, who was to possess Norway, and Harold and Hardicanute, the one to have Denmark and the other Britain. The people of England desired to have either one of the sons of Ethelred, or, if not, at least Hardicanute, who was the son of Emma, on the throne; but Harold, in spite of the people's wish, and apparently in opposition to his father's bequest, seized Wessex in addition, having been chosen by the Witan King of Northumberland and Mercia. Now, Wessex was held by Queen Emma and Earl Godwin for Hardicanute, who lingered in Denmark. Ethelnoth refused to ratify Harold's usurpation; for his election was not sanctioned by legislative authority. He therefore refused to bestow the regal benediction. He placed the crown and the sceptre on the

altar, and said to Harold: "I will neither give them to thee, nor prevent thee from taking the ensigns of royalty; but I will not bless thee, nor shall any prelate hallow thee on the throne."[1] Harold tried threats, prayers, bribes—all in vain; and, being unable to obtain the sanction of the Church, he lived as one who had abjured Christianity.

The whole story with regard to Canute's sons is very confused. Both Sweyn and Harold were considered illegitimate; some even doubted whether they were Canute's sons at all, though apparently he had no doubt on the subject. But though it is not easy to say where the right lay, one thing is certain, that Ethelnoth acted conscientiously, and was not to be moved by threats or blandishments from what he considered the right. Canute's reformation of character was accepted, and bore good fruit in his own day, but his early sins were the cause of the distress and bad government of the next few years; for is it not true that sooner or later "God requireth that which is past"?[2] And Canute's dynasty came to an end six years after his own death.

The latter part of Ethelnoth's life must have been sorely troubled by the anarchy and horrible cruelties that stained the reigns of Canute's successors. Queen Emma, the wife of two kings of England, was driven away over sea, but not till after the mysterious murder of the Atheling Alfred, her son by Ethelred, who had been enticed to England for his destruction. Who was answerable for this horrible crime, the murder of the innocent Atheling and his companions, is a moot point. The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle

[1] Palgrave's "Anglo-Saxons." [2] Eccles. iii. 15.

positively charges Earl Godwin with this piece of atrocious wickedness. If so, it must have been with the intention of currying favour with the brutal Harold. We may well believe that Ethelnoth's righteous soul was vexed even unto death by these terrible acts of heathenish barbarity performed by professing Christians; and in the next year (1038) Ethelnoth, "the good archbishop" (as he is emphatically called), died. So greatly was he beloved, and so terrible was the state of the county under the semi-heathen and brutal sons of Canute, that Ethelric, Bishop of Selsey in Sussex, "desired of God that He would not let him live any while after his beloved father Ethelnoth; and accordingly, as if in answer to his prayer, seven days after, he departed this life. Their deaths were followed immediately by Elfric, Bishop of East Anglia, and Briteagus of Worcestershire. And so the country seemed forsaken of its wisest and its best.

Such is the record, as we have been able to gather it, of one who, among the many great, wise, and holy men who for well-nigh thirteen centuries have held the office of Archbishop of Canterbury, is specially called "the good archbishop."

AUTHORITIES. — Anglo-Saxon Chronicle; William of Malmesbury; Palgrave's Anglo-Saxons.

MONTACUTE

AND THE LEGEND OF WALTHAM CROSS.

(A.D. 1042.)

—:o:—

HARDICANUTE the King was drinking at the wedding feast given by Osgood Clapa on the occasion of the marriage of his daughter Goda to Tofig the Proud, a powerful Dane and the king's standard-bearer. The potations were prolonged deep into the night. In the midst of the revel Hardicanute dropped speechless upon the ground, and shortly after expired. "Clapham," or Clapa's Home, was probably the scene of this feast and of Hardicanute's death. In King Canute's time Tofig had been moved to build a minster at Waltham, in Essex, where he had great possessions, as also at Montacute—then called Lutegarsbury—in Somerset. The name of Montacute was not given till the time of the Normans, and is said to have been derived from the sharp-pointed hill—Mons Acutus. At the top of this hill Tofig discovered a large crucifix, and this was found to possess the power of working miracles. Tofig determined then to transfer it to his new monastery at

Waltham. We may suppose that the people of Somerset would not like parting with this wonder-working cross, and so Tofig had to have recourse to some device for getting it away. He placed it then in a new cart drawn by oxen, and off they were to start on their long journey; but the oxen sided with the men of Somerset, and by no means wished to bear away the holy cross. So Tofig tried whether mentioning the names of any celebrated shrines would move the oxen. Canterbury was named, they would not move. Our own Glastonbury was tried, but still they did not stir. Other sacred shrines were mentioned, but without effect. But when Waltham was spoken, off set the oxen most briskly. How many days it took to get from Lutegarsbury to Waltham, and how many relays of oxen it took, the legend does not say. My own opinion is that the oxen having gathered in some mysterious way the distance they had to travel, determined on trying the effect of passive resistance, but that, when the word Waltham was spoken, a judicious application of the goad stirred them up.[1]

How much of this story may be true cannot now be known. All that is certain is that Tofig took possession

[1] It is, I think, palpable that as a rule legends and myths are sacred things to me, but the whole story in the first place seems merely a poor travesty of the Philistines sending back the Ark in the sixth chapter of the First Book of Samuel; and, secondly, I cannot forgive Tofig for taking away the wonder-working relic from Somerset and depositing it in his new foundation in far away Essex. Possibly my indignation may be roused by the fact that the beautiful old chimes of Glastonbury, which for many years have remained silent and uncared for in the Cathedral Church at Wells, are now in the great show at South Kensington to emphasize the antiquity of the Old London Street, those very chimes being the only thing ancient about it. When will the people of Somerset be roused to take pride in their own antiquities?

of some time-honoured relic and despoiled Somerset—as his compatriots had so often done before—for the sake of a far-away monastery which he had founded; that he there built a glorious church, and there placed the wonder-working rood, and that from that day it was called Waltham Holy Cross. This foundation Harold, the son of Earl Godwin, enlarged and beautified—possibly also with the spoils of Somerset, which he unscrupulously ravaged more than once. But from whence the crucifix taken from Montacute originally came, and what miracles it performed, I have not found any record. At any rate, it is as well to remember that Waltham Cross, a name which all men now apply to the remains of one of the beautiful Queen Eleanor Crosses, bore the name of Waltham Holy Cross ages before Queen Eleanor lived and died; and that that name it derived from the wonder-working rood of Montacute in distant Somerset.

AUTHORITIES.—Dugdale's Monasticon; Palgrave's Anglo-Saxons; Freeman's Old English History.

Porlock and Harold son of Godwin.

(A.D. 1053.)

—:o:—

As the last Saxon King of England, Harold the son of Earl Godwin has been invested with a halo of romance, not to say of sanctity, which he seems little enough to have deserved. Brave he certainly was, but a man selfish withal and utterly unscrupulous. Godwin and his sons, we know, set up for patriots; but, if Dr. Johnson is to believed, not all who call themselves so are possessed with the spirit of patriotism. Sweyn and Tosti, two of Godwin's sons, were unmitigated ruffians; the others were perhaps of gentler mood, but they tyrannized over the meek and pious Confessor till even his patience was exhausted, and they were banished the kingdom. Godwin and his other sons went to the Continent, but Harold and Leofwine sailed for Ireland, and, coming up the Bristol Channel, landed at Porlock. They came, so they said, to deliver them from the Frenchmen, Edward's favourites, who were overrunning the land. But the

Frenchmen or Normans did not oppress the people of Somerset; while, on the contrary, they looked with considerable suspicion on the invaders, who came with nine ships and formed a camp in their little village, and probably expected to be fed with the best of the land, and, likely enough, thought not of payment. However that may be, the fact is certain that the men of Devon and Somerset did not welcome their would-be benefactors as they expected; on the contrary they rose against them, and after a severe conflict more than thirty thanes were slain, as well as other folk. Nor was Harold content with taking the lives of the fathers and the bread-winners. He now proceeded to rob and pillage the widows and orphans, for he carried off goods, cattle, and slaves, and sailed away round the Land's End to meet Earl Godwin, his father.

The remains of his camp may still be seen south of the church. It seems a pity that there is no more agreeable story or legend connected with Porlock, but it is so charming a spot that it can well dispense with any ancient reminiscence to give it a fictitious charm. It would be hard to believe now that its peaceful quiet could be disturbed by Dane or Saxon, by foe or pretended friend.

AUTHORITIES.—Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, &c.

GLASTONBURY AFTER THE CONQUEST.

—:o:—

BISHOP THURSTAN, 1082.

THE conquest of England by William of Normandy was made far more bitter to the Saxon English than that of Canute. For the latter endeavoured to make the people forget that he was a foreigner and a conqueror. He governed them by their own laws, and continued all such Saxons as received him in their benefices and government, whereas William seized every occasion of dispossessing them, more especially if they were in any way eminent, and replacing them by Normans. At the time of the Conquest, Egelnoth, Abbot of Glastonbury, was esteemed one of the principal men of the kingdom, and, as such, was marked for removal. As a preliminary step, he made him form one of the band of distinguished Saxons, who he took with him in a sort of triumph, when he visited Normandy in 1067. He refused to reinstate the abbot, and in 1078 a council was held in London, at which Lanfranc formally deposed him. It marks the importance of this act of tyranny that it is the sole event

marked in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle for that year; and neither ignorance nor incompetence were urged against him. It was not till 1082 that a new abbot was appointed. To appoint a foreigner was in itself a special grievance to the monks of Glastonbury, as by their charters it was provided that even the meanest monk of Glastonbury, were he in any way suitable, was to be preferred to a stranger. The least, therefore, that they were bound to do was to provide a worthy man for such an important post; but it must have been in the very wantonness of tyranny that such a brutal ruffian as Thurstan, a monk of William's new Abbaye aux Hommes, or St. Etienne's, at Caen, was selected. Stowe, in his account of what followed upon his appointment, mildly asserts that "he was a man furnished with no wisdome." The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle says that he treated his monks ill in many respects, but the monks were lovingly-minded towards him, and begged him to govern them in right and in kindness, and they would be faithful and obedient to him. He must have irritated and provoked the monks before they utterly rebelled against his authority in the following year, or it is scarcely likely that the quarrel would have risen to so great a height for such a cause as the substitution of the song of one William of Feçamps for the old Gregorians that the monks delighted in. This the monks utterly refused to do: they clung to their old customs, which they had religiously kept up in spite of being so many years without a head. Thurstan, determining to quell resistance by force, introduced armed men unawares. Apparently the monks endeavoured to close the doors against them; for we are told they broke into the chapter-house, and the monks fled into the church

and gathered round the high altar, where from all except heathen or infidels the very sacredness of the place itself should have preserved them. Then they locked the doors of the church, but the soldiers broke into the choir. They threw darts where the monks were collected; nay, some of their servants made their way into the triforium and shot down arrows into the chancel, so that several stuck in the crucifix which stood above the altar! The wretched monks lay round the altar; some crept under it. They called earnestly upon God, and besought His mercy, since they could obtain none at the hands of men. Meanwhile the savage soldiers, urged by the ruffian abbot, carried on their hideous sacrilege: they injured the crosses, images, and shrines. One monk was run through the body with a spear as he embraced the altar; another was slain with an arrow as he lay hidden beneath it. Three were killed and eighteen wounded; so that the blood ran down from the altar to the steps and from the steps to the floor. At last the monks took heart, being, as it were, constrained of necessity. They defended themselves with forms and candlesticks of the church, and in such good sort did they lay about them that, though wounded, and the soldiers armed, they drove them behind the choir and slew two of them.

The greatness of this outrage caused the king to make inquiry, and, finding that the abbot was entirely to blame, he was removed, and sent back to his house in Normandy. All the time that the Conqueror lived, he remained in exile, but upon William Rufus succeeding to the throne Thurstan bought back the abbey for five hundred pounds of silver, and returned triumphantly. But now the monks were pre-

pared: every entrance was barred, and if Thurstan appealed to the king, Rufus had the money, and cared nothing for aught else; so the miserable man wandered from place to place in the wide abbey lands, his money spent, and no man caring for him, till he perished miserably, "as he well deserved."

It seems only fair to say that, in spite of his sacrilegious brutality, Thurstan, even in the one year that he was abbot, began, after the manner of the Normans, to rebuild the church and the other monastic buildings on a grander scale; but the next abbot, Herlewin—who, probably, from his name, was a Saxon—was not satisfied with Thurstan's work; in fact it is likely that in the neglect of years—for Herlewin was not appointed till the second year of Henry I.—it had begun to decay. He therefore pulled it down and began to build afresh, more in accordance, as he thought, with the dignity and possessions of the monastery. He expended four hundred and eighty pounds (a large sum in those days) on the work, and adorned it with many ornaments of exquisite workmanship.

AUTHORITIES.—Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, Stowe's Chronicle, &c., &c.

WILLIAM OF MALMESBURY.

CALLED ALSO "SOMERSETANUS."[1]

(Circa 1095–1143.)

—:o:—

WILLIAM OF MALMESBURY, one of the fathers of English history, flourished during the first half of the twelfth century. He was born in Somerset, but where, and at what exact date, is uncertain. He must, one would think, have received his early education at Glastonbury; for he speaks of it with even more passionate affection and admiration than he does of the monastery with which his name is so intimately connected. He was of both Norman and English blood, as he himself states in his preface to the third book of his history. He speaks of his early love of learning, in which he was encouraged, and even instructed, by his father. His personal account of his early studies is highly interesting.[2] "A long period has elapsed," he says, "since, as well through the care of my parents as my own industry, I became familiar with books. This pleasure possessed me from my childhood: this source of delight has grown with my years.

[1] Cunninghame's "Lives of Celebrated Englishmen."

[2] Prologue to Book II.

Indeed, I was so instructed by my father, that, had I turned aside to other pursuits, I should have considered it jeopardy to my soul and discredit to my character. Wherefore, mindful of the adage, 'Covet what is necessary,' I constrained my early age to desire eagerly that which it was disgraceful not to possess. I gave, indeed, my attention to various branches of literature, but in different degrees. Logic, for instance, which gives arms to eloquence, I contented myself with barely hearing. Medicine, which ministers to the health of the body, I studied with somewhat more attention. But now, having scrupulously examined the several branches of Ethics, I bow down to its majesty, because it spontaneously unveils itself to those who study it, and directs their minds to moral practice; History more especially, which, by an agreeable recapitulation of past events, excites its readers, by example, to frame their lives to the pursuit of good, or to aversion from evil. When, therefore, at my own expense, I had procured some historians of foreign nations, I proceeded during my domestic leisure to inquire if anything concerning our own country could be found worthy of handing down to posterity. Hence, it arose that, not content with the writings of ancient times, I began myself to compose; not indeed to display my learning, which is comparatively nothing, but to bring to light events lying concealed in the confused mass of antiquity. In consequence, rejecting vague opinions, I have studiously sought for chronicles far and near, though I confess I have scarcely profited anything by this industry. For, perusing them all, I still remained poor in information, though I ceased not my researches as long as I could find anything

to read. However, what I have clearly ascertained concerning the four kingdoms I have inserted in my first book," &c.

It is to be remarked that William of Malmesbury is not answerable for that misleading word, the Heptarchy, as he declines to acknowledge more than four kingdoms as of any importance. These are Kent, Wessex, Northumbria, and Mercia. He mentions the smaller kingdoms as having existed for a short time, and been of little or no consideration.

He was yet young when placed at Malmesbury, to which he was evermore devoted, though he never attempts to exalt it above the more ancient one of Glastonbury. What caused a native of Somerset to prefer Malmesbury to Glastonbury he gives no hint. Glastonbury was then at its greatest, under the magnificent rule of Henry of Blois. It is just possible that Malmesbury was more retired and more suited for an ardent student at that time.

His greatest work is his "De Gestis Regum," the first three books of which were probably written soon after the year 1120. The fourth and fifth, which are a record of contemporary events, he dedicates to Robert, Earl of Gloucester, one of Henry I.'s numerous illegitimate children, the devoted adherent of his half-sister Maude, who resembled his father in his capacity and love of learning, but far outstripped him in his moral and religious character. Malmesbury is, as a rule, a most judicious and conscientious historian, but in his lavish and exaggerated praise of Henry I., and the extraordinary apology he makes for his vices, he was evidently endeavouring to

please and win the favour of the great earl. It is worthy of notice that the fabulous history of Geoffrey of Monmouth is also dedicated to the Earl of Gloucester.

Malmesbury was a voluminous writer, and nineteen works are catalogued as of his writing. Among them we may mention the life of St. Dunstan, written for the monks of Glastonbury. He also wrote a history of Glastonbury, which he dedicated to Cardinal Henry; also the Miracles of St. Andrew. As St. Andrew is the patron saint of the diocese of Bath and Wells, it shows strongly his affection for his native county. His book of the acts of the Kings breaks off suddenly in the year 1142 with the mention of the empress's escape from Oxford. What prevented his continuing it, or the exact date of his death, we do not know. He was precentor and librarian of Malmesbury Abbey, and refused the office of abbot. Leland complains that in his time his works were neglected and almost forgotten.

AUTHORITIES.—His own works principally; also Cunninghame's Lives of Celebrated Englishmen.

THE PHILOSPHERS OF SOMERSET

IN THE TWELFTH AND THIRTEENTH CENTURIES.

Adelard of Bath, 1130; Maurice of Somerset, 1193; Alexander of Essebie, or Ashby, 1220; Adam de Marisco, 1237.

—:o:—

ADELARD OF BATH.

(Circa A.D. 1130.)

IF the reign of Henry III. was, as Bishop Stubbs affirms, "the golden age of English Churchmanship," no less was it the golden age of mediæval science. It is remarkable that the most illustrious of these pioneers of scientific truth went forth from Somerset. A goodly band they were that in those days hailed from our county. The Summer Land then put forth fair flowers of rhetoric, and rich fruits of learning and science, to ripen in days to come; but, such as they were, they were too rich and rare to be allowed to remain in their own land, and so of these, one alone, and he the least known, stayed to enrich his own land with the fruit of his learning. But we must take them in order. Foremost among them was Adelard of Bath, who was nearly a hundred years in advance of the others. His name is

now scarcely known, and old Fuller does not even place him among his "Worthies," but then he also omits the far greater and better known name of Roger Bacon. Adelard lived not long after the first Crusade, those Quixotic and yet not fruitless expeditions which, though they missed the object they had at heart, yet, brought back new impulse to thought and learning. Some of this knowledge, which at that time was rife in the East, but strange in our barbarous Western land, seems to have been brought by the Jews, who established schools, at which even Christians, who had a craving for knowledge beyond the narrow routine of ecclesiastical teaching, studied; and it is likely enough that from one of these Adelard learned that the knowledge he sought was to be gathered in Egypt and Arabia, and in the Mahomedan schools of Bagdad and Cordova. At any rate, whatever may have given the first impulse, Adelard went on his travels, and gathering learning wherever he went, he stored it up in the cells of his mind till he could use it for the advantage of the busy hive of Oxford scholars.

This pilgrim of science travelled through Europe, visited Spain, the richest part of which was then in possession of the learned and cultivated Saracenic Moors. Here were to be found the best schools of instruction in science, kept by Moors and Jews. Aristotle and Plato, Euclid, Apollonius, Ptolemy, Hippocrates, and Galen were taught; and many treatises now lost in the original are to be found in Arabic versions. Geometry, algebra and astronomy, chemistry, botany, and medicine, formed part of their regular course of instruction. From Spain he went into Arabia and Egypt, and disregarding the prejudices of his age, thought it no

wrong to bring home the spoils of learning from the enemies of his faith. He translated the elements of Euclid into Latin from the Arabic before any Greek copies were known in the West. He also wrote and translated several treatises on astronomy, mathematics, and medicine. These are said still to remain in manuscript in the libraries of Corpus Christi and Trinity colleges, Oxford.

AUTHORITIES.—Hutton's Mathematics; History of Spain.

MAURICE OF SOMERSET.

(Circa A.D. 1193.)

Maurice of Somerset was a Cistercian of Ford Abbey, which was at this time remarkable for its great learning. This abbey, now altered into a dwelling-place, still retains its name. It is remarkable, as standing so exactly on the meeting point of the three counties of Somerset, Devon, and Dorset, that no two authorities agree as to which it belongs. Fuller, in his "Worthies," says he (Maurice) was bred in Oxford and became Abbot of Wells. But here he must be mistaken, as Wells was a foundation for secular clergy, as Glastonbury was for the regulars. Perhaps he was dean of the cathedral or head of the vicars choral. He wrote several books and dedicated them to Reginald, Bishop of Bath.

ALEXANDER OF ESSEBIE, OR ASHBY

(Circa A.D. 1220),

Is called by Fuller "the prince of English poets in his age." He put our English festivals into verse, and wrote the history of the Bible, with the lives of some of the saints, in an heroic poem.

He became Prior of Essebie Abbey and flourished under Henry III.

ADAM DE MARISCO.

(Circa A.D. 1257.)

In the Middle Ages the diocese of Lincoln was of immense extent, and included the City and University of Oxford. The bishop of this see had it, therefore, in his power materially to assist and strengthen those pioneers of new learning and advanced thought of whom we are speaking, and we consequently find a close relation existing between these Somerset philosophers and the far distant see of Lincoln, through the connecting link of Oxford. Thus Hugh of Avalon, Bishop of Lincoln, whose first benefice in England was Witham Priory, in Somerset, brought forward Hugh of Wells, who succeeded him in his bishopric, and Hugh of Wells was one of the first to discern the greatness of Robert Grostête. When Grostête became in his turn Bishop of Lincoln, he paid back his debt to Somerset by largely encouraging and befriending two of these seekers after truth who came from the western diocese.

The name of Adam de Marisco in the lapse of ages has been well-nigh forgotten; and what hints we can find with regard to him have to be gathered from the lives of his more famous contemporaries. To say that he was the pupil and afterwards the life-long friend and correspondent of Grostête, the great and virtuous Bishop of Lincoln, as well as of Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, marks him at once as no ordinary man.

Fuller, in his "Worthies," says of him:—

"Adam de Marisco, or Adam Marsh, was born in this county, where there be plenty of marshes in the fenny part thereof. But I take Brent Marsh, as the principal, the most probable place for his nativity. It seems that a foggie air is no hindrance to a refined writer, whose infancy and youth in this place was so full of pregnancy. He afterwards went to Oxford, and there became Doctor. It is argument enough to persuade any man of his abilities, because that Robert Grostête, that learned man and pious Bishop of Lincoln, made of his paines that they might jointly peruse and compare the Scriptures. He afterwards became a Franciscan Friar at Worcester, and furnished the library there with most excellent MSS., for then began the emulation in England between monasteries who should outvie the other for most and best books."

It appears that Adam Marsh was considered a candidate for the bishopric of Ely. What caused De Marisco to be passed over and Hugh de Balsham nominated does not appear; but Fuller, who was a student of Peter House, Cambridge, quaintly adds:—

"I cannot grieve heartily for this Adam, his losse of the

bishopric of Ely, for because Hugh de Balsham his corrival got it from him, the founder of Peter House in Cambridge."

The Franciscan Order was the outcome as well as the cause of a great religious and intellectual revival which marked the reign of Henry III. Nor were the labours of these earnest men confined to the souls or minds of men. Their work was physical as well as moral. It was in the Lazar houses—the hospitals of those days—that, by the order of their founder, St. Francis, they sought their work; when, in the middle ages, fever, plague, and leprosy swept off their tens of thousands. They also started a school at Oxford, where Grostête lectured, and when he was raised to the see of Lincoln he steadily used his influence to secure their establishment at Oxford. He was ably seconded by his scholar, Adam Marsh, under whom the Franciscan school at Oxford attained a reputation throughout Christendom. Lyons, Paris, and Cologne borrowed from it their professors.

We know little of the personal history of Adam Marsh, but it is not likely that he, the man of study, should have been less accomplished in the learning of the day than his more active and busy friend; and Dr. Hook thus sums up Grostête's acquirements :—

"Besides a knowledge of the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and French languages, and that acquaintance with theology and philosophy to which he was led by his professional studies, he was no mean proficient in civil and canon law, criticism, history, chronology, astronomy, and the other branches of literature and science then known."

Adam was also the intimate friend and correspondent

of Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester. In one of De Montfort's letters to him he speaks of finding patience in his Gascon troubles from the study of the Book of Job. And these three great men seem to have struggled and prayed and fought for that freedom and light in religion and politics, which was to be the heritage of a later generation. It is a marvellous picture, and no ideal one, to endeavour to realize the earnest and busy churchman and reformer, Grostête; the great soldier and far-seeing politician, De Montfort; and the learned friar and teacher, Adam Marsh, studying the Word of God in its native languages, taking counsel together, and upholding each other's hands in the search for truth and struggle for liberty.

It is worth noting that it was not till after his two friends' death that De Montfort's struggle ended in rebellion.

We have no record of the exact date of De Marisco's death, but he was buried in Lincoln Cathedral, his grave being between Bishop Grostête's tomb and the wall of the south transept.

Side by side they had laboured, and side by side they lie in that glorious cathedral church.

AUTHORITIES.—Adam de Marisco's Letters; Speed; Fuller; Churton's Early English Church; Hook's Ecclesiastical Biography; Green's History of England; &c.

THE ROSE OF CANNINGTON.

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JOAN CLIFFORD,

COMMONLY CALLED "FAIR ROSAMOND."

(Circa 1137–1177.)

"Alas! alas! a low voice full of care
Murmur'd beside me: "Turn and look on me!
I am that Rosamond, whom men call Fair;
If what I was, I be."

TENNYSON'S *Dream of Fair Women.*

LEGEND and mist and doubt surround the name and life of this fair "Rose of the World," this victim of the youthful passion and unhallowed ambition of one of the most licentious and unscrupulous of men. Yet the love of Henry of Anjou for the sweet rose of Somerset was, probably, the only pure passion that he ever felt in his life, and fearfully were her wrongs avenged on her heartless lover and—husband!

For such, indeed, there is very little doubt he was. It is needless to say it cannot be proved; the king would carefully destroy all proofs of his youthful folly! In telling the

story then of Rosamond Clifford, it must be understood that gaps have to be filled up by imagination, but that such hints as are given by legend or history are carefully and conscientiously followed.

The small town of Cannington brings into one focus Alfred the Christian king and hero—the knightly family of the De Courcies—the Puritan John Pym—and, above all, the heroine of a romance more real and more touching than the writer of any sensational novel can produce. Before we tell the tale of her woes we will give a sketch of the place itself.

A little more than three miles from Bridgewater, on the road from that town to Dunster and Porlock, stands the pleasant village of Cannington, once of far greater importance than it is now. A first glimpse of the tall and stately church tower is caught on surmounting the hill at Wembdon, from whence the eye embraces a wide expanse of cultivated valley, backed by the lofty mass of limestone known by the name of Cannington Park, and bounded on the right by the flat banks of the Parret, and on the left by the green glades of Brymore.[1] As we approach the place, Leland's description of it is still applicable in the main, "Cannyngton is yet a pretty uplandish place;" as we enter it we pass "over a bigge Brooke that riseth not far by West yn the Hilles, and, passinge by Cannyngton, runneth into the haven of Bridgewater, a two miles and more by Estimation lower than Bridgewater."

The church, though now rather spoiled by a—so-called—restoration, is still a remarkable building; it is cruciform,

[1] Brymon was the birthplace of Pym.

very short, and lofty, with a single roof embracing nave, aisles, and chancel. When seen from the east its height is magnificent. There is an ancient manor-house belonging to Lord Cavan, now occupied as a farm-house.

Near the church was the ancient priory. It was founded during the reign of Stephen by a Baron de Courcy, of Stoke-Courcy (a neighbouring village or township), called variously by different authorities Robert, Walter, or William. He was sewer or chief butler to the Empress Maude. It was a small foundation for about twelve nuns, where the daughters of the neighbouring nobility were sent for their education. The girls brought up there were not, we may be sure, instructed so as to fit them to enter the lists against the students of the universities; they may have been taught enough Latin to read their missal or breviary, and to sing the medieval Latin hymns, whose grand beauty has become familiar to us in these latter days by translations; some knowledge of medicine and surgery was given them in order that they might be efficient nurses for the poor and the sick, or, if need be, might minister to their brothers, their fathers, their lovers, or their husbands, when they were wounded in battle, no remote contingency in the ceaseless warfare of those times. Last, but not least, they were instructed in the exquisite art of embroidery for ecclesiastical or domestic decoration.

At the time we speak of, Cannington was one of the residences of Lord Clifford; he had a manor-house there—whether the one alluded to above I cannot say—at which he occasionally resided, as he had large property there as well as in Hereford.

It appears to have been during one of his visits to Cannington that Margaret Lady Clifford bore her husband a daughter called Jane or Joan. Three other children they had: Lucy, who married twice—first to Hugh de Say, secondly to Bartholomew de Mortimer; and two sons, Walter and Richard. The family probably moved about at different periods of the year to their various castles and manor-houses. Whether some sudden necessity made it imperative to leave their little daughter behind them we cannot tell; at any rate, they placed her in the newly-founded priory in the care of the nuns of Cannington, possibly intending that eventually she should take the veil. She grew up a vision of beauty, and we may imagine her in her sweet girlhood the darling of the pious sisters, as fair and as lovely as the wild rose which adorns the lanes and hedges of her native county. Her own proper appellation was lost in that of the "Rose"—perhaps first—of Cannington or Somerset; then the Rose of the World, on account of her wondrous beauty; and so the homely Joan has been forgotten, and she has been known to all time as Rosa Mundi, or the Fair Rosamond. She was taught by the nuns such arts as they themselves practised, and excelled in embroidery, for in the abbey of Buildas in Shropshire was long preserved among its treasures a magnificent cope worked by her dainty fingers.

But though brought up in a nunnery she was kept in no grim seclusion, and when her father and mother visited Cannington at intervals, she resided at the old manor-house and shared in the gaieties of the time. The peaceful seclusion of Cannington was in a great measure owing to the fact

that, as a rule, the nobles of Somerset were followers of the empress, and this was probably occasioned by the popularity of her devoted half-brother Robert, Earl of Gloucester. To him was entrusted the care of her heir, Henry of Anjou, and well did he fulfil his trust. He imbued him with his own love of learning,[1] and he instructed him in the art of government; moreover, he encouraged the youth to visit freely among the families of those barons who were faithful to his sister's cause, and among these was the Baron de Clifford. Playmates and friends they were, then, from childhood, and small wonder is it that as the lovely child developed into the exquisitely fair maiden, the young prince should have felt an ardent affection for her. His succession to the throne was then a mere chance, and the demon of ambition had not as yet o'ermastered him.

But Prince Henry lost his wise uncle and governor when yet only twelve years old; from thenceforth he had no certain home, he was handed about from one to another. The empress wished him to remain as much as possible in England, in order to keep himself well before the eyes of the English; and if in Normandy or Anjou he was under the influence of his haughty and ambitious mother, whose character, too, was by no means free from reproach, while his weak father, the Earl of Anjou, was despised alike by both wife and son. What Henry might have been had his uncle lived we cannot tell; as it was, the intellectual part of

[1] Robert of Gloucester was the most learned and accomplished man of his day. To him the two widely-differing historians—the scrupulous and careful William of Malmesbury, and Geoffrey of Monmouth, the writer of the wildest myths and romances, which he called history—dedicated their books.

his mind had free growth, but his temper and his affections were utterly undisciplined, and the ambition which might, under wise guidance, have been an incentive to noble deeds, was fostered by his mother till it became an unscrupulous greed of dominion. His passions were unbridled, and he was at once cold-hearted and licentious. But all these unlovely traits of character were not developed at once.

He was sixteen when he went on a visit to Scotland, where he was knighted by his mother's uncle, King David I. With his honours fresh upon him, he returned to Somerset to bid adieu to his fair Rosamond. We cannot tell what passed, but we can suppose him to have then first spoken out his whole heart to her. She knew little or nothing of the world, and as she walked with him in the woods of Cannington, and wept at the thought of parting from him, he told her that would she consent to be indeed his, without waiting for her father or his mother's consent, then nought could ever part them. And she yielded. Some priest could easily be found who was persuaded that if he ever became king, Henry would shield him from blame; and if not, then the daughter of the Lord de Clifford would be no misalliance for the earl of a small French province.

So they were married, and, on one pretext and another, Henry lingered, carrying—as the circumstances became known—the beautiful girl with him; but with much secresy, lest what he had done should come to the ears of his haughty mother. At last, in 1150, before the birth of a son, he placed her in the manor of Woodstock, and there, surrounding her with such luxuries and comforts as he could devise, her eldest son William—known as Longespée—

was born; and scarcely was the poor girl a mother, when an order that could no longer be evaded came, and Henry had to leave her and return to France.

Three years passed away; how they were spent by Rosamond we cannot tell. We must suppose her bringing up her boy, heir, as she fondly hoped, to Normandy and Anjou, and perhaps to England, while she beguiled the tedious days with her elaborate embroidery. We cannot say for certain where she remained during these years, this sad waiting time, hoping against hope, and believing in her husband's truth, spite of all ill rumours.

> "Boures hadde the Rosamunde about in Englonde,
> Which this King for her sake made ich (I) understonde;"

says Robert of Gloucester.

Bowers there were for her at Bishop's Waltham, Wynch, Freemantel, and Martelstone, but the most curious of all was Woodstock, for—

> "At Woodstoke for hure he made a toure,
> That is called Rosamund's boure."

It was in 1150 that Henry of Anjou returned to France. His mother resigned Normandy to him, and he was invested with the dukedom. In 1151 his father died, and he became Earl of Anjou and Maine. Stephen was trying to induce the bishops to crown his eldest and best-beloved son Eustace; but they refused, determined that the contest for the throne should cease with Stephen's life. And now the demon of ambition gripped hard at Henry's heart. He had not seen Rosamond for more than a year. Eleanor of Aquitaine had taken a disgust to her husband, Louis le

Jeune, who she declared looked more like a cloistered priest than a valiant king. Henry of Anjou came, on his father's death, to do homage for his possessions, and Eleanor tried her blandishments upon him. A clever woman, much older than himself, with yet great beauty and attractions and moreover dowered with the finest provinces in the South of France, formed a powerful attraction alike to the passions and the ambition of the young prince. Honour, love, every noble virtue gave way, and six weeks after Eleanor obtained a divorce from Louis VII., on the the plea of consanguinity, she was married, at the age of thirty-two, to a youth not yet twenty, on May Day, 1152.

Alas for Rosamond! But alas still more for Henry and Eleanor! Bitterly was the fair Clifford avenged.

And now Henry had to play a double game. Of course Eleanor knew nothing of her rival, and Rosamond, immured in the "boures" provided for her, it is probable knew nought of Eleanor. Louis, naturally incensed at his late wife's marriage with his powerful vassal, now proceeded to help Stephen to retain the crown of England for his son. Henry, obtaining a fleet from Eleanor's maritime provinces, left her and her son in Normandy, and hastened to England. The nation was wearied with civil strife, and forced Stephen to make an agreement with Henry, adopting him as his son and heir. Henry remained a year in England; he visited his first love, and Rosamond tasted once more the joys of a beloved wife. It is probable that it was at this period, in anticipation of the time when Eleanor must return to England with him, he contrived the labyrinth and maze of Woodstock, for the better security of his darling. How

must he have lied to both! Is there in any sensational novel of the most advanced type anything more strange, more horrible, than the case of this man, involved in all the intricacies of political ambition, yet carrying about in his heart a state of wild passion, of deceit and falsehood, that must have made a very hell of his own mind?

Another son was born to him, Geoffrey, and then once more he had to tear himself from the loving arms of his trusting wife, and return to Normandy. The next year Stephen died, and he was recalled to England. Eleanor, with her son, chose to accompany him. They were crowned in Westminster Abbey, with unexampled pomp, on December 19, 1154, their principal residences being Winchester Palace, Westminster Palace, and the country palace of Woodstock. The maze of Woodstock was so contrived that he had little fear of Rosamond's bower being discovered. "But one day," says Brompton, "Queen Eleanor saw the king walking in the pleasance of Woodstock, with the end of a ball of floss silk attached to his spur; coming near him unperceived, she took up the ball, and the king walking on, the silk unwound, and thus the queen traced him to a thicket in the labyrinth or maze of the park, where he disappeared. She kept the matter secret, often revolving in her own mind in what company he could meet with balls of silk. Soon after the king left Woodstock for a distant journey; then Queen Eleanor, bearing this discovery in mind, searched the thicket in the park, and discovered a low door, cunningly concealed; this door she had forced, and found it was the entrance to a winding subterranean path, which led, at a distance, to a sylvan lodge in the most

retired part of the adjacent forest." Here the queen found, in a bower, a young lady of incomparable beauty, engaged in embroidery.

It would require the pen of a tragic poet and the brush of an artist to pourtray, even in imagination, the scene of the meeting between these two outraged women. Bitterly had they both been deceived; but, slight as was fair Rosamond's acquaintance with the world (she was even now scarce twenty-one) she must have known, even without the aid of the sensational and mythical dagger and bowl of poison, that she had no chance against this proud imperious woman. What took place we know not. We can imagine her at first proudly asserting that she was his lawful wife; and then, yielding to stern fate, in the person of her rival, entreating her to be good to him, promising to go into a nunnery, never to see him more, and by degrees so softening the queen that she made all easy for her, and herself arranged everything for her flight. We may imagine the guilty queen feeling how much purer and truer the poor girl was than herself, and Rosamond mourning most for the unworthiness of her shattered idol.

We know nothing of the king's behaviour when he found Rosamond's chamber empty, and the cause. For twenty years the poor nun at Godstow led a life of remorse and penitence for her involuntary sin. Lord Clifford, her father, and King Henry vied with each other in costly benefactions to the nunnery where their chiefest darling was performing acts of penance. Henry provided for both her children, and insisted on their sharing the education of their half-brothers. William Longespée, the eldest, grew up to be a

valiant soldier, and a faithful friend to both his father and his brothers.

But Rosamond's fate was happier than that of her betrayers. Dire strife broke out between the king and queen, their sons were ever undutiful to their father, and Henry knew not what it was to have peace in his country or his home. At the time that Rosamond died, in the odour of sanctity, at Godstow, Eleanor was imprisoned at Winchester, where she continued, with few and short intervals, for sixteen years. She lived to sign herself, "Eleanora, *by the wrath of God*, Queen of England;" while Henry passed away cursing his sons and—his God.

Rosamond's death-bed was peaceful. Her sweetness, her beauty, and her humility made her very dear to the nuns. She told them that when a certain tree in the convent garden should be turned to stone, they would know the time that she was received into glory. "She was buried at Godstow, near Oxford, a little nunnery among the rich meadows of Evenlod," says Camden.

But the story of Rosamond Clifford does not even end with her death, and a painful mortification awaited her remains. It was twenty years after her death that St. Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, in a course of visitation of convents, came to Godstow. He saw in front of the high altar a coffin placed in a sort of tabernacle, and covered with a pall of fair white silk: tapers burned around it, and banners with emblazonments waved over it. He demanded who lay there in such state, under that rich hearse? But when the nuns replied that it was the corpse of their penitent sister, Rosamond Clifford, St. Hugh said "that

the hearse of a harlot was not a fit spectacle for a quire of virgins to contemplate, nor was the front of God's altar a proper station for it." He then gave orders for the expulsion of the coffin into the churchyard. The sisters of Godstow were forced to obey at the time; but after the death of St. Hugh they gathered the bones of Rosamond into a perfumed bag of leather, which they enclosed in a leaden case, and deposited them in their original place of interment, affirming that the transformation of the tree had taken place according to her prophecy.

King John, probably as a mark of gratitude to his faithful brother, William Longespée, Earl of Salisbury, raised a tomb to her memory. It was embossed with fair brass, having an inscription in Latin on its edges.

The inscription on her grave in the churchyard was one of those punning epitaphs, the fancy of the Middle Ages—

> " Hic jacet in tumba, Rosa mundi non Rosa munda
> Non redolet sed olet, quæ redolere solet."

This it is impossible to preserve in the translation—

> " This tomb doth here enclose
> The world's most beauteous rose :
> Rose passing sweet erewhile,
> Now nought but odour vile."

But when the tomb was raised to her memory within the church, her name and praise was written on the edge, of brass. A cross likewise was erected near to the entrance of the gate, and these lines were inscribed upon it—

"Qui me at hac, oret, Signumque salutis adoret,
Utq ; tibi detur requiès Rosamunda procetur ;"

which is rendered thus—

"All you which pass this way,
This cross adore, and pray
That Rosamond's soul may
True rest possesse for aye."

It is said that King John desired that prayers for the soul of his father might be joined to those for the Lady Rosamond.

It may have been, and probably was, her earnest entreaty to her father that kept him from avenging her wrongs, and we may certainly feel quite sure that it was her influence and strict commands that kept her sons faithful subjects of their father and half-brothers. "Thou art my legitimate son, and the rest are bastards," said Henry, in the bitterness of his soul, when his first-born, the noble William Longespée, brought his father aid against his rebellious sons. The confession was tardy, and of no avail; yet, if we may take it as sober truth, it explains much of the misery and discord in that unhappy family.

That Henry, in spite of his licentious life, never forgot his first love is certain, and there is scarcely a more touching episode in history than the outraged father, the Baron de Clifford, and the remorseful lover and husband joining in acts of bounty to the convent where their penitent darling was hidden from their sight, and where, later, her loved remains were enshrined.

Of her two sons, Longespée married, by the favour of his half-brother Richard, Ela, eldest daughter and co-heiress of William de Eureux, Earl of Salisbury and Rosemer, and

was created Earl of Salisbury in her right. He was a faithful supporter and friend of Richard and John; though for a few months, indeed, in the year 1216, when the cause of John was believed to be desperate, he joined Louis, but quickly returned to his allegiance, and took the oaths to the young king Henry III. early in the year 1217. At the same time, assuming the cross, he joined in the fifth Crusade, which was principally directed against the Sultan of Egypt. In 1225 we find him, in conjunction with Richard Earl of Cornwall, the king's brother, rescuing old Queen Eleanor's inheritance from the French king, and restoring it to the English crown. It was his last work, for in 1226 he died, and Matthew Paris records his epitaph:

> "Flos Comitum Wilhelmus obiit, stirps regia, longus
> Ensis vageriam cœpit habere brevem."

Geoffrey, the younger son of Henry and Rosamond, was intended by his father for an ecclesiastic, but apparently he shrank from the sacred vows, for, though first archdeacon of Lincoln, and afterwards named bishop of that see, whose temporalities he held for seven years, he eventually resigned it into the hands of his father and the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the year 1181. He was afterwards made chancellor, and finally, by his brother Richard, presented to the archbishopric of York. He was consecrated at Tours, in France, in 1191. It is said that he made a good use of his high dignity.

Geoffrey was the only one of Henry's children that watched by his miserable father's dying bed. Richard and Philip made common cause over the shame and disgrace of

Alice, the betrothed wife of one and the sister of the other. They suddenly appeared before Le Mans, from which Henry retreated in headlong flight towards Normandy. From a height where he halted to look back on the burning city, so dear to him as his birthplace, the old king hurled his curse against God: "Since Thou hast taken from me the town I loved best, where I was born and bred, and where my father lies buried, I will have my revenge on Thee too; I will rob Thee of that thing Thou lovest most in me." Death was upon him, and the longing of a dying man drew him to the home of his race. Tours fell as he lay at Saumur, and the hunted king was driven to beg mercy from his foes. They gave him the list of the conspirators; at the head of them was his youngest and best beloved son John. Then he cursed even the day of his birth, and invoked God's curse and his own upon his sons. Nor, though moved by many ecclesiastics, would he ever revoke it. "Now," he said, "let things go as they will. I care no more for myself or for the world." He was borne to Chinon, and muttering "Shame, shame on a conquered king," passed sullenly away.

Geoffrey attended his corpse to Fontevraud, where the following day it was visited by the victorious Richard, now full of remorse. Surely the wrongs of the Fair Rosamond were bitterly avenged.

AUTHORITIES.—The Archæological Society of Somerset's Papers on Rosamond Clifford; Speed; Stowe; Mill's Crusade; Green's English History; Stubbs' Constitutional History; Miss Strickland's Lives of the Queens; oral legend and tradition.

JOHN DE COURCY,

OF COURCY IN NORMANDY, AND STOKE COURCY IN THE COUNTY OF SOMERSET; EARL OF ULSTER AND CONNAUGHT; AND PREMIER BARON OF IRELAND.

(Circa 1152–1210.)

—:o:—

"A mighty strong champion of Somerset."—FULLER.

BETWEEN the river Parret and the Quantock hills, and not far from Bridgwater Bay, lies the village of Stoke Courcy, or Stogursey, as it is now generally called. It takes its name from the De Courcies, a great Norman family, the ruins of whose moated castle may still be seen. This family is of great antiquity, and their origin was illustrious, for they traced their descent from Charlemagne; their immediate ancestor being Charles of Lorraine, son to Louis d'Outremer. They settled at Courcy, in Normandy. Richard de Courcy, lord of Courcy, accompanied the Conqueror to England, and received large estates in different parts of the country, but established his family seat at Stoke, in Somerset, which thenceforth became known as Stoke Courcy.

It is stated—upon what authority I do not know—that the same village of Stoke (or its neighbourhood) was the

scene of a sanguinary conflict between the Danes and Saxons, when the latter, led by the Bishop of Sherborne, succeeded in driving the pirates to their ships, in 845 A.D. The Saxon Chronicle places the conflict at the mouth of the Parret, from which, however, Stoke Courcy is not far distant.

The office of dapifer, or steward, to the reigning sovereign appears for several generations to have been hereditary in the family. During the great civil wars between the Empress Maude and Stephen, the De Courcies, with most of the other great nobles of the south-west, adhered to the side of the Empress-Queen, influenced probably by her brother, the great Earl of Gloucester, and the constant residence amongst them of her son Henry, whose education was confided to his uncle's care. Yet, with true patriotism, we find one of these great barons fighting on Stephen's side at the great battle of Northallerton, or the Standard, against the Scotch.

The father, or perhaps more probably the grandfather, of our hero was one of two knights who fell in the battle of Rhuddlan, against the Welsh, in the year 1157.

St. Andrew's Church at Stoke Courcy still retains some of the Norman work of these early days; but of the Benedictine convent of nuns at Cannington, founded by a De Courcy, no trace is left.

John de Courcy, the son of Sir William de Courcy, was born somewhere about the year 1152, at the latter part of the so-called reign of Stephen, and died in the latter part of King John's reign. As a young man he appears to have served in the wars in Aquitaine under Prince Richard, who ruled there instead of his mother. It was here that he

formed one of those romantic attachments, almost peculiar to the Middle Ages, of brotherhood in arms and fortune to Sir Almeric de Tristram. This tender affection and devotion to each other they sealed by a vow sworn before the high altar of our Lady at Rouen, and this vow was faithfully kept during many years' service in France, England, and Ireland. The lives of these noble friends are so interwoven, that to disentangle them is impossible. Their friendship was further cemented by Sir Almeric's marriage to Mabel de Courcy, Sir John's sister.

It was in the year 1177 that John de Courcy, inspired by a prophecy of Merlin which he supposed to apply to himself, and possessed of a special commission from the king for the reduction of Ulster, accompanied Fitz-Adelm, who bore the title of deputy-governor of Ireland, Sir Hugh de Lacy being already grand justiciary, an office in some degree answering to that of lord-lieutenant. But Fitz-Adelm made himself very unpopular by his arbitrary exactions and unwarrantable usurpations, and by the generally selfish and grasping course of his policy. Such a system alienated both English and Irish.

Sir John de Courcy then, taking advantage of the murmurs of the Norman followers of Fitz-Adelm, drew together the discontented knights. He determined to sail northwards with about thirty knights and three hundred men-at-arms. They landed at Dublin, and set forth on their march towards Ulster, accompanied by De Courcy's brother-in-law, Sir Almeric. Their first success, however, took place when he himself was ill, and Sir Almeric leader in his place. A pitched battle was fought at the Bridge of Ivora, and for his

gallantry in the field and his conduct in war the lands of Howth were allotted to him, and have remained to his descendants ever since, though the family name has been altered from Tristram to St. Lawrence. But now Sir John resumed the command, and, that he might fulfil Merlin's prophecy, arrayed himself, as it was foretold the conqueror of Doune should be, in shining armour, and riding on a white horse, bearing a shield charged with birds, marched on Doune. Here he met with unexpected opposition; for the Cardinal-legate Vivian, of Mount Cœlius, opposed him, declaring that as the people of Ulster had submitted to the Church, it was enough that they should pay tribute, and that a Norman governor should not be imposed upon them.

De Courcy professed, as indeed he ever showed, the profoundest reverence for the Church; yet he maintained that the Pope's grant of Ireland to King Henry was absolute, and that he, holding the king's commission to subdue Ulster, was not to be turned from his purpose. Then the cardinal retired, bidding him beware, and that he must take the consequences of his perverseness; and Sir John entered Doune, and took possession thereof. But the legate foolishly stirred up the native inhabitants against De Courcy, in spite of the Pope's grant and the king's commission.

Sir John de Courcy, however, and his small band gained victory after victory; but at Lurgan he was sore put to, and his life was in great jeopardy. The place is situated on a river of the same name on the borders of Armagh and Down. Sir Almeric was in command of the horse and Sir John de Courcy of the foot. The Irish were defeated, and

six thousand fled for their lives; but as they fled they were stayed by an arm of the sea, and finding that death menaced them whichever way they turned, they stood to their arms and fought desperately. The small English force drew back when they saw six thousand desperate men fighting for dear life. Sir John de Courcy, who had pressed on, was surrounded: he stood alone, with his huge two-handed sword "washing and lashing on all sides like a lion among sheep." His nephew, young Nicholas de Tristram, posted to his father, who was in chase of the scattered horsemen of the Irish, and cried: "Alas! my father, my Uncle Sir John is left alone in the midst of his enemies, and the foot have forsaken him." With that Sir Almeric alighted. He killed his horse, and said: "Here, my son, take charge of these horsemen, and I will lead on the foot company to the rescue of my brother Courcy. Come on, fellow-soldiers," said he; "let us live and die together." He gave the onset, rescued Sir John de Courcy, who was sore wounded and breathless with his cruel fight. At sight of him the soldiers took heart, and the Irish laid down their arms in order to save their lives.

The grand justiciary, Sir Hugh de Lacy, had married the daughter of Roderic O'Connor, the last King of Connaught, and thereby offended King Henry, who, as in the case of Strongbow, conceived that whoever married one of the royal race must necessarily be aiming at the crown. He therefore recalled De Lacy, and kept him for some years hanging about the English Court without formally deposing him from his authority. Several deputies were sent to act in his place, but they either proved themselves inefficient or in

some way displeased the king; and now Sir John de Courcy, without absolutely receiving the appointment, was empowered to act in his stead. He had by this time gained great experience in the Irish character, and it is said that so complete was the control he exercised, so excellent the discipline he enforced, that a maiden might carry a purse of gold through the land without fear of insult or robbery.

Meanwhile De Courcy had married Affrica, the daughter of Godred, King of Man, and they seem to have vied with each other in their works of piety and charity. De Courcy himself built the Monastery of Ynnis Courcy at Inch, in County Down, and that of St. Andrew de Stoke at Ardes, in memory, there can be no doubt, of his home in Somerset, where the church, which is near his castle at Stoke, was dedicated by an ancestor of his own to St. Andrew. Monks from Chester were placed in St. Andrew de Stoke, thus repaying to Ireland the debt which learning and monasticism owed to it in the tenth century. The Lady Affrica founded and endowed the nunnery of St. Mary's Abbey de Jugo Dei, and peopled it with nuns from Holm-Cultrain, in Cumberland. The ruins of the Grey Abbey, as St. Mary's Abbey is called, are exquisite in their decay, and still retain the image of the foundress.

Affairs went prosperously in Ireland. Henry II. restored Sir Hugh de Lacy to his office without, apparently, any opposition or resentment on the part of De Courcy, when, in the year 1185, the king took the impolitic step of sending his favourite son John over as a kind of sub-regulus of Ireland. John had borne the title of lord of Ireland from the time he was twelve years old. He was now twenty, and

his father presented to him the crown of peacock feathers which had been sent by the Pope as a sign of his sovereignty over the Western Island. But the prince would have done less mischief at twelve than he did at twenty; sent over with a set of young companions as insolent and overbearing, as mischievous and petulant, as himself, with no guide to control him but the vain and learned Gerald Barri, generally known as Giraldus Cambrensis, who was far more anxious, as well as far more fitted, to act as "special correspondent" to the prince's progress than as his governor or guide. Yet even the slight check that he was, as former tutor to the prince, was irksome; for John tried to rid himself of Barri by offering to consodidate two of the richest bishoprics of the Irish Church for his benefit. This Giraldus refused with praiseworthy conscientiousness. John and his young companions outraged all decency, insulted the chieftains, even condescending to the low buffoonery of pulling their beards and making a rude mockery of their dress. Their behaviour was so outrageous as to bring on the necessary consequence of a widespread rebellion. The grand justiciary refused assistance to the young prince, who had brought his danger on himself; and Sir Almeric de Tristram went into Connaught, making himself answerable for Prince John's safety, whilst Sir John de Courcy was summoned to England to give the king a trustworthy account of the state of affairs. His excellent government during the time Sir Hugh de Lacy was in England was not forgotten, and De Lacy was displaced, and Sir John de Courcy appointed governor in his stead, with full powers to reduce and pacify the county, whilst Prince John was ordered home. Sir Hugh de Lacy

kept up an independent government at Meath, and was shortly after murdered by an Irishman, who, whilst the knight was stooping forward to show him how to use his pick in working at the foundations of a castle, suddenly took up an axe lying by him and chopped off his head.

Sir John de Courcy continued at the head of affairs in Ireland till the death of Henry II. summoned him to England to attend King Richard's coronation,[1] and take his oaths of allegiance and do homage to him for his estates in England, France, and Ireland. During his absence occurred the exquisite episode of the death of his dear friend and brother, Sir Almeric de Tristram. It may be read in "Burke's Peerage." Before the battle in which he fell, he confided his last wishes to two youths, who apparently attended him as pages, ending with these words: "To God I render and yield my soul; my service to my natural prince; my heart to my brother, Sir John de Courcy, and his wife; my force, might, pain, and goodwill to my poor friends and fellows here." His wife, Sir John de Courcy's sister, had died before. She left him three sons—Nicholas, of whom we have already spoken, and who succeeded his father as Baron of Howth, and two other sons, of whom we shall hear again.

With the exception of her foundation of the Abbey de Jugo Dei, this is the only mention that is found of Affrica, Princess of Man, Countess of Ulster, &c., &c., but this

[1] Some writers have interpreted this to mean that Richard displaced him from his office; but there seems no reason whatever to suppose this. He seems clearly to have come to renew his vows of allegiance to the reigning sovereign, and this appears the more certain from what took place on John's accession.

mention at such a time seems to bespeak her worthy of being the wife and friend of heroes.

De Courcy was recalled to Ireland by the death of his friend: he appears to have governed successfully and with wise statesmanship. De Lacy's young sons acknowledged his authority, and lived on terms of friendship with him and obedience to constituted authority. De Courcy meanwhile strengthened his position in Ulster by building castles at all important posts, one of the most curious of which, Dunluce, near the Giant's Causeway, still exists in ruins; its position is much like that of King Arthur's castle of Tintagel, in Cornwall, being partly on the mainland and partly on an island rock, the two parts being joined by curtain walls, on which were laid planks which could easily be removed, if danger was feared.

Amongst other of De Courcy's works was the restoration of the cathedral of the Holy Trinity at Doune. Now when these new works were finished, instead of replacing a representation of the Triune Majesty over the altar, De Courcy, in order to please the native Irish by exalting their patron saint, put there an image of St. Patrick; while the figure of the Trinity was placed in a small chapel built for the purpose. In 1195 De Courcy lost his wife, who was buried at her foundation of St. Mary's Abbey at Ardes; she left him one son, Miles, who, apparently like himself, served his apprenticeship to arms in France. Wisely and well was Ireland governed during this period: not so England. During Richard's absence in the Holy Land, his captivity and constant absences, abuses of all kinds prevailed, the foulest extortion was practised; one favourite

piece of oppression being the marrying of heiresses or richly-endowed widows to favourites of Prince John. Richard, in order to purchase his brother's loyalty, had bestowed upon him six earldoms, among which Somerset was one. De Courcy's oldest sister Alice had married Baldwin de Redvers, Earl of Devon and Wight; he had died, leaving her a well-dowered widow and childless. It was probably while on a visit to Stoke Courcy that Falkes de Breauté, an adventurer of mean extraction, but a boon companion of the prince, forcibly seized on Alice de Redvers, Countess of Devon, and married her; then, on the pretence of his wife's rights, occupied the castle at Stoke, and filled it full of a set of turbulent and licentious followers of his own.

In 1199 Richard died, and John, the brother, and Arthur, the nephew of the late king, claimed the allegiance of his subjects. Sir John de Courcy had too vivid a recollection of Prince John's evil doings in Ireland to own him for his king, and he proclaimed Arthur as king of England and lord of Ireland. John, of course, denounced him as a traitor, and the two brothers De Lacy, who had hitherto professed great friendship for De Courcy, now thought they saw an opportunity of advancing their own interests; they made terms therefore with King John, and at the price, to Walter de Lacy, the elder brother, of the office of High Justiciary of Ireland, and to Hugh, the younger, of the earldom of Ulster, he bought their allegiance. But De Courcy was not likely to submit tamely to be despoiled of his rights; he summoned to his aid his brother-in-law, Reginald, King of Man. Now Reginald was greatly beholden to him, for on King Godred's death there were two parties in

Man, one who upheld the rights of Reginald, his eldest son, and the other who said that the youngest son, Olave, was the rightful heir as being alone born in lawful wedlock. To have admitted this would have been to allow his own wife Affrica to have been illegitimate, and this De Courcy could not consent to; he had therefore assisted her brother Reginald to secure the crown, and now in return claimed his aid to secure his own rights. King John was either too busy or too indolent to come to Ireland himself, but he sent over a fleet which destroyed that of the King of Man and sent him back to his own island. Still De Courcy was able to hold his own, and at a field fought at Doune early in the year 1204 he defeated Hugh de Lacy, who now seeing that he was not able to seize Ulster from De Courcy, had recourse to the blackest treachery. It was on Good Friday in the same year that De Courcy, who strictly kept the feasts and fasts of the Church, was watching in the grave-yard of the cathedral of Doune, and, with several of his friends, amongst whom were his two young nephews, the younger sons of Sir Almeric de Tristram, was wandering amongst the tombs in white robes of penitence, when he was joined by others clad in the same way; suddenly, these last threw off their white vestments and appeared clad in complete armour; they attempted at once to seize De Courcy, but he, though with nought in his hand but the pole of a cross which he bore, slew thirteen of his antagonists. His friends fell around him, and at last his nephews, who bravely fought by his side and strove to defend his person, fell at his feet; then he strove no longer, he was bound, hurried on board a ship which lay near the town,

and was taken thence to the Tower of London. Meanwhile, the traitors who had betrayed De Courcy to his foe met their reward. They came to Hugh de Lacy and claimed as their recompense a large sum of money which he had promised them, and he gave it them; but as soon as the reward of iniquity was in their hands, he asked them what recompense they deserved who betrayed their lord to his bitterest foe; then he ordered the traitors to be hanged and the money to be returned to his treasury!

Meanwhile, De Courcy languished in prison; here he had but little allowance, and that of the simplest and coarsest kind, and his strength began to fail him. In his despair, he said, "O God, wherefore dealest Thou thus by me, who have built and re-edified so many monasteries for Thee and Thy saints?" Now when he had many times wailed and made loud moans in this wise, and therewith fell asleep, the Holy Trinity appeared unto him, saying, "Why hast thou cast Me out of Mine own seat, and out of the Church of Doune, and placed there My St. Patrick, therefore know thou well that thou shalt never enter into thy signorie in Ireland; howbeit, in regard to other good deeds that thou hast done, thou shalt, with honour, be delivered forth of prison." And this is how the vision was fulfilled:

It chanced at this time that after Philip, King of France, had declared that John had forfeited Normandy by the murder of his nephew Arthur, there arose a dispute about a signorie and certain castles which John maintained formed no part of the Duchy of Normandy, but which King Philip claimed. As the two kings could not settle the matter, it was agreed that a champion should be chosen on either side, and that

the matter should be decided by a judicial combat; but when King John sought for a champion to undertake his cause, not one of his knights would volunteer to fight in his behalf, and the point was likely to be yielded from want of some one to maintain the right. It is said that Queen Isabel it was who first thought of the mighty champion now languishing in prison, and that she sent to him requesting him to fight on her husband's behalf, and he answered "Not in the king's quarrel, nor for his sake, but for the kingdom's sake I will fight to the death."

Against which day of fight John De Courcy repaired with large diet his impayred limbes and sinews; and, after his long and constrained abstinence, so great was the appetite of John for food, that the French champion, who had before been much amazed at his giant-like limbs, his thews and sinews, when to this also he saw his prodigious feeding, he exclaimed that he was a cannibal, and that he would finish by eating him, and thereupon he slunk away and went into Spain, declining the combat and leaving the honours of the day to the valiant knight of Somerset, while the signorie was adjudged to King John. Whether this happened in England or France does not seem quite clear, but the close of the story must perforce have been in France.

King Philip would fain see this man of giant mould who had overcome his champion simply by the report of his huge feeding; and so it was that one day when the three kings of France, England, and Spain were together, John de Courcy was asked by King Philip to give an example of his great strength. So De Courcy ordered a strong and doughty good morion full of mail to be set upon

a block or log of wood, and the aforesaid John, taking his skein or sword, and looking round about him with a stern and grim countenance, smote the morion through, from the very crest downward into the block, and the sword stuck in the wood so fast that no arm but his own could pluck it forth again. Then the kings demanded of De Courcy wherefore he looked behind him with so grim a countenance before he gave the stroke, and he answered that if he had failed, he would have slain them all, as well kings as others. Then the kings gave him great gifts, and the King of England rendered to him not only his earldom of Ulster, but desired him to ask for anything within his gift, and it should be granted. To which De Courcy replied, that having estates and titles enough, he desired that his successors might have the privilege—their first obeisance being paid—of remaining covered in the presence of his majesty and all future kings of England; which request was immediately conceded.

After this, John de Courcy, with King John's sanction, essayed to pass over into Ireland to wrest his earldom from Hugh de Lacy. Fifteen times he made the attempt, but was always in danger, and the wind evermore against him; wherefore he waited awhile among the monks of Chester, and at length this heroic warrior and able statesman died in France about the year 1210, and there "rested in the Lord," says the old Chronicler.

He was succeeded by his son Miles, upon whom Henry III. and his council conferred the barony of Kinsale, in Ireland, in compensation for the earldom of Ulster, which was retained by Hugo de Lacy—his patent was, however,

dated from 1181, when that of Earl of Ulster had been conferred upon his father.

Lord Kingsale, Baron Courcy of Courcy and Baron of Ringrove, is not only the premier baron of Ireland, but bears the oldest title in the United Kingdom which has continued by uninterrupted descent in the same family. He still possesses the hereditary privilege granted by King John to his ancestor of valiant memory, of remaining covered in the royal presence.

John de Courcy had also a brother Jordan, who was killed in the Irish wars. Falkes de Breauté, being banished for his many villanies, Alice de Redvers, his wife, sued for and obtained a divorce on the ground of her marriage being without her consent.

AUTHORITIES.—Camden; Speed's Chronicles; Burke's Peerage; Wills' Lives of Celebrated Irishmen; Articles in the Mirror; Stubbs' Constitutional History; Green's History of England.

St. Ulric the Recluse, or St. Wulfric the Hermit.

(Died A.D. 1154.)

—:o:—

Of this saint, Alban Butler, in his "Lives," gives this concise account: He was born near Bristol, and being promoted to the priesthood, took great pleasure till, being touched by Divine grace, he retired near Haselborough, in *Dorsetshire*, where he led a most austere and holy life. He died on the 20th of February, in 1154.

Butler is mistaken however, for Haselborough, or Haselbury Plucknett as it is named, is in Somerset. It is a small parish about two miles from Crewkerne. St. Ulric was born at Compton (or Comb) Martin, in this county; and applying himself to religious studies, became a priest and took the cure of Deverill, near Warminster, in Wiltshire. Hence he removed to a small cell near the church of Haselbury, where, clad in iron raiment, he indulged in the austerities of a hermit's life. In this retirement the fame of his holiness was so widely spread that he was visited by some of the greatest people of the land; and amongst them by King

Henry I., to whom he foretold his death, and to Stephen that he should sit on the throne.

Green says: "Originally a clerical sportsman, he all at once flung aside his hounds and his vicarage, and without waiting for episcopal sanction or priestly benediction, immured himself in his jealously closed cell. He was soon known as England's one miracle worker and prophet." Wulfric hailed Stephen as king as he rode past his hermitage in his uncle's lifetime, replying to his remonstrances: "It is no error—it is you, Stephen, that I mean—for the Lord hath delivered the realm into your hands. Protect the Church! defend the poor!"

He died at an advanced age in 1154, and was buried in his own cell by Robert, Bishop of Bath; but his body was afterwards moved to one side of the altar of the parish church of Haselbury. The monks of Montacute petitioned that he might be interred in their chapel, but Osbern, the officiating priest of Haselbury, opposed them; and his relics were suffered to remain in a small aisle or chapel adjoining the church, still called "Wulfric's aisle," where his tomb was visited by pilgrims for ages.

Haselbury Church is dedicated to St. Michael. It consists of a nave, chancel, and north aisle, or chapel of St. Wulfric. At the west end is a tower with four bells.

AUTHORITIES.—Alban Butler; Collinson's Somerset; Green's History of England; Murray's Somerset.

his father Henry; and that the king looked upon his influence and friendship with John as a circumstance that might be turned to good effect during his absence in the Holy Land.

Certain it is that he soon came to the front in this king's reign. When Richard started on the Crusade he left the kingdom in charge of Longchamps, Bishop of Ely, and Hugh de Puiset, Bishop of Durham. But the two bishops soon quarrelled, Longchamps arrogating to himself all the power, with great state and dignity. The king had reached as far as Messina when news was brought him of the state of the country. Longchamps' pride and arrogance had roused the barons, and John, taking advantage of his mother's absence, was intriguing for power: so that the country was on the verge of civil war. Walter de Coutances, Archbishop of Rouen, arrived from Messina with instructions from the king. After some intrigues, in which their half-brother Geoffrey, Archbishop of York, took part, the archbishop (of Rouen) produced a commission signed by Richard at Messina, appointing him supreme justiciar, with William Marshall, Geoffrey Fitz-Peter, Hugh Bardolf, and *William Briwere* as coadjutors. Queen Eleanor soon after returned, and the peace of the kingdom was maintained till the news came of Richard's imprisonment. Again we find that when the ransom to be paid for Richard's release was to be sent to Germany, De Briwere was commissioned to take charge of it. He returned, it is to be supposed, in company with Richard. But Richard's whole interest in England was but to gather money for his wars and pleasures abroad; and one means he had found to answer well before was to accuse

the sheriffs of some imaginary offence, and then to levy heavy fines. He displaced, therefore, nearly all of these functionaries, but reinstated those who consented to pay a large sum. Amongst these was William Briwere, the excuse being that he had leaned too much to his brother's side in his absence; the real fact being that Briwere, probably from the gratitude which he owed to Henry II., was thoroughly loyal, and invariably on the side of the reigning sovereign.

John, who seems to have been as much attached to him as he would be to any one, had, as Earl of Cornwall, some right in the disposal of the hand of Beatrice de Vannes, widow of Reginald, late earl of that county and one of Henry I.'s numerous illegitimate children. He gave her in marriage to De Briwere. She brought him great possessions, and her connection with the royal family caused his marriage to be a great step for this child of fortune.

King Richard died, and De Briwere became of even more account under John. It was something for him to be assured of the fidelity of at least one friend bound to him by ties of early friendship and gratitude; a man, moreover, of utterly blameless life, and whose honour and loyalty alike were unimpeachable. When the barons generally, as well as the people, worn out by John's perfidy and baseness, invited the French king's son over to take the Crown, de Briwere was among the few who remained faithful to the king. One curious mention we find of him.[1] It seems that prizes taken at sea were bestowed according to the king's pleasure, and in 1205 a French ship, called *The Countess*, was given to the Earl of Salisbury—the king's half-brother. Of the

[1] Robert Claus, 14 John, p. 118.

other prizes, the best ship was reserved for the king; the second best was given to Richard de Mariscis, Archdeacon of Northumberland; and the third best was given to William de Briwere.[1] But John died, and among his executors, as a last proof of his trust and confidence, we find the name of William de Briwere.

De Briwere brought up his son in the same principles of unswerving fidelity which he himself had followed through life. William de Briwere the younger—or, perhaps, more probably *Walter* de Briwere—ever faithful through good and through evil report, was always on the side of the weak, promise-breaking King Henry III., and apologizing for him even when he broke faith with the barons. The elder De Briwere had, the authorities say, *one* son and five daughters; but it seems almost certain there were two sons, and the confusion seems to have arisen thus: William de Briwere and his son Walter were in character and disposition so alike that it is no wonder—their initial letters, too, being the same—that their separate actions have not been always distinguished. Both were loyal and religious, doing all apparently that was possible for the glory of God and the good of their neighbours. The works begun by one were completed by the other, and it is difficult to apportion to each their share of good works; but in 1224 there was a William de Briwere Bishop of Exeter, who was said to be related to the royal family, and whom Matthew Paris calls *grandson* of the elder De Briwere. But this is impossible, as De Briwere the younger died without children, and his large possessions were divided between his five sisters. If, however, the elder

[1] Sir Harris Nicholas, "History of the Royal Navy."

son was Walter, and the second, Bishop William of Exeter, it is all clear and plain.

It is in Bridgewater that the two, father and son, are chiefly remembered. They seem never to have wearied in the good deeds, both ecclesiastical and secular, they did for this town. They gave it its first charter, confirmed afterwards by Edward I. They built a stone bridge of three arches, which lasted for five hundred years. Its successor, an iron one, was built in 1795–1797, and replaced by another in 1883. The castle, which marked their lordship of the town, was built by De Briwere the elder in 1202. Nothing now remains of it but the watergate and some fragments in the wall of a stable. Attached to it was a hospital for thirteen poor people, and a chantry, where masses were to be said for the souls of the three kings, Henry II., Richard, and John. Few could have required them more!

The beautiful modern church of St. John's stands on the site of a hospital of St. John for Augustine monks, built for the entertainment of pilgrims. Of the monastery of the Grey Friars an arched doorway in Silver Street is all that remains. It was founded in 1230 by the younger De Briwere. Tor Abbey and Dunkswell are also attributed to them.

When Sir Walter de Briwere died he left no child. His large estates were therefore divided among the families into which his five sisters had married. The lordship of Bridgewater passed to Margaret, who married William de la Fort. Ile Brewers [1] fell to the lot of Alice, who married Reginald

[1] Ile Brewers was well known some thirty or forty years ago as the incumbency of that eccentric man and great traveller, Dr. Wolff, father of Sir Henry Drummond Wolff.

de Mohun, lord of Dunster. The other sisters carried their shares in the great possessions of their father and brother into the families of Breos, Wake, and Piercy. In the little that we can gather of these two excellent men, father and son, we trace an abiding sense of gratitude that maintained them always in unswerving fidelity to the sovereign, and in such times as they lived it is no small praise that nowhere do we find a hint of cruelty, falseness, or treachery to four such kings as Henry II., Richard I., John, and Henry III.

AUTHORITIES.—Camden; Speed; Sir Harris Nicolas' Naval History; and Stubbs' Constitutional History.

WOODSPRING PRIORY

AND THE MURDERERS OF THOMAS À BECKET.

(A.D. 1170.)

—:o:—

THREE of the four knights whose names have been branded with infamy for all time—whatever may be the opinion of Becket's character—with the murder of the archbishop in not only consecrated ground, but actually within his own cathedral, were more or less connected with Somerset; and though we cannot look upon them as in any way worthies of our county, yet the records remaining of their penitence or remorse deserve mention here.

When the monks, on their return to the cathedral, from which they had fled, had laid out the body of the archbishop, and placed it in front of the high altar, they carefully put beneath the bleeding corpse vessels to catch any drops of blood that might still well out from the wounds. Who could have supposed that seven hundred years afterwards one of these would be accidentally discovered in a village church in Somerset?

The enthusiastic burst of grief and the semi-idolatrous veneration with which Becket was regarded, made England

for some time an unsafe place for the murderers. They went, therefore, to Rome, and submitted themselves to the Pope. He desired that they should go to Palestine, and expiate their crime by fighting against the infidels. This apparently the other three did, but William de Tracy, who struck the first blow, and was probably the most guilty of the four, seems to have met with physical difficulties he found impossible to overcome, and which were popularly supposed, and probably believed by himself, to be the judgment of God against his crime. He made several attempts to start for the Holy Land and obey the Pope's behest, but the wind was ever against him. His expiation was refused, and the judicial curse inflicted upon him was apparently, in the popular belief, entailed upon his descendants; for a proverb arose—

"The Tracies
Have always the wind in their faces."

For some time he was justiciary of Normandy, but it seems probable that his conscience and the consequent belief in the curse left him no peace, and at last he retired from public life. He chose a spot on Woollacombe Bay, where "he lived a private life when wind and weather turned against him."[1] Two remarkable monuments remain of his connection with the murder. One is the Priory of Woodspring, of which the ruins still crown the banks of the Bristol Channel, and which was founded in 1210 by William de Courtenay, probably his grandson (his daughter having married Gervase de Courtenay), in honour of the Holy Trinity, the Blessed Virgin, and St. Thomas of Canterbury. To this priory lands were

[1] Stanley's "Memorials of Canterbury."

also bequeathed by Maud, the daughter, and Alice, the grand-daughter, of the third murderer, Bret, or Brito, in the hope, expressed by Alice, that the intercession of the glorious martyr might never be wanting to her and her children. "In the repairs of *Woodspring*[1] Church in 1852 a wooden cup, much decayed, was discovered in a hollow in the back of a statue fixed against the wall. The cup contained a substance which was decided to be the dried residuum of blood. From the connection of the priory with the murderers of Becket, and from the fact that the seal of the prior contained a cup or chalice as part of its device, there can be little doubt that this ancient cup was thus preserved at the time of the Dissolution as a valuable relic, and that the blood which it contained was that of the murdered prelate." The other memorial, viz., the Manor of Daccombe, which was made over to the Church of Canterbury in Tracy's lifetime, and which still remains in the hands of the chapter, has no connection with Somerset beyond the fact that the confirmation of the deed was attested by Richard, elect of Winchester, *the* Richard of Ilchester whose life is sketched in the following paper.

"Kewstoke Church—an interesting little building, with a Norman door and stone pulpit—and Woodspring Priory, are both well worth an antiquarian visit. The latter is now a farm-house, about four miles north of Weston-super-Mare, under a rocky headland called the Middle Hope, in a lonely position in the marshes near the mouth of the Yeo. It was

[1] This is evidently a mistake. Kewstoke Church, which is very near (within a walk), was the place where the relic was found. Woodspring Church is used as a farm-house, and it is probable that the cup was taken to Kewstoke when the monasteries were destroyed.

founded for Augustine canons, in honour of St. Thomas of Canterbury. This interesting old building is entered by a fine double gateway with segmental arches. Passing through this, we find ourselves in a small courtyard, with the domestic buildings on the north and the wall of the cloister to the west, the front of the church facing us. The west window (blocked) is flanked by octagonal turrets. The church has a central tower, which remains, but no transepts. The chancel is destroyed. The nave and aisles are used as a living house. The refectory, a noble hall, has become a waggon-house."

Brito's, or Bret's, daughter and grand-daughter, as we have seen above, concurred in the foundation at Woodspring. Sampford, or Sanford Brett takes its name from this family. Fitz-Urse is said to have gone over to Ireland, and there to have become ancestor of the McMahon family, McMahon being the Celtic translation of "Bear's son." (If this is so, his name became tragically famous in the disastrous story of the fall of the second empire.) On his flight, his estates in Kent went to his kinsman, Robert of Berham, Berham representing the English version of the name Fitz-Urse. His estate at Willeton, in Somerset, where it is said he resided, he made over, half to the knights of St. John, the year after the murder—probably in expiation—the other half to his brother Robert, who built the chapel at Willeton. Though long since the hamlet of Willeton has outgrown its mother-parish of St. Decuman's, and the chapel has become a church in size and appearance, it is still only a chapelry belonging to St. Decuman's, in the gift of the vicar of that parish. The descendants of the family lived for a time in

the neighbourhood under the same name, successively corrupted into Fitzours, Fishour, and Fisher.

The connection between the martyrdom at Canterbury and its authors in distant Somerset is worth noting, though we are not anxious to claim them as worthies of our county.

AUTHORITIES.—Stanley's Memorials of Canterbury; Murray's Handbook and Diocesan Calendar.

Richard of Ilchester, or Richard Tocklive or More.

(Bishop of Winchester and Chief Justice of England, A.D. 1174–1188.)

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By what right Richard Tocklive (or More) adopted the title of Richard of Ilchester, unless he was weak enough to be ashamed of being called Richard of Sock, in the parish of Mudford, I cannot say. Perhaps it was excusable. Ilchester was the nearest place of any importance, and Richard of Mudford would not sound well. The last half of the name points to its being, in primitive times, a ford over the Yeo; but why Mud? Possibly a visit to the place might solve the question. Are the marshes of the Yeo at that place nothing but liquid mud? The matter is left for further investigation. Sock was a manor belonging, in the time of the Confessor, to one Tochi, a man therefore of property and consideration. It may have been that Richard Tocklive was his descendant. Any way, by some means, during the reign of Henry II. he attracted the attention of those in authority, and was presented to the archdeaconry of Poictiers,

a dignity, of course, which at no previous time was likely to have fallen to an Englishman.

It was in 1171 that Becket was murdered; and while Henry the King was in England, living as it were in a state of siege, to prevent a messenger from the Pope arriving, bearing the much-dreaded sentence of excommunication, he visited his cousin, the venerable and aged Henry of Blois, Bishop of Winchester, who "added his solemn warnings to those which were resounding from every quarter with regard to the deed of blood." Henry made the most abject submission, and the danger was averted; but one is unable to have great faith in his penitence, since the archbishopric was kept vacant for three years; while Winchester, when it too had lost its bishop, and Henry of Blois succumbed to old age, was filled by Richard Tocklive, one of Becket's strongest opponents.

It must be remembered, whatever may be our opinion of the merits of the struggle between the king and the archbishop, that the latter represented religion as it then existed, and as it only existed in those times, and the Church; while the king represented irreligion, almost atheism: also that Becket's life was absolutely pure and stainless, while Henry's was marked by the very grossest profligacy. So much had Archdeacon Richard taken the part of the king against the archbishop, that he incurred the sentence of excommunication. We must suppose this to have been withdrawn when he was selected to supply the place of Henry of Blois, and placed in the episcopal chair at Winchester, a see that ranked then second only to the archbishoprics, and whose emoluments exceeded them. Henry of Blois survived

Becket only a few months, but the see was not and could not be filled till after the confirmation and consecration of Archbishop Richard, who was appointed to succeed him. Three bishops were awaiting consecration, Robert, Bishop designate of Hereford; and Geoffrey, Bishop designate of Ely; as well as Richard Toclive to Winchester: they were all consecrated by the new archbishop on October 6, 1174.

Bishop Richard was at a council at Woodstock on July 1, 1175; the following year he was constituted Justiciary of Normandy; and at a Parliament held at Windsor, in 1179, he was made one of the itinerant justices for Hants, Wilts, Dorset, Devon, Gloucester, Somerset, Cornwall, Berks, and Oxon. Some time afterwards he became Chief Justice of England.

How all these duties accorded with his episcopal office, and the care of such an important diocese as that of Winchester, one can scarcely guess; but it was one of the crying evils of the Middle Ages, the combination of secular and religious duties, either of which demanded an undivided attention. He increased the magnificent foundation of St. Cross, at Winchester, made by his great predecessor, and provided funds for admitting one hundred additional poor men to the same benefits as the rest enjoyed. The deed is dated April 10, 1185, and was made at Dover, and attested by him. It does not seem to have continued long in force, for it had ceased before the time of William of Wykeham.

He founded a hospital on a similar plan on the opposite side of the city, and dedicated it to St. Mary Magdalen. He was also a benefactor to the church at Winchester.

We may believe of him that as time went on he ceased to

care so much for the things of this world. If the memorial of him in the annals of Waverley Abbey is to be believed, it is a grand testimony to his excellence, for after the record of his death Psalm cxii. 9 is quoted as appropriate to him: "Dispersit, dedit pauperibus, justicia ejus manet in sæculum sæculi" —"He hath dispersed abroad and given to the poor: and his righteousness remaineth for ever." This last clause probably refers to his decisions as Chief Justice. The day of his death is curiously uncertain. Some say it was in 1187. In the annals of Winchester it is placed on January 22, 1188; while on his tomb is "Obiit anno 1189." Perhaps even as members of the Reformed Church, we may echo the last words in the record of his death in the annals of Waverley Abbey: "May He who after death alone can heal, have mercy on his soul!" He was buried on the north side of the high altar, near the choir, and below Wina, one of his earliest predecessors, the third bishop of the see of Winchester.

AUTHORITIES. — Stanley's Memorials of Canterbury; Winchester Diocesan Calendar.

HALSWELL HOUSE, NEAR BRIDGEWATER.

THE LEGEND OF THE HOUSE OF TYNTE.

(1192.)

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HALSWELL HOUSE is situated in the parish of Goathurst, not far from Bridgewater. It stands on the verge of the Quantock hills, and the surrounding scenery is picturesque and charming. The church, which is an ancient one, is dedicated in the name of St. Edward the Martyr; it is the burial place of the Tynte family.

"Of the surname of this family, tradition," says Burke, "has handed down the following derivation:—In 1192, at the celebrated battle of Ascalon, a young knight of the noble house of Arundel, clad all in white, with his horse's housings of the same colour, so gallantly distinguished himself, that Richard Cœur-de-lion remarked publicly, after the victory, that the maiden knight had borne himself as a lion, and done deeds equal to those of six crusaders; whereupon he conferred on him, for arms, a lion argent on a field gules, between six crosslets of the first, and for motto, 'Tinctus cruore Saraceno.'"

AUTHORITY.—Burke's Peerage.

Witham Priory and St. Hugh of Avalon (in Burgundy).

(Died 1200.)

——:o:——

Witham Priory, in the deanery of Frome, may lay claim to the honour of having introduced into England one of the greatest and holiest of what are called the "Black-letter Saints" in our calendar, viz., Hugh of Avalon, in Burgundy, afterwards known as Hugh of Lincoln.

It was in the year 1181, in one, apparently, of those ague fits of repentance and piety which periodically seized upon our first three Plantagenet kings, that Henry II. determined to introduce the order of the Carthusians into England. He fixed upon Witham, in Somerset, to make his experiment; but difficulties arose, possibly from the severity of the rule, and under the first two priors the society languished almost to extinction. Then the king, urged, it seems, by some unknown impulse, sent into Burgundy Reginald Fitz-Josceline, Bishop of Bath and Wells, with other honourable persons, to the great Chartreuse, to desire that the holy monk Hugh might be sent over to undertake the charge.

When the deputation arrived the matter was taken into consideration, and, after much debate, it was determined that it became not Christian charity so to confine their

views to one family as to refuse what was required for the benefit of many others; and though the saint protested that of all others he was most unfit for the charge, he was ordered by the chapter to accompany the deputies to England.

There, as soon as he landed, he went directly to Witham, instead of first visiting the Court, probably in order to testify that it was in obedience to his order, and not on the invitation of the king, that he had come. His appearance is said to have wonderfully comforted and encouraged the few monks he found there. And much need of comfort they had, for on arriving at Witham the new prior found everything in a wretched state. The monks were dwelling in poor huts made of twigs, while the inhabitants of the place still held the houses and lands which had been granted for the monastery, no provision having been made for them elsewhere. It was Hugh's first care to procure their removal, with full compensation for what they had to give up. The king made considerable difficulty, but yielded at length to Hugh's firmness and persistency; and when the buildings had thus been acquired, he still held back from allowing the monks to treat them as their own. Henry's niggardly spirit constantly interrupted the works, so that the buildings soon came to a stand for want of funds, and twice were some of the brethren sent to the king to ask the necessary help; twice did they return with nothing but fair words and promises.

The workmen were mutinous, and found fault with the prior. One of the monks named Gerard boldly reproached him with this neglect, and said that, if he was too timid himself to say what was fitting to the king, he would go with him and declare the real state of the case. To this Hugh

agreed, and, taking with them another of the most distinguished of the monks, they repaired to Henry. After explaining to him the state of the case, the king, as before, made fair promises, but gave nothing. Then the honest old monk could no longer contain himself: he denounced Henry as heartless and penurious, and declared for himself that he would sooner go back to slave among the rocks of Chartreuse than live in the kingdom of so mean and dishonourable a prince.

Henry, who knew he deserved all this, turned to Hugh, and asked him if he were of the same mind. "No," said Hugh; "I believe better things of you, and am confident that you will carry out the salutary purpose that you have entertained." At this the king was greatly delighted, and declared that Hugh was the man after his own heart; and the necessary supplies were at once forthcoming.

Having finished the buildings, Hugh sought eagerly for MSS. of good books, and, above all, he was desirous of obtaining a copy of the Scriptures entire, "which he regarded," says Giraldus, "as the best comfort and recreation in peace, the best weapon and armour in war, as nourishment in time of famine, medicine in time of sickness." In one of his interviews with the king, Hugh mentioned the dearth of books as a great trouble to him. "Why not set your brethren to copy some?" said the king. "We have no parchment," said the prior. "How much money would supply that want?" "One silver mark would last us for a long time." "Oh," said the king, "your demand is immoderate indeed." Whereupon he ordered ten marks to be given to Hugh for the purchase of the parchment.

Henry having been at the expense of the magnificent donation of ten marks, sought to make his next present less costly to himself. Accordingly, having inquired carefully where a good copy of the whole Bible (Bibliotheca) could be found, and having heard that at the monastery of St. Swithin's at Winchester there was a fine copy, he sent for the prior, and asked him for it. They, expecting to receive some great favour of the king, yielded it, and he immediately made it a present to Witham. St. Hugh was delighted, being in complete ignorance of the way it had been obtained. Two monks of Winchester were sent to Witham to ask St. Hugh if they might be allowed to retain their own beloved manuscript, and make a copy for him. On hearing the way in which the king had appropriated it, he insisted on returning it, in spite of the monks' fear that the king might be offended. It is another instance of the persistent honesty and uprightness of this good man, perhaps even more striking than the former one of his refusing to dispossess the townspeople unless they were recompensed.

His humility and industry were shown by his working at the buildings with his own hands, even carrying stones and mortar on his shoulders. The church, a small one, still stands, and should have been specially sacred as having been, not metaphorically, but actually, the work of a great saint; but it has been in the hands of the restorer, has been enlarged and beautified, forgetting that as the work of a Carthusian monastery, where the inmates are few, it would be necessarily small and plain, grandeur and ornament being very sternly forbidden. Its style is late Transition.

The influence that his deep piety had over the irreligious mind of the king is shown by an anecdote told of him. Once, when Henry was returning to England with his army, a furious storm arose, and, being in great danger, he prayed aloud: "O blessed God! whom the Prior of Witham truly serves, vouchsafe, through the merits and intercession of Thy faithful servant, with an eye of pity to regard our distress and affliction." This invocation was scarcely finished, but a calm ensued, and the whole company, who never ceased to give thanks to the Divine clemency, continued their voyage safe to England. The confidence which King Henry reposed in St. Hugh above all other persons in his dominion was from that time much increased.

A pleasing trait in the saint's character was his singular power of attaching birds to him. This he showed at Witham as well as the Chartreuse. Giraldus writes that "a certain little bird which is called Burneta was so tame and domesticated in his cell, that every day it came to his table and took its food from his hand and plate."

And now the immediate and personal connection of St. Hugh with Somerset was about to cease. The see of Lincoln having been vacant for some years, the king, after the unscrupulous fashion of the times, had appropriated the revenues under the pretence of appointing his illegitimate son Geoffrey to the see, who, however, was not consecrated. At last, greatly influenced, it is said, by Reginald, Bishop of Bath, who, in spite of his love of hunting and hawking, seems to have been a fairly good bishop,[1] bestowed it upon

[1] Richard I. confirmed to him an alleged right for the bishops of the diocese to keep dogs for sporting through Somerset. (Jackson's "Guide to Wells.")

St. Hugh, who, however, would fain have excused himself, but was compelled by the authority of Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, to accept it. He was consecrated on the 21st of September, 1186. Here he made himself so great a name, restoring discipline among the clergy, preaching to the laity, and striving to quicken in all men the spirit of faith, spending whole days in administering the sacraments and consecrating churches, that his former more humble work has been well-nigh forgotten.

But St. Hugh himself was not one to forsake his first love, and it was the good bishop's custom to retire at least once a year to Witham, and there, in his beloved cloister, retreat to observe the common rule, without any difference between himself and the brethren but that of wearing the episcopal ring on his finger. Here, as from a high tower, he surveyed the vanity of human things, the shortness of life, and the immensity of eternity; also turning his eyes inward upon himself, he took an impartial view of the affections of his own heart and of all his actions. He earnestly besought the Pope, by letters and agents, to relieve him of his episcopal charge and restore him to his cell; but his supplications were either unheeded, or he was silenced with rebukes.

Here our notice of St. Hugh should end, as his story has no more connection with Somerset; but, passing over his episcopate, it is impossible to resist giving the account of his last days and his funeral at Lincoln.

Being sent on an embassy to France by King John, he visited his old home, the Grand Chartreuse; but on his return through London, when he was just about to attend a

National Council to be held at Lincoln, he was seized with a fever. He received the Holy Sacrament and Extreme Unction on St. Matthew's Day, the 21st of September, but lingered till the 17th of November, the day which is marked in our calendar by his name. On that day he caused many monks and priests, besides his chaplains, to recite the Divine office in his chamber. Seeing them weep, he said many tender things to comfort them, and, laying his hand upon them, one by one, recommended them to the Divine custody. His voice beginning to fail, he ordered the floor to be swept and a cross of blessed ashes to be strewed upon it, and when the nineteenth Psalm at compline was said, would be lifted out of bed and laid upon the cross, in which posture, as he was repeating the Nunc Dimittis, he calmly expired, in the year of our Lord 1200, of his age sixty, of his episcopal charge fifteen.

His body was embalmed, and with great pomp conveyed from London to Lincoln, where the Great Council was assembled to arrange matters in dispute between the kings of England and Scotland, to attend which he had been summoned home, and at which, as bishop of the see, he would probably have presided. Here, in his own cathedral city, were gathered King John, of evil memory, though as yet unstained by the dark crimes of later years, and, as his behaviour at this very council testifies, with, as yet, a heart that could be softened by holy emotions; here also was William the Lion, King of Scotland, who, moved by a dream, in which their common ancestress, Margaret Atheling, appeared to him and forbad him to ravage the lands of England, had sent back his army, and now appeared at

the council predisposed to arrange their disputes amicably; and here, too, was a king of South Wales, probably Lewin or Llewellyn, who three years later married a natural daughter of John. Three archbishops, thirteen bishops, and a multitude of English, Scotch, French, and Irish princes and peers, were gathered together. Then, in presence of all these spectators, the two kings of England and Scotland, on Archbishop Hubert Walter's crozier—he being also grand justiciar or chancellor—swore amity and faithful love.

While they were in this fraternal mood, news was brought that the company bearing the good bishop's remains were approaching the gates; and John, whose softened state of mind was probably owing to a visit he had paid St. Hugh on his sick-bed just before he set out for the council, went forth with all that princely train to meet him, the three kings, with their allies, taking the hearse on their shoulders, and bearing it from the gate, whence the great peers received it, and bore it to the church porch, whence the archbishops and bishops conveyed it to the quire.

We are told that during the ceremony William of Scotland was bathed in tears; for he had dearly loved the saint. It was on this occasion that the King of Scotland consented to do homage to King John, which he had managed to evade twice in the same year.

The coincidence of the double ceremonial must have made it an occasion of rare splendour and solemnity.

AUTHORITIES.—Speed; Butler's Lives of the Saints; Canon Perry's Life of St. Hugh of Avalon.

William of Wrotham.

(Archdeacon of Taunton, 1204; Warden of the Cinque Ports and Guardian of the King's Ships, 1217–1218.)

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In the miserable record of the reign of John, and among the continuous history of his evil deeds, it is refreshing to find one bright spot to rest upon, one fact which reflects honour upon himself and his reign. Sir Harris Nicolas, in his most interesting, but alas! unfinished "History of the Royal Navy," says that King John may be considered as its actual founder, and he testifies to the good work done by it in this otherwise deplorable reign. It seems probable that John, owing to the dislike and distrust entertained for him by his barons, on account of his dissolute life and capricious cruelty, paid great attention to his navy that it might serve in some sort as a counterpoise to their power; for in the Middle Ages, there being no standing army, the sovereign was almost entirely dependent for his soldiers on the good-will of his feudal lords.

Be that as it may, certain it is that King John devoted both time and energy to his ships and sailors, and that he won two battles by sea over the French, which are almost

entirely passed over by our historians.[1] In fact, John was the first king since Alfred who recognized the importance of a fleet to the English crown and nation. For the success of King John's endeavours he was, however, mainly indebted to his excellent "First Lord of the Admiralty," William of Wrotham, Archdeacon of Taunton.

According to Collinson, Archdeacon William's grandfather, Geoffrey of Radenville, was domestic servant, or perhaps confidential attendant, to several successive archbishops of Canterbury; of whom Archbishop Hubert Walter gave him certain lands at Wrotham, where he lived, and from whence he and his posterity derived their name. Geoffrey de Radenville[2] had a son named William, by Muriel Lyd. This William, whom we may call William the First, married Maude de Cornhall or Cornhill. She was daughter of one of the great merchant princes of London,[3] who in the Middle Ages bore themselves so haughtily before kings and princes. William de Wrotham was recommended by Archbishop Hubert to Richard I., and in the ninth year of his reign he was given charge of the stannaries of Devon and Cornwall, in which commission he made rules and ordinances which have been the foundation of the Stannary laws ever since. In the tenth year of Richard I. the said William de Wrotham had a grant from the king of the manor of Cathanger, in the parish of Fyvehead, near

[1] A third was gained in the year after his death, and this was the last stroke which drove Prince Louis of France out of England.

[2] Geoffrey de Radenville is spoken of by some of his descendants as rather a mythical character, but as they do not supply us with any one in his place, I have kept him.

[3] See Loftie's "Historic Towns"—London.

Langport, the first land of which he became possessed in this county; and in the same year he had also the bailiwick of North Petherton.

In the first year of King John's reign he was made Sheriff of Devonshire, again Warden of the Stannaries, and was also chosen Forester of Dorset and Somerset; the freeholders of these counties paying the king £100 for the privilege of appointing him. In the fourth year of King John he was made Forester of Dorset, Devon, Somerset, and Cornwall. In the ninth year of John it appears that William of Wrotham, the elder, returned to his native county, leaving his two sons in the west. He was made Sheriff of Kent, and the same year Warden of the Cinque Ports and Constable of Dover Castle. Soon after his return to Kent he died, leaving two sons, William and Richard, by his wife Maude de Cornhill.

Some three or four years before his father's death, William —the elder brother—who was in holy orders, was made Archdeacon of Taunton. This was in the sixth year of John's reign. In the same year he was, in conjunction with his cousin, Reginald de Cornhill (son of his mother's brother, Gervase de Cornhill), appointed receiver of customs of all the merchants in the kingdom, and thereby had to account for nearly £6000! In the seventh year of John's reign he obtained a market to be kept every Tuesday for the benefit of the church at Wells. On the death of his father he succeeded him as heir to his land, and probably also to his offices; for we find him shortly after spoken of as "Keeper of the King's ships," or "Keeper of the King's galleys," and "Keeper of the Sea Ports." He seems then to have

succeeded to the office of Warden of the Cinque Ports. It was the important duties connected with this office, and not —as Collinson says—his being in holy orders, that made him yield his office in the stannaries and forests to his lay-brother, Richard de Wrotham.

He must have been a man of immense activity to have organized a navy such, probably, as had not been seen in Britain since the days of Carausius. He had to assist him, Geoffrey de Luttrell, ancestor of the present lords of Dunster, and his cousins, Reginald and William de Cornhill. He regulated and exacted the number of ships each port was bound to provide. He built ships which belonged to the king, and these were almost certainly made of timber furnished from the forests of Somerset, Dorset, and Devon, which were under his own supervision.

He was responsible for the king's galleys and ships, with all their stores, and to him were directed the king's precepts for the employment and disposal of ships, their freightage, the purchase of stores, and the payment of wages. Engines also for military purposes were under his superintendence.

Very early in his reign, John is said to have asserted the sovereignty of England over the narrow seas, by enacting—or rather enforcing an ancient right, viz., the striking of the flag of any nation to the royal flag of England within certain limits. He ordered that any captain refusing to do this, his vessel should be considered a lawful prize, even if the country were at peace with his own.

In March, 1208, the Barons of the Cinque Ports were directed to choose the best and strongest men they could find, well-armed, to man the king's galleys, as William de

Wrotham would explain to them. The duties which appertained to Archdeacon William, though purely administrative, must have been very important. When any ships were wanted for service, Wrotham was commanded to take the necessary measures for their equipment, and he also superintended the construction of buildings for naval purposes.

Striking evidence of the progress of the English navy in the reign of John is afforded by the construction of a kind of Dockyard at Portsmouth. In May, 1212, the Sheriff of Southampton was commanded to cause the docks at Portsmouth to be enclosed with a strong wall, in the manner which the Archdeacon of Taunton would point out, for the preservation of the king's ships and galleys.

When prizes were taken at sea, the king seems to have disposed of them as he thought fit. We hear, in a distribution of French prizes, of the third best being given to William de Briwere, friend and confidential adviser of Henry II. and his two successors. Strangely similar are the lives and characters of these two men. De Wrotham owed little, De Briwere nothing, to his birth, yet both were valued servants of their sovereigns, from the energy, fidelity, and conscientiousness with which they discharged their duties. They seem to have mixed in no intrigues, to have joined in none of King John's acts of extortion or cruelty, but simply to have done their duty in the state of life to which it had pleased God to call them. In our own time they have been almost equally forgotten and their good work ignored.

How De Wrotham performed his ecclesiastical functions, or how far he let his state duties interfere with his dis-

charge of these, we are not told. Probably his ecclesiastical duties were not heavy, as so much of the Church property in Somerset belonged to Glastonbury, Muchelney, and other monasteries, and over these the archdeacon would have no jurisdiction. He never seems to have aspired to any higher office in the Church, and no word is anywhere spoken in his disparagement. In the Middle Ages when, as a rule, ecclesiastics alone were educated, men of intelligence and activity were constantly seized upon by kings with foresight and discernment of character, and set to do work in the State; they then had to perform the ecclesiastical functions by deputy. Such a state of things was of course bad, but under the circumstances could hardly be helped. Archdeacon William was, I fear, not a native of our county, but he passed a great part of his life in and near it; and his office as Archdeacon of Taunton, and his property in it, which was considerable, entitle him to rank among its worthies.

The family was continued in the descendants of his brother; the elder branch became merged in that of Acland in the 14th century, but the younger branch continues to the present day, and to one of these this paper is much indebted for suggestions and corrections. The name has become slightly altered: it is now written Wortham, and there is a house which formerly belonged to the family and still bears their name at Liften, in Devonshire.

The most curious circumstance about the life of William of Wrotham is that Collinson and Sir H. Nicholas, the two authorities principally followed, view our hero's character from two entirely opposite points. Collinson gives some

account of his family, and of his duties as Warden of the Stannaries and Keeper of the Forests; while Sir Harris Nicholas tells us of his work as Comptroller of the Navy, or First Lord of the Admiralty, and Warden of the Cinque Ports; and so completely does each ignore the other that, were it not that both speak of him as Archdeacon of Taunton, one would be tempted to suppose they were two different persons. That he should so completely have been forgotten, is but another illustration of the fact that those who quietly and unostentatiously do solid work for their country are seldom remembered, in comparison with those whose more showy but less useful deeds go to the making up of history.

He died in the second or third year of Henry III., but his official life seems to have been coeval with the reign of John.

AUTHORITIES.—Collinson's Somerset; Sir Harris Nicholas' History of the Royal Navy; Historic Towns (London); and Family Records.

JOCELINE TROTMAN, OF WELLS.

(Bishop of Bath and Glastonbury, 1206–1218; Bishop of Bath and Wells, 1218–1242.)

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JOCELINE and Hugh Trotman, of Wells, in spite of their unaristocratic surname, appear to have been men of substance, and to have held a good position in their native town, before they became respectively bishops of Bath and Wells and of Lincoln. Bishop Joceline deserves special mention as the first native Englishman appointed to the see of Wells since the Conquest.

There is little private or personal in a mediæval ecclesiastic's biography, and, unless engaged in some office under the crown, his history is merged in that of his diocese. Even the date of this great bishop's birth is unknown; but as he was appointed to the bishopric in 1206, we know that his birth could not possibly have been later than 1176, and was probably several years earlier, thirty being the youngest canonical age at which a bishop can be consecrated. Born in the reign of Henry II., he grew up during the troublous times of Richard, when the evils of absenteeism brought

such misery upon the land, and was raised to the bishop's throne during the disastrous period of John's reign; but, suffering much, observing much, and learning much, he was enabled to carry out the grand ideas that had been forming themselves in his mind, during the six and twenty years of comparative peace and prosperity in the early part of the reign of Henry III.

The reign of the third Henry marks one of those great developments of mind and thought which take place at irregular intervals in the course of human progress. It is the period when science made its first step beyond guess-work or charlatanism, when ecclesiastical architecture reached its culminating point, and it was, says Bishop Stubbs, "the golden age of English churchmanship," and in all these Somerset and Somerset folk came to the front.

To show the work of organization and re-edification that Bishop Joceline had to undertake in his diocese, we must recall its condition for the last forty years. On the death of Bishop Robert in 1166, Henry II., in his unscrupulous greed, kept the see vacant for eight years; he then bestowed it upon Reginald Fitz-Joceline, who, though a man of ability and possessing many excellent qualities, by no means fulfilled one's ideal of a model bishop. He was devoted to hunting and hawking, and Richard I. confirmed to him an alleged right for the bishops of the diocese to keep dogs for sporting throughout Somerset. For some service rendered to the monks he was, without his consent, elected Archbishop of Canterbury on November 27, 1191, but died suddenly at his manor at Dogmersfield, in Hampshire, December 26th, and was buried at Bath. He is credited with beginning the

work of rebuilding Wells Cathedral, a work which Bishop Joceline brought to perfection.

It is perhaps permitted us to imagine that Bishop Reginald stood godfather to Joceline Trotman, the eldest son of people of some consideration in Wells, and gave him his patronymic as a Christian name at the font; and as the boy grew up at Wells, and saw the noble work taken in hand by the princely bishop, we can fancy him fired with emulation, and making a firm resolution that, whatever should betide, he would devote himself to helping it forward, and make his name famous in connection with one of the grandest cathedrals in England. But Bishop Reginald died, the works were stopped, and for five years again the bishopric was vacant, while the king seized the revenues. The works being stopped, what was already done fell into decay. Then a new bishop was appointed, one Savaric, a relation of the Emperor of Germany, who stipulated for Wells and the rich abbey of Glastonbury, to be held by him *in commendam*, as part of the price of Richard's release from imprisonment. Then, finding the cathedral in ruins, and the people crying out against the shameful bargain, Savaric punished them by removing the seat of his bishopric to Bath, and calling himself Bishop of Bath and Glastonbury, ignoring Wells altogether. The monks of Glastonbury were equally indignant; they could trace their foundation back to hundreds of years before the rest of the diocese were even Christians at all, and now they were made a dependency of the see. Five monks who opposed his enthronement "were carried on beasts of burden to Wells, and there closely confined, and scoffed at beyond measure, every day receiving meat without drink and drink

without meat alternately, in much sorrow and affliction." Savaric died in 1205.[1]

The chapters of Bath and Wells now determined to assert their rights. They elected as their bishop, Joceline Trotman, himself a native of Wells, likely therefore to support its undoubted claim to be considered the seat of the episcopate in Somerset. Moreover, he was versed in legal matters, for he was already a justice in the Court of Common Pleas. He was consecrated at St. Mary's Chapel, at Reading, on Trinity Sunday, 1206, the date marking it as the interval between the death of Hubert Walter, Archbishop of Canterbury, and the choice of his successor, Stephen Langton.

It was a time of grievous trouble and anxiety in Church and State. As long as Queen Eleanor and Archbishop Hubert Walter lived, John kept within certain bounds; but now all restraint was thrown off, and he defied not only Popes and ecclesiastics, but all order and decency. In many respects John was one of the ablest of his race; it was by his utter failure in, nay defiance of, purity, truth, and justice that he fell, in time to save England for his posterity, though not for himself.

But with the consecration of Langton by Pope Innocent III., in June, 1207, began John's struggle with the Church, and ultimately with the nation, which led eventually to his own ruin. John refused to receive Langton. In 1208 the kingdom was placed under an interdict: in 1209 the king was declared excommunicate. He seized the estates of the clergy.

[1] The only good deed that I find recorded of him was his founding the prebends of Ilminster and Long Sutton.

Bishop Joceline sided with the archbishop, and with him and others had to escape to the Continent. Here they remained till John was compelled to yield at last to the terrors of personal excommunication, and a bull absolving his subjects from their allegiance. He had defied the interdict which had closed every parish church in the kingdom; but the hand was put forth and touched him personally, and he gave way. One of his first acts of submission was to issue letters of recall to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the bishops of *Bath*, Ely, Hereford, *Lincoln*, and London, and the prior and monks of Canterbury, May 24, 1213.

Bishop Joceline then returned to his native place and his episcopal city. He found Bishop Reginald's cathedral in a grievous state of disrepair, requiring so much to be done towards its restoration that he has been credited with all his predecessor's good work. During his absence he had witnessed with no unheeding eyes the most magnificent specimens of church architecture abroad; he had seen the cathedral of Notre Dame, at Paris, then nearly completed; and he may probably have been present at the consecration of Rheims Cathedral in 1211. With improved knowledge, and enlarged ideas and refined taste, Bishop Joceline proceeded then to his work of restoration; but not content with completing what was already begun, he, like all other great minds, must stamp upon his work the impress of his own genius; and still holding the rich abbey of Glastonbury, he was able with the large funds at his disposal to design the great western front, and complete the cathedral.

This magnificent piece of work, unique of its kind, is almost composed of niches, raised tier above tier, containing

each one or more statues, in all 300 in number. At least 150 of these are either colossal or the size of life. The doors are small, for is not the gate strait or narrow by which we enter into life? Then, tier above tier, rise the figures of apostles and prophets, upon which foundation the Church is laid. Then angels holding scrolls bearing the legend, "Gloria in Excelsis," and holding in their hands mitres and crowns to reward such as overcome. Above these again are scenes and worthies from both the Old and New Testaments: amongst these groups is one representing the Last Supper. Then in the tympanum above the porch is the Virgin seated, supporting the infant Jesus treading on a serpent. The fourth and fifth tiers represent historical characters. The seventh represents the Resurrection; this contains in all about 150 figures. In the seventh, the whole hierarchy of heaven is represented by the nine orders of angels—angels, archangels, powers, thrones, dominions, principalities, authorities, cherubim, and seraphim. The eighth tier represents the twelve apostles as judging the twelve tribes of Israel. In the ninth are three niches—two are empty; in the centre one are the feet of a statue, "doubtless," says Mr. Cockerell, "Christ sitting in judgment, with the Virgin and St. John the Baptist on either side, types of the old and new law."

This grand façade, with its groups of figures all engaged in praise to the Unseen, who presides over all, has been supposed to have been intended to illustrate the Te Deum, for "The glorious company of the Apostles praise Thee. The goodly fellowship of the Prophets praise Thee. The noble army of Martyrs praise Thee." In the second tier:

"To Thee all Angels cry aloud, the Heavens and all the Powers therein;" and over the central door: "Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ. When thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man, Thou didst not abhor the Virgin's womb." In the third, fourth, and fifth tiers: "The Holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge Thee." In the sixth, seventh and eighth: "When Thou didst overcome the sharpness of death, Thou didst open Thy kingdom to all believers. We therefore pray Thee help Thy servants, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious blood. Make them to be numbered with Thy Saints in glory everlasting." In the tenth: "We believe that Thou shalt come to be our Judge." The whole work proclaims: "Day by day we magnify Thee, and we worship Thy Name, ever world without end."

Such was Bishop Joceline's grand idea, nobly carried out, to make the stones themselves cry out the praises of our God and King, and to illustrate in sculpture St. Ambrose's grand Church hymn. To the present day musicians never weary of setting it to fresh strains, but to him alone did the idea present itself of embodying this universal hymn of praise in imperishable stone. For six hundred years and more has this magnificent work been proclaiming with its silent voice, "We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord."

But Joceline did not disdain to give his mind to humbler but not less useful works. He founded a grammar school at Wells, probably after that see was again separated from Glastonbury; he had himself almost certainly been educated in the abbey (in his time the only good school in the

diocese). He founded chapels at Wells and Wokey. He built the palace, with the great hall—for are not bishops to be given to hospitality? It has been said that the Trotmans were apparently men of substance; he obtained from his brother Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, the three manors of Congresbury, Cheddar, and Axbridge, and attached them to the see. But perhaps nothing is more pleasing than to find the two brothers, bishops though they were of sees wide apart, uniting to found a hospital for the benefit of their native town. It was known as the hospital of St. John; but its benevolent purpose could not spare it from the sacrilegious hands which laid their grip on so much that was sacred and beneficent.

The greater part of this work was, of course, done in the reign of Henry III., but we must turn back a little to the death of John. It was in August, 1215, immediately after the signing of the great Charter, that John, seeking to evade its conditions, appealed to Rome, and the Pope took his side against the justly incensed barons. Langton, who saw himself powerless against the Pope's legate, determined to go to Rome, and Pandulf suspended the archbishop at the moment of his embarkation. And now the barons, pushed to the last extremity, offered the crown to Louis, the son of the King of France, who accepted the offer and invaded England. Had their schemes been carried out, it would have resulted in England becoming a province of France. From this we were saved by the death of the tyrant in the following year, when, through the wise statesmanship of the great Earl of Pembroke, the greater part of the barons returned to their allegiance. The first act of Pembroke was

to get the young king crowned. This was only possible in the west, which still remained loyal. It is said by some that the boy—he was only nine years of age—was disguised as a page and taken to Gloucester. There, in the absence of the archbishop, he was crowned by Peter de Roches, Bishop of Winchester, and Joceline, Bishop of *Bath*. Sylvester of Worcester and William of Coventry were also present, with other prelates, but apparently took no part in the coronation. Then Bishop Joceline dictated the oath to the young king. It was as follows: "Quod honorem, pacem ac reverentiam portabit Deo et sanctæ ecclesiæ et ejus ordinatis, omnibus diebus vitæ suæ: quod in populo sibi commisso rectam justitiam tenebit; quodque leges malas et iniquas consuetudines, si quæ sint in regno, delebit et bonas observabit et ab omnibus faciet observari."[1] Gualo, the legate, was present, so that the Pope's authority confirmed the consecration, but Henry had to do homage to the Pope in the person of Gualo.

One act of restitution the good bishop was compelled to make. The monks of Glastonbury, after a persistent struggle for twelve years, obtained, by an appeal to the court of Rome, a decree dissolving their enforced union with the see of Wells. This they obtained in the year 1218, but at the price of four manors, viz., Winscombe, Puckchurch, Blackford, and Cranmore, which were yielded to the see of

[1] That he will give honour, peace, and reverence towards God and holy Church and her ordinances all the days of his life; that he will maintain right justice towards his people, and that he will abolish bad laws and wicked customs, if such there be in the kingdom, and will observe and cause to be observed such as are good by all men.

Wells. Joceline now resumed the old title of Bishop of Bath and Wells, and Glastonbury returned to its normal state as the greatest monastic foundation in England. In truth the union was an ill-assorted one, for Wells was essentially a collegiate foundation, with nothing of the monastery about it. They each had their allotted work to do, and, in the main, they did it well.

Having held the episcopal office for nearly thirty-seven years, Bishop Joceline died November 19, 1242, and was buried in the centre of the choir. His tomb was marked by an inlaid brass; *that* has disappeared for many a year, but the slab which covered it, and which was indented with the marks of the brass, and which therefore might well have been restored, was lost in some recent restorations. Of this great prelate, then, no monument remains but his own works. Of him was said, "No one had ever been like this man, and we have never seen a successor equal to him." Quaint old Fuller says of him: "God, to square his great undertakings, gave him a long life to his large heart."

It should be added that the material used in his work was Doulting stone, from St. Andrew's quarry, and that the work is believed to have been done almost entirely by native artists and workmen, it differing essentially from that known to have been the work of Italians and other foreigners.

One would fain know something of the inner life of this great Sumorsœtan. "Ye shall know him by his work," is nearly all that can be said of a man whose lineage, name, and education appear to have belonged wholly to his own county, and whose life, with the exception of five years of

enforced exile, was spent entirely in and was wholly devoted to his own diocese and his own people.

AUTHORITIES.—Fuller's Worthies; Jackson's Guide to Wells; Green's History of England; Stubbs' Constitutional History.

Hugh Trotman, of Wells.

(Bishop of Lincoln, A.D. 1209–1232.)

—:o:—

Of this prelate, as of his brother of Wells, it may be said that, after his elevation to the Episcopate, we but read his life in the history of his diocese. Both brothers were devoted to their work; both were distinguished by undying love for their native place; both shared in the great architectural development of their age; both were men famous in their generation; both have shared the same fate in being well-nigh forgotten in the present age by those who have entered into their works. But Bishop Joceline, presumably the elder brother, seems to have had a larger mind and a more elevated imagination; while in Bishop Hugh we find more of method, order, and government.

Between the episcopal rule at Lincoln of St. Hugh of Avalon and Hugh of Wells intervened that of William of Blois, with, however, a vacancy in the one case of two, in the other of three years, during which the revenues were diverted to the king's use. It is remarkable that the writ containing the king's letters-patent for seizing the revenues

were committed to the care of Hugh Trotman, brother to the Bishop of Bath and Glastonbury.

The case of Becket and his father had not taught King John, even worldly, wisdom in ecclesiastical matters, and he argued, from the readiness of Archdeacon Hugh to bear his letters of, what was in fact, spoliation and plunder, that he would find him ready to take his part in his quarrel with the Church. So he appointed him to the vacant see of Lincoln; but the kingdom was under an interdict, and the archdeacon was unable to obtain consecration in England, and went to Rouen for the purpose. Here he met the Archbishop Stephen Langton and his brother. He was speedily persuaded to range himself on the side of the Church and the nation, for the struggle was then not only for the rights and freedom of the Church, but also for the liberty of the subject, and freedom from an intolerable tyranny. He took the oath of canonical obedience to the archbishop, and was consecrated by him December 20, 1209. But now, having identified himself with the cause of the Church, he dared not return, and was forced to remain in exile; losing, of course, the income of his see, and living at his own expense abroad.

Nearly four years passed while the two brothers remained in exile; and John, sinking gradually into the lowest depths of degradation, found himself reduced to resign his crown into the hands of the Pope's legate on the 15th of May, the eve of the Ascension. Deserted by all, and for the time thoroughly humbled, the archbishop and his suffragans were recalled. On the 17th of August Archbishop Langton and the bishops, including the brothers of Wells and Lincoln,

landed at Dover; and from thence "went to Winchester to the king, who, meeting them in the way, fell flat upon the earth before their feete, and with teers beseeched them to take pittie on him, and of the realme of England. The archbishoppe and bishoppes likewise, with teares, tooke him up from the ground, and brought him into the doores of the cathedral church, and with the Psalme of *Miserere* absolved him. Then the king tooke an othe to call in all wicked lawes, and to put in place the lawes of King Edward. Divine service being ended, the king, the archbishoppe, bishoppes, and nobles dyned all at one table."[1]

But though the sentence of excommunication was reversed, the Pope still refused to wholly withdraw the interdict until full restitution was made to the clergy, and ample reparation given for all damages which they had sustained. The clergy sent in their demands, and to Lincoln was allotted the sum of 15,000 marks, which was paid; for Bishop Hugh was inconveniently well up in the temporal affairs of his diocese. The king wrote to Roger de Neville to restore to the bishop the money received from the Abbey of Eynsham; he bids Brian de Insulâ furnish him with 300 stags for Stowe Park; he writes to the Sheriff of Nottingham to eject all trespassers on the bishop's lands.

But the terrible troubles of the latter days of King John's

[1] Stowe. One cannot help wondering whether, when the bishops absolved the king, they knew of his last horrible crime, viz., battering to death, by tying him to a horse's tail, poor Peter of Pontefract, who had prophesied that by Ascension Day there should be no king in England. Nor indeed was there, for it was on the eve of that day that John resigned his crown to the legate, who refused to restore it for some days. Nor was John even satisfied with this piece of barbarity, for he caused not only Peter, but his son to be hanged!

reign came on, and fell with peculiar severity on the diocese and county of Lincoln. It was at one of the bishop's palaces, at Sleaford, that John halted for one night when striving to escape from dishonour and death. Then, after the momentary relief caused by the death of John, followed the horrors of the battle of Lincoln Fair and the sack of the town. The bishop and the clergy of the cathedral being considered partizans of the barons against the French prince, the cathedral church was spoiled, and the precentor, Geoffrey of Deeping, was robbed of 11,000 marks of silver, probably a sum destined to be employed in the building of the cathedral. Nor was this enough, for, on the bishop's return to his diocese, he had to pay 1,000 marks to the Pope, and 100 to the legate, before he could occupy it. Truly it seems at this time as if the whole body, politic—ecclesiastical, as well as secular—was bleeding at every pore.

But Bishop Hugh's wise administration soon produced amendment. He exercised a vigorous discipline, especially over the monasteries, enforcing everywhere the establishment of vicarages[1] where the great tithes were in the possession of the religious houses. He also carried on building and restoration with zeal. The cathedral again began to rise in the beauty conceived by St. Hugh; an episcopal house was

[1] Vicarages were the outcome of one of the abuses of the monastic system. The Pope, the sovereign, or patrons of livings would bestow benefices on some monastery, with the understanding, of course, that the monastery should provide for the spiritual care of the parish. If this were near the monastery all might be well; if not, some unpopular monk or some ill-paid secular priest was put in charge, and the land or revenues left for the benefit of the parish, were diverted from their uses. Bishop Hugh, therefore, did a good work in insisting that these vicars or substitutes should be well paid and efficient men.

built at Bugden; the hall of the bishop's house at Lincoln, begun by St. Hugh, was completed; another hall built at Ham. The bishop's parks were stocked with deer—a thoroughly energetic man was at the helm of the diocese. But in his care for the temporalities he did not forget the spiritual wants of his see. To Bishop Hugh of Wells we owe the earliest, probably, of those papers of inquiries which afterwards figure so frequently in the lives of mediæval bishops.

In the inquiries to be made of the archdeacons in each of the ecclesiastical divisions in the diocese of Lincoln, the questions are forty-nine in number. They are given in full in Canon Perry's "Life of St. Hugh, and some of his Predecessors and Successors." A few are subjoined as examples:

1. Are there any rectors or vicars enormously illiterate?

2. Is the Sacrament of the Eucharist carried to the sick with due reverence, and kept carefully protected, as is fitting?

17. Do any clerks frequent the company of actors, or play at dice or bones (taxillos)?

19. Have any, more cures of souls than one, without dispensation?

21. Does any priest extort money for penance or the other Sacraments, or enjoin penances which bring him gain?

26. Are grave-yards everywhere enclosed, and churches decently built and adorned, and the vessels for use in them rightly provided and kept?

33. Is any priest negligent in visiting the sick?

Surely these show a wise and earnest desire for the good government of the diocese committed to his charge.

Bishop Hugh had the pleasure of witnessing the canonization of his famous namesake in 1220, and his first translation, and of seeing one of his canons, Richard the Chancellor, raised to the Primacy. He died February 7, 1235, and was buried in the cathedral, February 10. He was succeeded by the famous Grostête, whose constant patron he had been.

AUTHORITIES.—Chiefly Canon Perry's Life of St. Hugh, his Predecessors and Successors; also Stowe and Hume.

PHILOSOPHERS OF SOMERSET.

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ROGER BACON.

(Circa A.D. 1214–1292.)

GREATEST among, not only the philosophers of Somerset, but the philosophers of Europe of that age, and, having regard to the ignorance and obstacles he had to overcome, probably the greatest in the world—stands the name of Roger Bacon, known in his own day as "Mirabilis Doctor." There was a quaint custom in that age of giving the most celebrated teachers of the day some appellation by which they were distinguished among the learned. Thus Thomas Aquinas was the "Angelical Doctor"; Alexander Hales, of Gloucester, the "Irrefragable Doctor"; but none so well deserved his title as Roger Bacon, the "Wonderful Doctor."

It is remarkable that both the year of the birth and death of Roger Bacon are carefully recorded. He was born at Ilchester in the year 1214. "The life of Roger Bacon," says Green, "almost covers the thirteenth century. He was the child of royalist parents, who had been driven into exile and reduced to poverty by the civil wars. From

Oxford, where he studied under Edmund of Abingdon—otherwise known as Edmund Rich or St. Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury—he went to Paris. It was the custom in those days, before the building of separate colleges had placed the students under a more exact and careful surveillance, for the scholars to remain at one university as long as they chose, and having gained all they could from it to migrate to another. They attended the lectures of their favourite professor, and having extracted all the information he had to give them, they passed on, it may be, to Paris or Bologna. At this period Oxford and Paris stood highest in all Europe for the excellence of their professors. But Oxford then was far different from the fair and stately city that we see now. "In the outer aspect of the university," says Greene, "there was nothing of the pomp that overawes the freshman as he first paces the 'High' or looks down from the gallery of St. Mary's. In the stead of long fronts of venerable colleges, of stately walks beneath the immemorial elms, history plunges us into the mean and filthy lanes of a mediæval town. Thousands of boys, huddled in bare lodging-houses, clustering round teachers as poor as themselves, in church-porch and house-porch, drinking, quarrelling, dicing, begging at the corners of the streets, take the place of the brightly-coloured train of doctors and heads."

Such is a picture of the life into which the young student from Somerset was thrown. He studied under William Sherwood, Archdeacon of Lincoln, celebrated for his mathematical attainments, and both at Oxford and Paris under Richard Fishacre, a distinguished lecturer on the sciences.

But Bacon soon cast aside the trammels of Aristotelian philosophy, and was himself, rather than his great namesake, Francis Bacon, the author of inductive philosophy. The spirit in which he worked is shown by his saying, on a disputed fact in physics—"*I have tried it, and it is not the fact, but the very reverse.*" In Paris he pursued his investigations in science, but was continually hindered by the want of money for the purchase of books, instruments, &c., &c. He spent all his own heritage, and must have managed to imbue others with a belief in him, for he is said to have spent the sum of £2,000 on his experiments, an immense sum in those days, fully equal to £50,000 at the present day.

Discontented with the learning of the schools, he chiefly employed himself in the study of what we call the laws of nature, and soon discovered how fruitless and barren in result was the philosophy of Aristotle. So strongly did he feel its tendency rather to hinder than assist original research, that he said, "Si haberem potestatem super libros Aristotelis, ego facerem omnes cremari; quia non est temporis amissio studere in illis, et causa erroris et multiplicatio ignorantiæ ultra id quod valent explicari."

It was about this time, but whether when studying in Paris or on his return to Oxford does not seem certain, that, by the advice of his friend Grostête, he assumed the friar's gown. These begging friars were a feature in the ecclesiastical as well as scientific development of that age. The new order seems to have been formed partly with the idea of having a body of preachers alike untrammelled by parish duties or monastic discipline, a sort of ecclesiastical knights-

errant, who owed allegiance directly to the Pope, and acted as a kind of mission clergy. At first they were welcomed by earnest churchmen, such as Grostête, and it was by his advice that Bacon and others joined their order; and there is little doubt that their wandering lives, the various degrees of society in which they mixed, fostered a freer spirit of inquiry than obtained among the other clergy.

He returned to Oxford in 1240, and, under the shelter of his Franciscan gown, both studied and taught diligently. He and his brother, or more probably his uncle, Robert Bacon, distinguished themselves by preaching before the king, Henry III. Robert inveighed against Peter de Rupibus, or Peter des Roches, and the excessive deference paid by the king to his opinion. Roger had "a pleasant wit,"[1] and enforced his relative's exordium by telling the king that the most dangerous things at sea were Petræ et Rupes, in allusion to the bishop's name, signifying stones and rocks. "The king, therefore, taking the good advice of Schollers, which he would not of his peeres, summons a Parliament to be holden at Westminster, giving the world to know withall that his purpose was to amend by their advice whatsoever ought to be amended."

But Bacon's name is chiefly memorable as the first great master in science who investigated nature for himself; and his discoveries, his guesses, his glimpses of truth, are more wonderful than any like fact we know, especially when we consider the gross ignorance that prevailed, and the utterly empirical methods that were in vogue at the time. At any

[1] The above is borrowed not, as the reader may suppose, from "John Gilpin," but from Speed's "Chronicle."

rate, it is he and not his great namesake, Francis Bacon, who should be called the father of inductive philosophy; and it seems absolutely certain that the latter had read Roger Bacon's works and taken to himself the credit of the method. The coincidence of the name, after an interval of four hundred years, approaches to the marvellous, but this wonder is rather lessened when we realize that the younger philosopher borrowed his ideas from the elder—unacknowledged.[1] But Bacon's studies were not confined to what we call science. He studied Greek, Latin, Hebrew, and Arabic. He rectified the mistakes in the calendars, though his corrections were not adopted at the time, but later science has proved their correctness. As a mechanician, Bacon was more renowned than an astronomer, and the admiration and stupid wonder which his achievements excited fixed upon him the character of a magician. Optics he greatly improved, and led the way to, if he did not actually invent the telescope.

But it was in chemistry that his discoveries were most conspicuous. He invented gunpowder, and had considerable knowledge of practical medicine. But now the idea of magic and the unlawfulness of the powers with which he worked spread to the authorities, and he was confined to his own cell. It was by the order of Pope Innocent IV. that he was forbidden to lecture at Oxford, and that he was afterwards imprisoned.

[1] It is not, I think, well known that Milton, a little later, committed the same dishonourable piracy. The whole scheme and many passages, almost entire, of his "Paradise Lost" are borrowed from the old Saxon poet, Cœdmon—with no acknowledgment.

The Cardinal Bishop of Sabina—a man whose name should be held in honour as being above the prejudices and in advance of the ignorance of his age—hearing of this "Doctor Mirabilis," sent to him, and requested him to transmit to him a full account of his discoveries. This, however, he could not do, as he was forbidden by his superior to write and publish his works.

In a short time, however, the cardinal became Pope Clement IV., and his authority overriding every other, Bacon wrote to him to tell him he was ready to comply with his desire. He set to work at once to prepare his "Opus Majus," a sort of digest or new edition of his former works; but here new difficulties beset him: he wanted at least £60 in order to procure instruments, to pay transcribers, &c. He had spent all his money, his family were ruined; but some of his friends, by pawning their goods, managed to furnish him with the sum he wanted, in default of an advance from the Pope which he had expected. Meanwhile he set to work with almost superhuman energy, and in little more than a year his work was completed. It was presented to the Pope, but his work was his sole reward. Nevertheless, this year (A.D. 1267), this Annus Mirabilis of English science should be marked as a red-letter day in her calendar.

He sent his work to the Pope by the hand of John of London, his favourite pupil, of whom he speaks with remarkable appreciation and tenderness. In the letter of introduction to Clement, that accompanied his book, he says: "When he" (John of London [1]) "came to me as

[1] Or, as some say, John of Paris.

a poor boy, I caused him to be nurtured and instructed for the love of God, especially since for aptitude and innocence I have never found so towardly a youth. Five or six years ago I caused him to be taught in languages, mathematics, and optics, and I have gratuitously instructed him with my own lips since the time I received your mandate. There is no one at Paris who knows so much of the root of philosophy, though he has not produced the branches, flowers, and fruit because of his youth, and because he has had no experience in teaching. But he has the means of surpassing all the Latins if he live to grow old, and goes on as he has begun." And this is all we know of this promising youth!

The work was received by Clement, but his death, soon afterwards, seems to have prevented his giving any material help. He was succeeded by a Pope hostile to progress and investigation, and by the influence of the general of the Franciscan order Bacon was again silenced and imprisoned. The prohibition appears to have been withdrawn; for treatise after treatise have of late been disentombed from our libraries. They are but developments of the magnificent conception he had laid before Clement. From the world around he looked for, and found no recognition. "Unheard, forgotten, buried, the old man died as he had lived, and it has been reserved for later ages to roll away the obscurity that has gathered round his memory, and to place first in the great roll of modern science the name of Roger Bacon.

But we undertake not only to tell the real, but also the mythical, history of our Somerset heroes; and the principal legends with regard to Bacon are apparently embodied in a drama by Greene, a contemporary of Shakespeare, of which

is subjoined a brief sketch. The play is entitled "The Honourable History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay."

The fame of these two learned friars of Oxford had travelled abroad, and so great was the desire to witness their marvellous deeds of magic, that the Emperor of Germany came to England to witness Bacon's powers. He brought over with him one Jaques Vandermast, who was supposed to be the greatest necromancer of the age. He had been crowned as conqueror with laurel at Padua, Sien, Florence, Bologna, Rheims, Louvain, Rotterdam, Frankfort, Utrecht, and Orleans, for overcoming all who had come to try conclusions with him.

It was agreed between the sovereigns that the King of England (Henry III.) and the emperor should repair to Oxford, and there be present at a trial of skill between those learned masters of magic, and whichever gained the day was to be crowned, not with bays, but with a coronet of choicest gold.

With these came a third potentate, the King of Castile, who had brought over his daughter Eleanor to be married to Prince Edward. The kings being seated, a preliminary trial of skill is proposed between Vandermast and Bungay; and they begin with one of those quibbling discussions on words which formed so great a part of the learning of the Middle Ages. Having tired of this fruitless struggle, from which no result can be obtained, Vandermast proposes a trial of magic, and asks Bungay what he can do. Bungay offers to raise the tree that in the garden of Hesperides was guarded by a fearful dragon. The tree appeared, and the dragon spouted out fire and smoke. Then King Henry

asked what they thought of such cunning skill, but Vandermast laughed at it as no more than any tyro in the art could do. He declares that he will produce Hercules, who shall destroy the tree in spite of the dragon; and at the call—

"Hercules! Prodi, prodi Hercules,"

Hercules appears, and begins to strip the tree. Bungay owns himself worsted in the conflict, and Vandermast demands that he shall be crowned.

But now Bacon enters. Vandermast orders Hercules to proceed with the stripping of the tree, but Hercules professes himself unable to do it in the presence of so great a master; but when Bacon desires him to take Vandermast, the tree and all, to Hapsburgh, straight he obeys, and the foiled necromancer is carried off. Bacon then asks the company to dinner, and gives them only pottage and broth; at which, after such proofs of his skill, they are not unnaturally offended. He says that he only wished to show them a poor scholar's fare, and promises a feast which shall be furnished from Egypt, Persia, Spain, Candia, and Judæa.

We are now introduced to Bacon's cell in Brazen-Nose College at Oxford. He thus describes the wondrous head of brass, which had taken seven years' study to construct, and what he intends to do by its power :—

"I have contriv'd and fram'd a head of brass
(I made Belcephon hammer out the stuff),
And that by art shall read philosophy:
And I will strengthen England by my skill,
That if ten Cæsars liv'd and reign'd in Rome,
With all the legion Europe doth contain,
They should not touch a grass of English ground;
The work that Ninus rear'd at Babylon,

> The brazen walls fram'd by Semiramis,
> Carv'd out like to the portal of the sun,
> Shall not be such as rings the English strand
> From Dover to the market-place of Rye."

For threescore days have he and Bungay watched the head, and nature now craves rest. He desires his servant Miles to watch the head, and wake him instantly if it speaks, or all his labour will be lost. He sleeps. After a time a "great noise" is heard, and the head says—

"Time is."

But Miles gibes at it, and asks, after his master's seven years' toil had it nothing more worth the saying: and surely it is not well to wake him from the sleep he so sorely needs for two words. So he waits and watches. Another great noise and commotion. Again the head speaks, and says—

"Time was."

Miles still declines to wake his master, and soliloquizes: "Yes, marry, *time was* when my master was a wise man, but that was before he began to make the brazen head." A fresh noise, and

"Time is past,"

says the head. Lightning flashes forth, and a hand appears that breaks down the head with a hammer. Miles now awakens his master, declaring that the end of the world is come. Bacon awakes to find that—

> "'Tis past indeed;
> My life, my fame, my glory, all are past.—
> Bacon,
> The turrets of thy hope are ruin'd down,
> Thy seven years' study lieth in the dust:
> Thy Brazen Head lies broken through a slave
> That watched, and would not when the head did will."

After this episode, Bungay comes in to rouse Bacon from his state of despair.

Meanwhile, two Oxford scholars seek Bacon in his cell. They introduce themselves as Suffolk men, sons of neighbouring squires, friends, as they themselves are; they desire to know how their fathers fare, and crave a sight of them in Bacon's wondrous glass.

They behold their fathers engaged in an angry discussion, which ends in a deadly struggle, in which they slay each other. The sons, at the fearful sight, turn angrily upon each other, till they, in like manner, fall dead.

Bacon, horrified at this double catastrophe, breaks his glass, and forswears necromancy, vowing that he will

> "Spend the remnant of *his* life
> In pure devotion, praying to *his* God
> That He would save what Bacon vainly lost."

This play, whose date is of the time of Queen Elizabeth, of course represents the popular opinion with regard to Bacon. The brazen head seems an allegory on the known moral fact that an opportunity let slip, lost time, &c., can never be recovered. For the legend of the glass, it is evidently a distorted account of the wondrous powers of the telescope which he certainly, in some degree, invented. It is thought that Friar Bungay—who was a real personage—was a charlatan, and tried to mimic some of Bacon's discoveries by trick and so-called magic; but whether he was so, and thus, by his pretended powers, was in some degree answerable for Bacon's being deemed a wizard, and his consequent persecution; or whether he was only a humble friend and

admirer of his great master's marvellous knowledge, is not, I think, known.

AUTHORITIES FOR THE LIFE OF BACON. — Various biographies, and Green's History of the English People; for the LEGENDS, Robert Greene's Play of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay.

Sir Henry Bracton.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE IN THE REIGN OF HENRY III.

—:o:—

"Henrici de Bracton de Legibus et consuetudinibus Angliæ."

On the Laws and Customs of England.

"The First Book: On the Division of Things.

"These two things are necessary for a king who rules rightly, arms forsooth, and laws; by which either time of war or of peace may be rightly governed, for each of them requires the aid of the other, in order that on the one hand the armed power may be in security, and on the other the laws themselves may be maintained by the use and protection of arms. For if arms should fail against enemies who are rebellious and unsubdued, the realm will so be without defence; but if laws should, justice will be thereupon exterminated, nor will there be any one to render a rightful judgment.

"Whereas in almost all countries they use laws and written right, England alone uses within her boundaries unwritten custom and right."

Such is the commencement of—with the exception of Ranulph Glanvil, in the second Henry's reign, who, the first since the Conquest, collected the English laws into one body—the first great work on English law. It continued for three hundred years till the time of Coke, the great authority on the common law of England.

Sir Henry Bracton was a member of an ancient family, and was born at Bracton Court, at the foot of the north hill near Minehead, on the way to Porlock. Neither the date of his birth or death is known with any certainty.

During the reigns of King John and his son Henry the III., a constant struggle was going on between the king and the barons—who then represented the people; the king striving to place himself beyond and above the law, while the nobles, oftentimes assisted by the clergy, were constantly appealing to the laws and basing their opposition to the sovereign on the legal rights of the people. Bracton, born during these times, and while the struggle was going on, seems to have carefully weighed both sides, and arrived at a much clearer and more definite idea of the rights of each, and their relative duties to each other, than has often been clearly grasped, not only then, but even to the present time. He enjoyed a liberal education, having been brought up at Oxford, and while there specially devoted himself to the study of law.

He contrived, while maintaining the character of a good, conscientious, and upright judge, yet to have been in high repute with Henry III., who certainly was more famous for breaking the law than for maintaining it. When Bracton took up his abode in London the king did

all he could to keep him there, and near his own person, and in order to do this he obtained for him the Earl of Derby's house, till the heirs of that deceased nobleman should occupy it themselves.

In the twenty-ninth year of his reign Bracton was appointed by the king justice itinerant, and he performed the duties of that office with such diligence that he was appointed chief justice. "He so tempered," it is said, "his justice and authority with equity and integrity, that he was one of the chief pillars of the Commonwealth, in which he allowed no one to offend without punishment, and no one to do well without reward." Such is scarcely one's idea of the state of justice in Henry III.'s reign, yet it shows at any rate the estimation in which Bracton was held and the point at which he himself aimed.

Sir Henry Bracton is, however, best remembered for having produced a work of great learning, entitled "De Consuetudinibus Anglicanis," or "De Consuetudinibus et legibus Angliæ." Its value may be estimated by the fact of the great number of copies that were made of it, the result, of course, being great inaccuracies in some of them, so that when printing was invented and it was desired to procure a copy for the press, great difficulty was found in preparing one sufficiently accurate by collating several MSS. He had studied the Roman law well, looking upon it as the model on which the English law was framed, in fact he has been accused of viewing the whole scheme of English law too exclusively in the light of Roman jurisprudence; but he seems to have been the first to have reduced our English law to a science, and, not satisfied with the theoretical study

of it, to have religiously endeavoured to reduce this theory to practice.

Milton, in his celebrated "Defensio pro populo Anglicano," quotes largely from Bracton's work; and Bradshaw, when he sat as President at the trial of Charles I., is said to have made use of it. But Bracton was conscientiously loyal, and understood far better than the Puritans the true balance of power. He speaks as strongly of the royal prerogative as he does of the duties of kings to their people, and the limit of forbearance on the people's part. The result being that he has been quoted by authors both favourable to its extension and the reverse, for he says in one place that "the king has no equal, and that no man must presume to dispute his actions, much less to control them;" while in another he says "the king has for his superior God, as also the law by which he is made king."

The value of his work may be understood by the respect with which it is spoken of by Blackstone, and the numerous quotations made from it by Dr. Stubbs in his "Constitutional History." Of Sir Henry Bracton's private life nothing is known; he was certainly an ecclesiastic, though probably only in minor orders as long as his official work lasted. But at Minehead, on the North Hill, is the Church of St. Michael—the saint of high places—and on the south side of the chancel is a tomb which is shown as Judge Bracton's. Modern antiquaries say, by certain symbols, it is the tomb of a priest, and therefore cannot be his. But it is said that late in life he received priest's orders; we may therefore, I think, believe, with some certainty, that having been born at the foot of the North Hill, in declining years he returned

to his old home, and there lived to minister in the very church where he had been baptized, and which he had attended as a child, and that when he died his body was borne up the North Hill and there laid to rest. The church is a fine old building, charmingly situated, but sadly in need of repair. On the north side the pillars of the nave lean dangerously. The beautiful rood-screen is painted a brilliant yellow, and used as a gallery for singers. In the chancel is a huge statue of Queen Anne in alabaster, presented to the town of Minehead in 1719 by Sir Joseph Banks, then member of parliament for the borough. When restoration begins at Minehead—and one would suppose that funds would pour in from hundreds of rich lawyers in memory of one of their brightest luminaries—Queen Anne might well find a more appropriate home.

There are no less than five chained books in Minehead Church. A Bible; a Body of Divinity, by Archbishop Usher, of Armagh; a volume of Sermons, date 1562; Sermons by Robert Sanderson, A.D. 1657; a copy of Bishop Jewell's Sermons, 1560; and the Works of Thomas Adams, 1630.[1]

The date of Sir Henry Bracton's death is uncertain, but it is known that his book was not written till after 1262, possibly not till ten years later; he may therefore have survived till the reign of Edward I., and perhaps to him our English Justinian may have owed his respect for the laws.

It is, perhaps, well to add that he has been claimed as a

[1] In a letter obligingly written to me by the Vicar, Rev. A. H. Luttrell, he tells me of the much-needed restoration of the church, but of the unfortunate removal of the old books. They have not as yet been replaced.

worthy of Devonshire, but though his birthplace and grave are not far from Devon, he was undoubtedly a native of our county, and he there willed to rest; and Devonshire has worthies enough of her own without appropriating one of ours.

AUTHORITIES.—Moore's History of Devonshire; W. A. Bechell's Biographical Dictionary; Cunninghame's Lives of Celebrated Englishmen; Blackstone's Commentaries; Stubbs' Constitutional History; Sir Travers Twiss's edition of Bracton's Works.

William Briwere (Briewere, Bruere, or Brewer).

(Bishop of Exeter, A.D. 1224.)

—:o:—

William Briwere was of noble descent, and grandson—so Matthew Paris says—to William de Briwere who was found by Henry II. in the New Forest. But it is far more probable, nay, almost certain, that he was his son, and a younger brother of Sir Walter de Briwere, who left no posterity whatever.

We know nothing of his early history, but he would be almost certainly a native of Somerset; his father's chief seats being at Bridgewater and Ile Brewers.

He was consecrated Bishop of Exeter in 1224, and was in great favour with Henry III., and had great influence in his councils. In the year 1237 he was appointed to conduct Isabella, sister of Henry III., to Germany, on her marriage with the Emperor Frederick II. She was his sixth wife. The marriage was performed in the presence of four kings, eleven dukes, thirty marquises and earls, and a prodigious concourse of bishops and clergy. He attended the Emperor

into Syria, accompanied by Peter des Roches, Bishop of Winchester, and was present at the Siege of Acre, 1228. He afterwards returned to his diocese, and presided over it for nineteen years. He died November 24, 1244, and was buried in the centre of the choir of the cathedral.

Bishop Briwere founded the office of Dean in 1225; increased the revenues of the twenty-four canons of the cathedral, and amply endowed the offices of Precentor, Chancellor, and Treasurer. He was, like his father and brother, a benefactor to several religious establishments, and abounded in charities to the poor.

On his tomb is inscribed: "Hic jacet Wilhelmus Brewer, quondam hujus ecclesiæ cathedralis Episcopus, fundator quatuor principalium ejusdem ecclesiæ dignitatum."

AUTHORITIES.—Speed; Moore's History of Devonshire.

DUNSTER CASTLE.

—:o:—

SIR REGINALD DE MOHUN, 1253. LADY MOHUN, 1413.

THE quaint and picturesque little town of Dunster stands in the midst of some of the loveliest scenery of North Somerset. But for itself alone it is well worth a visit. Its steep street, its fine church—which is in effect two churches under one roof, the one conventual, the other parochial—its picturesque market-place, the whole crowned by its stately and finely placed castle, make it one of the fair spots that once seen is photographed for ever upon the visitor's memory. The property has only changed hands once since the Conquest; two families only, the Mohuns and the Luttrells, having held it.

By the Mohuns the castle was held for the Empress Maude against Stephen. In the time of the civil wars its fortunes swayed backwards and forwards; and in both times to chronicle events would but be to recapitulate the story of the disastrous days when wars and rebellion were rife in the land. In 1643 it was taken for King Charles by the Marquis of Hertford. Colonel Wyndham was appointed governor, during which time he was visited by Prince Charles, afterwards Charles II. Again it was taken by

Blake, and here in 1648 was confined William Prynne, by Cromwell.

Connected with Dunster are the tales of the unprecedented honour paid by the Pope to Reginald de Mohun of Dunster in 1253; and the self-devotion of Lady Mohun in 1413, rivalling that of the Lady Godiva of Coventry.

REGINALD DE MOHUN OF DUNSTER.

(A.D. 1253.)

Reginald de Mohun of Dunster was honoured in the year 1253 in an unheard-of manner by Innocent IV., then keeping his court at Lyons in France. There is an ancient French MS. still in possession of the family, but the French is so obscure, and so full of Latinisms, that it is difficult to make it out. We will give the story therefore in Fuller's words.

"The Pope used on the Lord's day, called Lætare Jerusalem, solemnly to bestow a consecrated rose on the most honourable person present at mass with his holiness. Inquiry being made, the rose was conferred on Sir Reginald Mohun, as the best extracted in the present congregation.

"But seeing that the rose used always to be given to kings, dukes, or earls at least (the lowest form of coroneted nobility in that age), his holiness understanding the same Sir Reginald to be but a plain knight bachelor, created him the Earl of Est, that is (saith this bull), of Somerset; and for the better support of his honour, he allowed him three hundred marks out of the pence of England (understanding the Peter-pence) as the most certain papal revenue in the

land. 'This,' says Camden, 'was to be paid yearly on the high altar of St. Paul's in London.' By this same bull Sir Reginald was made a Count Apostolic. King Henry (III.) was so far from excepting against this act, that he highly honoured him. And yet Master Camden sometimes acknowledgeth, sometimes denieth him for an English Earl.

"The ancient arms of the Mohuns, viz., a hand in a maunch, holding a fleur-de-lis (in that age more fashionable than a rose in heraldry), seems to relate to this occasion; which their family afterwards changed into a sable cross in the achievements in the Holy Land borne at this day by the truly honourable the Lord Mohun, Baron of Okehampton, as descended from this family."

This Sir Reginald founded the abbey of Newenham, and it was to obtain the Pope's authority to confirm and ratify his charter that he had presented himself at the papal court.

The original MS. still in the possession of the family is as follows:—

"Quant Sire Reinalda voit Ceo faitz, il passa à la Court de Rome que adonques fuist a Lions, pur confirmer et ratifer sa nouvelle abbay a grand honor de lui a touz jours, et fuist en la Courte le deniergne en quaresme, quant len chaunce l'office del messe Lætare Jerusalem, al quen jour lusage de la Court este que lapostoille doa (donna) a plus valiant et a plus honorable home qui puit estre trouver en la deste courte une Rose on une floretta de fin or. Donquer ilz sercherent tote la Courte, entroverent Cesti Reinald pur le plus noble de toute la courte a qui le Pape Innocent donna celle rose ou florette dor et la Papa lui damanda quil home il fuist en son pais. Il respondi simple bacheleri. Beau

fitz fetz la pape celle rose on florette unquez ne fuist doner fors an Rois ou an Dukes an a Countesse pour ceo nous voluns que vous sons le Comte de Est 'Ceo est Somerset.'

"Reinald respondi et aist, 'O Sancte Piere ieo nay dont le mom mainteyner.' L'apostoile donques lui dona ducent marcs per annum receiver sur Cantee Saint Paule de Londres de ces deneires d'Engleterre pour son honor mainteyner; de quen donna il reporta Bulles que enquore aurent en plomps ete en semblement odue moltes dis autres bulles de confirmatione de sa nouvelle Abbay de Newham apres quen jour il porta la rose ou florette en les armes."

Of course Thomas Fuller cannot resist a jibe at the Pope's gift, saying it is the only known case of any part of the thousands of pounds which went yearly out of England, returning in any direct shape into it.

Mr. Maxwell-Lyte, in his "Dunster and its Lords," gives a beautiful and touching story, told by one of the monks of Newenham, of Sir Reginald's last days. Five-and-twenty years after the interment of his body, it was found perfectly uncorrupt and uninjured; the monk adds, "I both saw it and touched it."

AUTHORITIES.—Fuller's Church History; and Dunster and its Lords, by Mr. Maxwell-Lyte.

LADY MOHUN.

(Circa 1413.)

Fuller thus quaintly and prettily gives the legend of the benevolent Lady Mohun, who, like another Godiva, endured

much herself for the love of those who depended upon her lord :—

"Reader know, I can surround the Christian names of her nearest relations. Her husband was John, the last Lord Mohun of Dunster. Her eldest daughter, Philip, married to Edward, Duke of York; her second, Elizabeth, to William Montacute, Earl of Salisbury; her youngest, Maud, matcht to the Lord Strange of Honorkyn; but her own Christian name I cannot recover.

"However, she hath left a worthy memory behind her, chiefly on this account—that she obtained from her husband so much good ground for the common of the town of Dunster as she could in one day (believe it a summer one for her ease and advantage) compasse about, going on her naked feet.

"Surely no ingenious scholar beheld her in this her charitable perambulation, but in effect vented his wishes in the poet's expression—

"'Ah! tibi ne teneras tellus Sicet aspera plantat.'"

The certain date of her death is unknown, which by proportion is conjectured in the reign of King Henry the Fifth.

AUTHORITY.—Fuller's Worthies.

FULKE OF SAMFORD.

(Archbishop of Dublin, 1256–1271.)

—:o:—

FULKE of Samford in Somerset was Treasurer of St. Paul's, London, and then by Papal Bull declared Archbishop of Dublin, 1256. He dyed in his Mannor of Finglas, 1271, and was buried in the church of St. Patrick. Whose brother—

JOHN OF SAMFORD

(Archbishop of Dublin, 1284–1294),

was Dean of St. Patrick in Dublin, and for a time Escheator of all Ireland. He was afterwards chosen, and by Edward the First confirmed, Archbishop of Dublin, 1284. For a time he was Chief Justice of Ireland, and thence was sent (with Anthony, Bishop of Durham) Ambassador to the Emperor, whence returning, he dyed in London, 1294. His body was carried over to Ireland (an argument that he was well respected), and buried in his brother's grave.

AUTHORITY.—Fuller's Worthies.

Sir John Hautville and Sir John St. Loe.

(Circa 1270.)

—:o:—

"There were giants on the earth in those days."

It appears as though the reign of Henry III. was remarkable for producing in Somerset a race of men cast in giant mould either of mind or body. It is little we know of these two worthies. In fact of the latter we have nothing but his effigy, and were it not that his almost gigantic size, and a curious kind of contemptuous humour, with which insult was treated, which often accompanies great strength, seems to have been inherited by his descendants, he would scarcely merit a record here.[1] Of Sir John de Hautville and his enormous strength tradition hands down quaint myths; but it is satisfactory to find that his physical powers were used for the astonishment or amusement of his neighbours, and not in any degree for their injury or torment.

All that we know that is authentic about him is that he was engaged in the barons' wars in the reign of Henry III., but on which side does not appear; but in the fifty-fourth

[1] See pp. 608–613.

year of that king's reign he was signed with the cross, and accompanied Prince Edward to the Holy Land. We cannot learn much from this fact, as he may have gone with the prince as an attached friend; or on the other hand he may have been one of the unquiet spirits whom the prince was glad to draw out of England, so that the old king might have the greater chance of spending his latter days in peace.

After fighting by the prince's side in Palestine, he returned in peace to his native county, and settled down in the parish of Norton Hawkfield, or Hautville. Here he built himself a castle, at the foundations of which he is supposed to have laboured with his own hands; Maes Knoll—"probably a natural mound, scooped out for interments"—is popularly supposed to have been formed from the scrapings of his spade. In reality it is an immense tumulus, 390 ft. by 84 ft., and 60 ft. high. If forms part of an ancient British station. Not far from Stanton-Drew, on the opposite side of the river, is a huge boulder, commonly called Hautville's Quoit; it is supposed to have been flung by that worthy from the summit of Maes Knoll. It is said formerly to have weighed thirty tons, but is now much reduced in size, as much has been chipped off to mend the roads!

Another of our hero's feats, which, granting sufficient width of the tower steps, is more within the range of possibility, is the tradition that, for a wager, he carried three men to the top of the tower, one under each arm and the third in his teeth. The church of Norton Hawkfield was pulled down some years ago. His monument, made of a solid piece of Irish oak, was afterwards removed to Chew

Magna. He lies inclining on his side, resting on his left hip and elbow, his hand supporting his head. His shield is of an oblong shape. The whole figure is in armour, with a loose red coat without sleeves, and bound round the waist with a leather girdle fastened by a gilt buckle just below the breast; he has a helmet on and gilt spurs. It has been repainted in good taste.

Sir John St. Loe's monument, which is also in Chew Magna church, is of gigantic size; it is of the enormous length of 7 ft. 4 in., and 2ft. 4 in. across the breast. He too was probably a crusader, as he is represented with his legs crossed.

A descendant and namesake of his, another Sir John St. Loe, was one of the four husbands of the celebrated "Bess of Hardwicke," afterwards Countess of Shrewsbury, wife of the gaoler of Mary of Scots. When the wife of St. Loe, they resided at Sutton Court, near Chew Magna.

Near the church is an old building, built by a Sir John St. Loe; up to 1838 it served as the parish poor-house and school-house. It is now occupied by the board school. The family must have originally come from St. Lo in Normandy.

AUTHORITIES.—Murray's Handbook; local tradition, as given by the Rev. John Galbraith, Vicar of Chew Magna.

Sir Simon de Montacute.

(1281-1316.)

—:o:—

Sir Harris Nicolas, in his "History of the Royal Navy," says that in the reign of Edward II. there were no less than twenty-one persons who bore the title of admiral. He gives a list of the most eminent, with a short account of their services, and places first the name of Sir Simon de Montacute; he speaks of him as representing one of the most illustrious houses in England, and a distinguished soldier. He served in the army in the reign of Edward I., in the year 1281, and distinguished himself in a galley in the Garonne in 1296. In 1290 he was the proprietor of a large galley and a barge. At the siege of Carlaverloch Montacute commanded the third division, and was in nearly every military expedition of his time. He was summoned to Parliament as a baron on the 26th of September, 1300, and in consideration of his merits the king remitted part of a debt which he owed the Crown in 1306. In 1308 he was made Constable of Beaumaris Castle. Lord Montacute died in 1316, leaving, by the sister and heiress of Orry, King of Man, his son William, the second baron, who was ancestor

of the Earls of Salisbury, and all the other ennobled branches of his family. It is scarcely necessary to remind our readers that the navy and army were not then distinct services. As late as the civil war, Princes Rupert and Maurice, and Admiral Blake, passed from one service to the other without any sense of incongruity.

AUTHORITY.—Sir Harris Nicolas' History of the Royal Navy.

The Evil Wedding.

(Time uncertain.)

CHEW MAGNA AND STANTON DREW.

—:o:—

It is a satisfaction to know, or at least believe, that the antiquities of our "west countree," which still remain as a puzzle to antiquaries, are, thanks to Sir John Lubbock, pretty sure to escape further injury than they have already received from the vandalism of the past. Each one of these has some graceful or quaint legend attached to it. Yet it is strange that amidst all our modern discoveries in Egypt and Babylon, in Nineveh, Mycenæ, and Troy, no even probable explanation has ever been made of the antiquities of our own country. Who were the giants of old who led the giants' dance on Salisbury Plain? Who placed the curious remains at Stanton Drew?

Judging from Bible story, and episodes in Genesis, Exodus, and Joshua, it was no uncommon thing to put up stones as monuments to preserve the memory of celebrated events, and probably other nations kept their national records in the same manner. "And there they are to this day," but their purpose, the people who built them up, the events they commemorate, are forgotten.

Were these the works of primeval men who first inhabited these islands? Or, considering the strange silence of the Roman historians with regard to them, were they the work of a last invasion of the Belgæ after the Romans had left? We know nothing. Some have conjectured them to be the remains of the serpent-worship which has been traced by antiquaries of our own time. One thing only is certain, that in the absence of any authentic record, legend, which abhors a vacuum at least as much as nature does, steps in, finds sermons in stones, and conveys moral lessons by these ancient monuments.

The legend of the prehistoric remains of Stanton Drew is a curious one, for it is mediæval in its structure, but decidedly puritanical in its teaching. It is styled

THE EVIL WEDDING.

The stones that are to be seen at Stanton Drew, not far from Bristol, have been there many hundreds of years, but these dumb monuments cannot tell us the story of their being. Learned people say that once there were three circles; one, a small one, near the church, another a much larger one, and a third a smaller one still farther on, which had an avenue leading to it from the large circle. I cannot say how this may have been; it would puzzle any one but an expert to trace out the circles now. Some stones are gone, some are just peeping above the ground, and some appear as if they were struggling to get away. There they are, and there they always will be; but how did they get there? Well, this is how the story is told:—

It was long, long years ago; in fact I may say it was

"once upon a time," that a gay and jolly party were gathered together on St. John's or Midsummer Eve. It was a wedding that had brought them to Stanton Drew, and it so chanced that St. John's Day was a Sunday; the day of the wedding therefore was Saturday. They were married in due form at the church in the morning, and the day had been given to festivity. The evening came, but there is not much night on Midsummer Eve, and dancing was proposed, and merrily they footed it on the green turf. While they were dancing, the cock crew, and by that sign they knew it to be past midnight, and that the Lord's Day had begun. The musician was a godly man, and refused to play any longer. At first they thought he did but want an extra glass or two, or mayhap a few silver coins; finding he refused all their offers they tried threats, but he was impervious alike to bribes or menaces. At last the bride, who of all the godless party was the most determined to lengthen out the diversions of the night, exclaimed that a fiddler she *would* have, if she went to hell to fetch one.

There was no need to go so far; just then a brisk and gaily-dressed musician passed and offered his services. At once they accepted him. Again they prepared themselves for the dance, but the fiddler began playing the most solemn and serious tunes. They remonstrated; and he said he did but play what he supposed was suitable for the day, but that he was ready to obey their orders, and play whatever they willed. At once, and at their special desire, he changed the measure to the liveliest tunes. The dancing began again; the musician was untiring; fast the flying feet whirled in the mazy figures, faster still went on the music, wilder and wilder

grew the dance; on, on, breathless still, their feet flew. They would fain have stopped for rest and refreshment, but the music still held on its magic strain. Vainly they entreated the musician to cease; they implored, they threatened with far more frantic eagerness than they had tried to move the old fiddler to continue. Panting, fainting, agonized, still on went their restless feet, and their wearied and exhausted bodies could but keep on, compelled by the weird music.

The morning sun shone fully out, and the good priest came forth. His night had been wofully disturbed by the wild revelry, but the gay throng he had heard but an instant before were gone, and three circles of stone were seen in their place. A few stones were seen at uneven distances, as if they had striven to escape the awful doom, but it was too strong for them. It was their last revel; henceforth they danced no more, but remained rooted to the spot. Under a hedge lay the pious musician, half dead with fright. He had been fascinated to the spot, without power of moving, and had witnessed the whole Satanic scene.

So ended the evil wedding on St. John's Eve, A.D. ——, and there the stones remain to testify to the truth of the tale to this day. One might be inclined to fancy it a dream of the pious fiddler, but then—How came the stones there?

There is a spirited ballad telling the story in Haines-Jackson's "Our Ancient Monuments and the Land around them."

AUTHORITIES.—Stukeley; and the Rev. T. H. Perfect, Vicar of Stanton Drew.

Robert Burnel.

(Bishop of Bath and Wells and Lord Chancellor of England, 1274–1292.)

——:o:——

We cannot omit this great and wise man from our portrait gallery, though he was no native of our county, but as Bishop of Bath and Wells he was long connected with it; and it seems the more incumbent to give a short sketch of him as his name has been so persistently passed over by historians. Lord Campbell says of him that "he is a striking example of the unequal measure with which historical fame has been meted out to English statesmen. Although intimately connected with the conquest and settlement of Wales — although he conducted Edward's claim to the supremacy over Scotland, and pronounced the sentence by which the crown of that country was disposed of, to be held under an English liege lord—although he devised a system for the government of Ireland upon liberal and enlightened principles—although he took the chief part in the greatest reforms of the law of England recorded in her annals—his name has, since his time, been known only to a few dry antiquaries incapable of appreciating his merits."

Robert Burnel was a younger son of Robert de Burnel, of a powerful family, settled from time immemorial at Acton Burnel, in the county of Salop. Here the future chancellor was born; and here, to make illustrious his native place, he prevailed upon the king to hold a parliament, at which was passed the famous law De Mercatoribus, called the Statute of Acton Burnel.

During the barons' war, while still a young man, he was introduced to Prince Edward (afterwards Edward I.). He became his chaplain and private secretary, and suggested to him the counsels by which he overcame Simon de Montfort. He attended the prince to the Holy Land.

When appointed chancellor he held no higher dignity than Archdeacon of York. He was soon after raised to the see of Bath and Wells; nor did he ever reach any higher position in the Church, for Edward, mighty and powerful as he was, had on occasions to yield to the papal power. He proposed Burnel as Archbishop of Canterbury in 1278, and he was unanimously elected by the chapter of Canterbury; but Pope Nicholas III. insisted on appointing John of Peckham, a Franciscan friar, and a friend of Adam de Marisco and Grostête. Again, when Edward wished to translate Burnel from Bath and Wells to Winchester, he failed, the Pope probably fearing that if ecclesiastical and political power were combined in one hand he would possess little or no control himself.

It was on the day of St. Matthew the Apostle, in the year 1274, that the office of chancellor was conferred on Robert Burnel, then only Archdeacon of York; and this office he held with great applause for eighteen years, during all which

time he enjoyed the favour of the king, whose counsellor he was in all affairs of State.

He presided in the Parliament which met in May, 1275, and passed "the statute of Westminster the first." After the conquest of Wales, in 1281, he was employed in the government of the principality. He stationed himself at Bristol, close on the edge of his diocese and near to Wales, so that, as far as could be done, he might combine his Ecclesiastical and State duties. In 1283 the Parliament was held in the hall of his own castle at Acton Burnel.

In 1291 he was employed upon the decision as to who was the rightful heir to the throne of Scotland. Of all the competitors for the crown, Bruce, the grandfather of King Robert Bruce, was the first to make answer to Chancellor Burnel's demand as to whether he would receive justice from the King of England as superior and direct lord over the kingdom of Scotland. In presence of all, none contradicting or gainsaying, Bruce answered that he did acknowledge the King of England superior and direct lord of the King of Scotland, and that he would before him, as such, answer and receive justice.

The judgment was—after investigation by commissioners, who were by far the larger number Scotch nobles—such as would be universally acknowledged as a matter of course in the present day, that Baliol, the grandson of the elder daughter of David, Earl of Huntingdon, was the rightful heir rather than Bruce, who was the son of the younger daughter.

Baliol was thereupon appointed king, but Bruce not being willing to submit, there continued to be great disturbances;

and King Edward being obliged to return to England, Burnel seems to have remained on the borders for some time, in order, if possible, to keep the peace. He died at Berwick on October the 25th, 1292.

Dr. Stubbs says of him, in his "Constitutional History": "Robert Burnell and Walter de Merton left names scarcely less remarkable in their own line of work than those of Grossetêste and Cantilupe. No doubt these men had much to do with Edward's early reforms. We can trace the removal of Burnell's influence in the more peremptory attitude that he assumed after his death."

In ecclesiastical matters he pursued a rational and moderate system, neither encroaching on the rights of the clergy nor raising them above him.

He ably seconded Edward's far-seeing policy, and England continued to enjoy the highest prosperity under the wise laws which he introduced.

AUTHORITIES.—Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors; The Greatest of the Plantagenets; Annals of England; Stubbs' Constitutional History.

SOMERTON.

KING JOHN OF FRANCE.

(From Anglo-Saxon days to the Fourteenth Century.)

——:o:——

MR. FREEMAN, in his article in *Macmillan's Magazine* on "The Shire and the Gá," points out one peculiarity of Somerset, viz., that it has no town or city which is undeniably its capital or centre; and though naturally enough one would suppose that Somerton formerly at least stood in that position, he expressly denies that such was ever the case. We must refer our readers to the article in question, and merely accept his doctrine as the result of the investigations of the greatest living authority on matters connected with our county. No one for an instant thinks of naming any other capital for Devon but Exeter; but Bath, Wells, Taunton, or Ilchester might all or each put in their claims for Somerset; and it is a fact that geographers are quite undecided on the matter.

Still, it is quite certain that Somerton and Somerset derive their names from the same source, and that, if neither took it from the other, there must be some forgotten cause why Somerton should, as well as its county, bear the tribal

name of the inhabitants. Murray describes it as "a small, unfrequented market town, in a charming country of wild hill and fruitful dale." Here the "many-palaced Ina" had one of his numerous Somersetshire residences. The kingdoms of Wessex and Mercia here bordered on each other, and for a long series of years were fierce rivals. Ethelbald, one of the greatest of the Mercian kings, in 733 "*conquered Somerton*, and the sun was eclipsed, and the whole disc of the sun was like a black shield." So says the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. Whether the taking of Somerton by the Mercians was supposed to have any connection with the eclipse, I am not able to say.[1] In 877 the place was plundered by the Danes under Inguar and Hubba, during the time that Alfred's fortunes were under an eclipse. But the place was soon rebuilt, and became the most considerable town in the neighbourhood, both as regards extent and population. A strong fortress or citadel was built by the kings of Wessex on the brow or edge of the hill called, from its situation, Mountclefe. Prisoners of distinction were at times sent there for safety, the most important being King John of France. He had been confined in Hertford Castle, and then, for further safety, was sent to Somerton. But though, for some State reasons, Edward considered it expedient to make King John's imprisonment more strict than heretofore, he did not neglect his comfort, or indeed his dignity; for he appointed commissioners, and had the castle commodiously fitted up for his reception.

[1] It seems necessary to say here, however, that Mr. Freeman, in his "Old English History for Children," says that this was Somerton in Oxfordshire, and not in Somerset.

On the decay of the castle, its ruins were economically employed to build the county gaol, which, in order to keep its origin in mind "was embattelled about castell-lyke, in perpetuam rei memoriam." The fragments of this last building are still extant, and part of "The Bear" was built out of them. "The White Hart" stands on the old foundations of the castle, which may still be traced.

The last historical association with Somerton is the confinement of some of the prisoners in the church after the battle of Sedgemoor. Here they amused themselves with playing ball, and when, some years ago, the roof was repaired, a large number of balls were found, specimens of which are preserved in Taunton Museum.

The church is a fine one, built at different dates. The roof is remarkably fine, being of magnificent carved chestnut wood, one of the handsomest in the diocese. It is dedicated in the name of St. Michael, and it is therefore unnecessary to add that it is situated on high ground. It contains several brasses and effigies, including one of "Edithe the Nun. Requiescat in pace." There is also a market cross, which has been rebuilt on the old lines, with open arcade and central column supporting a pyramidal roof.

Whatever may have been the importance of Somerton in the days of Ina and of Edward III., its interest now lies wholly in the past, and it exists merely as one of those little, quaint, picturesque old towns which recall the ancient leisurely times when beauty was not always sacrificed to utility, and, absorbed in its own little gossip and local interests, remains contented with the far-off rumour of great and stirring events.

Murray says the most striking object in the principal street is the sign of the head inn, a red lion of ferocious aspect mounted on a pillar. It is with no idea of irreverence that we say of the old town, as is said of Edithe the Nun, "Requiescat in pace."

AUTHORITIES, various.—Anglo-Saxon Chronicle; papers of the Archæological Society; The National Gazetteer; Murray's Handbook; Dr. Freeman's article on the Shire and the Gá, in *Macmillan's Magazine*, April, 1880; Diocesan Kalendar, &c.

STOKE-UNDER-HAM.

—:o:—

SIR MATTHEW GOURNAY, 1310–1406.

THE interesting little church which contains the monument of Sir Matthew Gournay is in itself well worth a visit and careful study, It is a small cruciform church, without aisles, but, though originally Norman, it has insertions in almost every style of Gothic architecture. It possesses the rather rare peculiarities of a lychnoscope or low window on each side of the chancel, a hagioscope or opening from the transepts into the chancel to allow a view, to those sitting in the transepts, of the altar, and a parvise or room over the porch. But its chief interest in our present researches is its containing the tomb of that gallant old soldier, who so nobly redeemed the honour of his name, Sir Matthew de Gournay.

His father, Thomas de Gournay,—of Farrington-Gournay, Inglish or English-Combe, and Stoke under Hampden, West-Harptree, Widcombe, Curry Malet, Shepton Malet, Midsummer-Norton, Stratton-on-the-Fosse, Laverton, Milton,

Falconbridge, in the parish of Martock,—earned an infamous celebrity as one of the murderers of the unhappy King Edward II. He fled into foreign parts, but was seized at Burgos in Spain [1] and commanded to be brought over to England. He was put to death privately at sea, possibly with the connivance of the young King Edward III., to shield the queen-mother from having to appear in public as either witness or principal in a criminal trial. All his estates were confiscated, and annexed to the Duchy of Cornwall for ever.

But with all Edward III.'s faults there was a noble generosity in his character, which was never more finely displayed than in his care for Thomas Gournay's children. It was not just that they should wholly suffer for their father's misdeeds; he showed favour to them. There were four: Thomas de Gournay, who received a large share of his father's forfeited estates—these were inherited by *his* son Thomas, who died without issue; John de Gournay, of Knolle in Bedminster; George, who died without issue; and Sir Matthew de Gournay, who on his nephew's death succeeded to the family estates. Of him Fuller gives us this account in his "Worthies." "Matthew Gournay was born at Stoke-under-Hambden, where his family had flourished since the Conquest, and there built both a castle and a college. He was the honour of his house. In the reign of Edward III. he fought at the siege of Algiers and Benemazin against the Saracens, at Ingen, Poictiers, Sluce (Sluys),

[1] Edward II's mother being a Spanish princess, the deservedly popular Eleanor of Castile, the Spaniards were likely to assist in punishing her son's murderer.

and Cressy against the French, and at Nazaran[1] under the Black Prince in Spain. His armour was beheld by martial men with much civil veneration, with whom his faithful Buckler was a Relique of esteem. He dyed in Peace, aged 96 years, about the beginning of Richard II. (says Fuller, but, if dates are correct, the aged warrior must have lived unto the reign of Henry IV.), and was buried in the Church of Stoke." He was twice married—once to Alice, sister of Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, and relict of Sir John Beauchamp, of Hatch; second to Philippa, sister and co-heir of John, Lord Talbot. He died without issue, and his estates reverted to the Crown, and thenceforth became part of the Duchy of Cornwall. His noble deeds during a long and well-spent life redeemed the family name, but we may perhaps look upon its extinction as the judgment upon the sins of the father. At West Stoke are to be seen the small remains of the once noble mansion of the Gournays and Beauchamps.

AUTHORITIES.—Froissart's Chronicles; Fuller's Worthies; Collinson's Somerset; Murray's Handbook.

[1] The battle is called Najara, or Navaretta, by Froissart, being fought between the two places. Sir Matthew Gournay's name occurs among the knights who fought on that field.

Bristol (St. Mary Redcliffe).

—:o:—

THE CANYNGES, 1376–1445; CHATTERTON, 1752–1770.

Bristol—or Bright-Stow—the bright or illustrious dwelling, is the third of the cities which is counted in Somerset. It is partly in our county and partly in Gloucestershire,[1] but though the largest part is in the neighbouring county, its chief pride, the Church of St. Mary Redcliffe—the finest parish church in England—is on the Somerset side of the Avon.

Leland calls it "the fairest of all churches," and its position, high on the Red Cliff, adds to its dignity and stateliness. Bristol was long the second city of Great Britain, and the largest port next to London, when Liverpool was unknown. Tradition identifies it as Caer-Oder—the city of the chasm—and though this has been disputed, the name is singularly appropriate, as it stands on both sides of the Avon, a little above where it cuts its way through the picturesque and richly-wooded St. Vincent rocks.

The present church stands on the site of one of high

[1] It is remarkable that Camden, Fuller, and, to come to modern times, Murray, while duly acknowledging the fact of Bristol being chiefly in Gloucestershire, yet include it in the county of Somerset.

antiquity, and parts of the present building are said to date back as far as 1207 or earlier. In 1287–1292 other portions were rebuilt, or added, by Sir Simon de Burton, five times Mayor of Bristol. But the present magnificent structure was mainly the work of two princely Bristol merchants, William Canynge the elder, and his grandson, William Canynge the younger, 1376–1445.

The younger Canynge, "with the help of others of the worshipful town of Bristol," nearly rebuilt the church which—it is said—had been founded by his grandfather in the reign of Edward III. Both the Canynges made their money as merchants, and the younger one was much favoured by Henry VI. "In the eleventh volume of Rymer's "Foedera" are two letters from the king, one *to the Master-General of Prussia*, the other to the Magistrates of the City of Dantzick, recommending two of Canynge's factors residing in Prussia, requesting all possible favour and countenance to be shown them on account of their employer, whom the king styles his beloved, and an eminent Merchant of the City of Bristol." The next year the same William Canynge obtained of the king a grant of trading with two ships to Iceland, Halgelandt (Heligoland?) and Finmark, for two years, notwithstanding an express Act of Parliament prohibiting all trade there. "Thus was the king's dispensing power set up in opposition to the law of the land," says Hervey's "Naval History of Great Britain."

Thus, it seems to those who take another view of the question, did the weakest and feeblest kings often show their great wisdom and incalculably greater breadth of view than the wisest of their subjects.

It is of this Canynge the younger that there still exist in St. Mary Redcliffe "two fair monuments," one which represents the worthy citizen—who had been five times Mayor—with his wife Joan. The other represents him as a priest. This one is said to have been brought from the college at Westbury,—which he had founded and of which he became dean,—when Prince Rupert burned it to prevent its being occupied by the Parliamentary forces.

The remains of an old chest, called "Canynge's Coffre," serves as a connecting link between these two noble and estimable merchants of Bristol, and one of the saddest pages in the annals of English literature. For it was in this coffre that Chatterton pretended to have discovered "Rowley's Poems"—a pardonable subterfuge. The genius of this wonderful boy, and the stupid harshness of those who should have been proud to be patrons of one so young and so marvellously endowed, are almost equal subjects of astonishment. The tale is too hopelessly sad and bitter and too well-known to be reproduced here. One great lesson, if the reader will pardon moralizing, may be drawn from Chatterton's grievous story, and that is the sublime lesson of patience under suffering. On that terrible morning when Chatterton's dead body was found, came a letter offering him help and support!

AUTHORITIES.—Hervey's Naval History; Granger's Biographical History: Murray's Handbook to Somerset.

THOMAS DE BECKYNGTON.

(Circa A.D. 1390–1465; Bishop of Bath and Wells, 1443–1465.)

—:o:—

THIS great prelate was a native of Somerset: his name is still held in loving memory at Wells for his manifold good works to both city and Church. He was probably born in the year 1390, in the reign therefore of Richard II., in the parish of Bekington, near Frome, and he is said to have been the son of a weaver. Admitted to Winchester College in 1404—the date is still extant in a contemporary register—the boy attracted the favourable notice of William of Wykeham by his elegant appearance and superior understanding, who placed him on the foundation as one of the "seventy true-born English boys he nourished year by year." But before the year was out, the noble-hearted old man had passed away. Beckyngton, however, was trained in Wykeham's school, and was one of the most honourable among the band of statesmen-ecclesiastics who adorned the fifteenth century. From Winchester he passed to New College, where he was admitted Fellow in 1408, and retained his fellowship twelve years. In 1417 we find two other Beckyngtons—probably relations—who were admitted scholars of Winchester.

Thomas de Beckyngton soon made his mark. He had several preferments, among which was the Archdeaconry of Buckingham. It was while holding this office that Henry V. wrote a letter to the Pope, requesting him to grant a dispensation to his "beloved Clerke, Doctor of Laws, Archdeacon of Bucks, and Chancellor of my dearest brother Humphry, Duke of Gloucester, from holding annual visitations," on account of the arduous occupations, both of public and private nature, in which he was engaged.

The doubtful right of the Lancastrians to the throne led both Henry IV. and Henry V. to give way to the clergy, who, in their dread of the spread of Lollardism, sought to revive the ancient statute, "De heretico comburendo," and they embodied it in a new one still more stringent and severe than the old statute. Trials and convictions for heresy became frequent, and we find Beckyngton, in conjunction with the excellent Archbishop Chichele, present at the trial of William Taylor, priest, in the chapel of Lambeth Palace, 1422. He was perhaps also a witness of his degradation in St. Paul's Cathedral. On the same day he was "burnt to ashes in Smythefelde." It was probably also at Chichele's instigation that Beckyngton wrote a treatise against the Salique law, and in favour of Henry V.'s right to the crown of France. His book was styled "Liber Thomæ Bekyntoné de Jure Regis Angliæ ad regnum Franciæ." Chichele, who had originally suggested the king's claim upon France, lived to mourn his participation in it; and it is said that his noble foundation of All Souls' College was intended in some sort as an expiation for the misery his advice had caused. Whether Beckyngton also learned to

regret his participation in an act which caused such bitter woe to two nations we are not told, but this and his taking part in the burning of a heretic are the only sins that can be laid to his charge, and they were too much in the spirit of the times to be looked upon as such.

It is more pleasant, however, to follow him in the honourable employments for which his learning and high character caused him to be selected. But meanwhile Henry V. passed away, leaving an infant son, whom he had never seen. Beckyngton was chosen tutor to the young king, and, as such, deserves no small credit for the share he had in forming his character and tastes. His weakness both of mind and body were inherited—the one from his grandfather, the poor mad King Charles VI., and the other from his grandmother, Mary de Bohun; but Henry VI. grew up pure and saintly in character, with a strong relish for learning, and, had he been born in private life, would have been happy with his learned tastes and his simple mind. He was utterly unfit to be a king, and above all a king at such a crisis, and he lost all that his father and his grandfather had gained; yet it is worth noting that the kingdom his grandfather snatched by subtilty and treachery remained only for two generations with his descendants, and the family itself expired with the sixth Henry's young and heroic son. The kingdom, also, that his father had gained by his magnificent daring and bravery, crumbled away and scarcely outlived him; while the work of their well-nigh imbecile son and grandson bears fruit to the present day, and is one of the most famous and the most characteristic of our English institutions: and Eton boys are not only noted for the

learning which their pious founder sought to promote, but for the braver and hardier virtues in which he was so deficient. "The field of Waterloo," said the great Duke, "was won in the playing-fields at Eton."

Beckyngton was several times employed on special foreign embassies. In February, 1432, we find him commissioned jointly with John Langdon, Bishop of Rochester, and Sir Henry Broomflete, to go to France and negotiate a treaty between the King of England and the Dauphin, Charles of Valois, the same year that Henry was crowned in Paris. In 1435 an embassy was sent to Arras, in Artois, with the object of effecting a peace with France, and to this Beckyngton was attached. Peace was made, but on terms which broke the great heart of Bedford; he died shortly afterwards. Again we find him in the train of Cardinal Beaufort on an important embassy to Calais. But France was slipping from our grasp, and embassies only showed the weakness by which diplomacy sought to retain some shreds of what our arms failed to hold.

It was in 1443 that Beckyngton was employed in a more delicate mission than any he had yet undertaken. It was no less than to investigate and report on the respective charms, physical and mental, of the three daughters of the Count d'Armagnac, with a view to the selection of one as the wife of the young bachelor-king, Henry VI. Of this mission he kept a journal, which is of great value and interest. A painter named Hans was also employed by the king to paint portraits of the young ladies for his satisfaction. The king was very explicit in his directions that the likenesses should be perfect, requiring that they should be painted in their

kirtles simple, and their visages like as ye see, and their stature, and their beauty, the colour of their skin and their countenances. "The commissioners were to urge the artist to use great expedition, and to send the picture or ymagine over to the king as quickly as possible, that he might make his choice between the three." There is much correspondence in Beckyngton's journal as to these portraits, which were to be painted in oils on canvas. But, apparently, the Count d'Armagnac was not really in earnest, and the likenesses, if ever taken, never reached England. Meanwhile, a portrait of Margaret of Anjou was obtained by another ambassador, and the young king surrendered his heart to her charms. Beckyngton's journal gives us a pleasing portrait of Henry, who was then twenty-four, and who speaks pathetically of the loneliness of his condition, and his earnest desire to live under the holy sacrament of marriage. In spite of snares that were set for him by some gay ladies of the Court, he remained pure in heart; and we hear of his quaint rebuke to some of these tempters who appeared before him unsuitably dressed—"Fie, fie! forsooth, ye be much to blame." On this fruitless matrimonial embassy Beckyngton was joined with Sir Robert Roos, one of the king's carvers, and Sir Edward Hull, esquire of the king's body, of Enmore Hall, in Somerset.

It seems probable that Beckyngton was desired to send home a true report of the state of things in France, for we hear of the ambassadors sending an account of the English reverses and the more recent successes of the French, written, in three lines, on a strip of parchment, the whole length of the skin, and then sewn into the garment of an old

pilgrim. What was the reason of this mysterious secrecy does not quite appear. Roos and Beckyngton returned home, leaving Sir Edward Hull constable of the castle of Bordeaux, the small remains of old Queen Eleanor's great possessions in France, and the scene of the Black Prince's splendid Court.

This was, to all appearance, the last of his political embassies. Whether he saw the storm that was coming on, and wished to retire to a more sheltered life; or whether, upright and conscientious as he had always been, he desired to devote the rest of his life to the service and honour of God, to which he was of course already specially bound by his ordination vows, we cannot tell: but it appears that Henry VI. specially interested himself in getting him appointed to the see of Bath and Wells. Thus he returned to live and die in his own county, after many busy years passed in court and political life, both at home and abroad. His consecration took place in the chapel of Eton College, thus, in his own person, forming a link between our two greatest scholastic foundations. He travelled leisurely on his way to the west, passing his living of Sutton and his birth and name-place, Bekington. It is remarkable that this is the only occasion on which any mention is made by any authority of the place of his birth.

From this time he seems to have devoted all his energies to his diocese and the improvement and adornment of his cathedral and cathedral city. He built the western cloister, over which are rooms, one of which is now used as a lecture-room for the students of the Theological College. One of the gatehouses leading to the cathedral, called "Penniless

Porch," was also built by him. His rebus—a flaming torch and a tun—with his initials, "T. B.," are carved in stone in a niche on the right-hand side of the gate facing the Cathedral Green; while his arms are on the west side, underneath those of his master, Henry VI. The row of houses on the north side, and the two lofty gatehouses at the east side of the market-place, were built by Bishop Beckyngton. The most prominent is the stately gatehouse leading to the palace. The arch is of fine workmanship, and in the centre are the bishop's arms and rebus.

In the palace gardens is St. Andrew's Well, and there the cathedral is mirrored so perfectly that the lovely shadow appears well-nigh as substantial as the reality. From this well he granted permission to the corporation and citizens of Wells to have a conduit, which he munificently built for them. It was supplied with water, conducted by pipes, from the well. The bishop's grant is to this effect: "To all faithful people in Christ, to whom this writing indented shall come, Thomas, by Divine permission Bishop of Bath and Wells, greeting, in Him who, for the gift of a cup of cold water, hath promised eternal life. Forasmuch as we know that some of ye faithful doubt not but that those things which we sow on earth, with regard to eternity, we shall be certain to gather in heaven with multiplied increase; and as we may express ourselves by copious handfulls, we therefore, Thomas de Beckyngton, by Divine permission the undeserving minister of the churches of Bath and Wells, most earnestly desiring, while time is allowed us upon earth, to labour for all people, but more especially for our nearest and most dear sons William Vowell, master, and the brethren and fellow-citizens

and burgesses of our city or borough of Wells, do grant to the said, &c., to have and to hold for ever, of the Bishop and his successors, one head for a water conduit, with troughs, pipes, and other necessary engines above and under ground, to be supplied from certain water within the precincts of our Palace, called St. Andrew's Well, by pipes of lead, twelve inches in circumference, &c.; the overplus, or waste water, to run night and day for the supply of the Bishop's mills." The said Vowell, the citizens and burgesses, binding themselves in return "to visit, once every year, the spot in Wells Cathedral where Bishop Thomas should be interred, and there pray for his soul and the souls of all the faithful deceased:" for which service the same prelate granted them an indulgence of forty days. Still down the streets of the quiet old cathedral city ripples the water from St. Andrew's Well, as it has flowed for more than four hundred years, and its gentle music should echo the praises of the good bishop.

Beckyngton's private letters are of great interest and value. He carried on a correspondence with the king's proctors or representatives at the Roman Court. Andrew Holes, who was proctor there for eight years, was regarded with great reverence by Beckyngton. Though educated both at the same school and college, Beckyngton was too much Holes' senior to have been very intimate in the few years they were at the university together; and it is an interesting evidence of the continued attachment of these two busy statesmen to their own college that its interests were not forgotten in the midst of grave business.

Among his correspondents was Biondo of Forti, Secretary

to the Pope, as Beckyngton was to the king. We find Beckyngton sending him a present of scarlet cloth. Biondo had written a work called "Historiarum Decades III. abinclinatione Imperii Romani." At Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, is the second volume of this work, beautifully written on vellum, in an Italian hand of the first half of the fifteenth century, commencing with the third book. In it is an account of a papal mission to Abyssinia. Much of the description of Ethiopia anticipates the discoveries of modern travellers.

The title-page exhibits, among other ornaments, Beckyngton's well-known device of the flaming beacon, which proves to demonstration that the volume was specially prepared for him.

Among other correspondents we find named, is the Abbot of Glastonbury Thomas Chandler, and William Millington.

In the "Anglia Sacra," pars. ii., pp. 357, 358, is a supposed conversation between two people, in which the following passage occurs:—"That most beautiful church which we discern at a distance, consecrated to St. Andrew, the most pious apostle of the Immortal God, contains the episcopal chair of a worthy priest. It has also adjoining to it an extensive palace, adorned with wonderful splendour, surrounded with flowing waters and crowned with a fine row of turreted walls, in which dwells the most dignified and learned prelate Thomas Beckyngton, the first of that name. This man has, by his sole industry and disbursement, raised the city to its present state of splendour; fortifying the church in the strongest manner with gates, towers, and walls, and building the palace in which he lives, with other edifices, in

the most sumptuous style; so that he not only merits to be called the founder, but more deservedly the grace and ornament of the Church." Thus the palace remained for nearly one hundred years, till the time of Bishop Barlow in 1548.

Fuller thus speaks of Bishop Beckyngton, in his "Worthies of Somerset": "He was a loyal Subject, kind Kinsman, and a good Master, bequeathing 5 pound a piece to his chief servants, and 5 marks a piece to his meaner servants, and 40 shillings a piece to his Boys. He was a Benefactor to Wells Church, Winchester, New, Merton, but chiefly Lincoln Colledge in Oxford, being little less than a second founder thereof. His will was confirmed under the broad seal of England." He was a most liberal benefactor to the churches of his own diocese.

He died in his palace at Wells on January 14, 1464, or 1465, and was buried in his own cathedral. His shrine was at the back of the choir; the canopy under which he lay, and which he had constructed for himself, projected into the choir, and during late restorations it was "unwarrantably removed to the chapel of St. Calixtus." It is much to be regretted that it should have been found necessary to interfere at all with the last resting-place of so distinguished a prelate. The monument consists of two stages. The recumbent figure of the bishop, in alabaster, rests upon a table slab, habited in the same way he had appointed to be buried. On a lower stage is an emaciated figure in a winding-sheet, the *memento mori* so much in favour at this period. The whole shows remains of colour. The ironwork enclosing the monument is decorated with small heads. It was to this chantry that the mayor and corporation of Wells used to

repair in solemn procession annually, in order to pray for the repose of the bishop, who had done so much for them and for their city. It seems a pity that so pious and graceful a custom should have been discontinued at the Reformation. Surely it might have been divested of what savoured of superstition. And a "gaude day" of loving remembrance of benefactors and saints might well be kept at Wells, where Ina and Athelm, and Elphege, the martyred archbishop, with Bishops Robert of Normandy and Joceline Trotman, Bishops Beckyngton and Bitton, and the saintly Confessor Ken, would all be remembered as in a bede-roll, when the men of Wells might meet together, and, in the glorious words of Jesus the son of Sirach, say, "Let us now praise famous men and our fathers that begat us. The Lord hath wrought great glory by them through His great power from the beginning—such as did bear rule in their kingdoms, men renowned for their power, giving counsel by their understanding, and declaring prophecies; leaders of the people by their counsels, and by their knowledge of learning meet for the people, wise and eloquent in their instruction. Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth for evermore."

AUTHORITIES.—Fuller; Sir Harris Nicholas; Memoirs of Thomas Beckyngton; Cassan's Lives of Bishops of Bath and Wells; Godwin's Lives of the Bishops; Anglia Sacra; The Tourist's Guide to Wells, &c.; Miss Strickland's Life of Margaret of Anjou.

THE LEGEND OF SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON.

(Lord Mayor in 1397, 1406, 1419.)

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THE old story of Whittington and his cat might long ago have been consigned to the limbo of forgotten myths,—and did actually exist in our younger days only in the books of fairy tales, which the youth of the present day are too well instructed to read or delight in,—but that happily there remained the stubborn fact that he was actually four times Lord Mayor of London, once to fill up an accidental vacancy, and three times by the actual voice and election of his fellow-citizens.

The old tale says that he was a poor boy born in Taunton Dene, in Somerset; and gladly, therefore, do we follow the ancient myth, and place him among our local worthies. A poor boy, without father or mother, flouted by his kindred, and half starved, was thrust out, or determined to make his own way in the world. He made up his mind, therefore, to go to London, whose streets, he was told, were paved with gold, and, having no clear notions with regard to political

economy, he conceived it only necessary to get there, and wealth would come of itself. He started on his journey. A benevolent waggoner gave him a lift, but rudely dispelled the poor boy's illusions by suggesting to him that if the streets were paved with gold, the gold would long ere this have been all picked up. However, once started, he did not care to turn back, and in due course—a long course in those days—arrived in the great city, where, cold, weary, and hungry, he laid himself down at the door of a rich merchant, a Mr. FitzWarrenne. This gentleman had compassion on him, took him into his house, and made him a scullion in his kitchen. The cook was a virago, and led him a weary life; but Mistress Alice, his master's daughter, befriended him, and on one occasion gave him the unexampled treasure of a penny. This penny he spent in purchasing himself a cat, for his garret was infested with rats and mice; and now, if he had little rest by day from the cook's tongue and arm, at night, at any rate, he would be in peace.

Then follows the tale of the founding of our hero's fortunes. Mr. FitzWarrenne was sending the ship, laden with merchandise, into foreign parts. The captain came for instructions. The kind-hearted merchant offered to all his servants permission to take part in his venture. Poor Dick had nothing but his cat: this he entrusted to the captain with many tears. Months passed away. The poor boy now had neither rest by day or night; for again his sleep was disturbed by the mice, and the cook, to her other persecutions, added sneers at his venture. Dick could bear it no longer: he ran away, carrying with him nothing but a small bundle of clothes, which he could honestly call his own; for

they had been earned by fair and honest work. He made his way as far as Highgate Hill. There, once more lonely and hungry, he sat himself down and burst into tears; and as he wept he heard the London bells ringing, with that sweet jangling note which still prevails at times when the turmoil of the city is hushed, and as he listened his sobs became quieted, and his tears flowed more gently, and the bells arranged themselves into measured words, and thus the sounds were borne to him—

> "Turn again, Whittington, turn again Whittington,
> Thrice Lord Mayor of London town."

'What," said he, jumping up, when he listened once more—but still the burden of the bells was the same, "Turn again, Whittington, turn again. "What," said he, "should I be sitting here snivelling like a coward if I am to be Lord Mayor of London not once, but three times? I will go back, and never mind the cook, but take what fortune God may send me." He was back again before the cook had had time to miss him; and if she scolded and cuffed him as before, what recked he while the refrain rang in his ears, "Turn again, Whittington, turn again"?

His patience was rewarded. It was not long after this that one day, while Whittington was hard at work slaving for his adversary, with a brush now and then flung at his head to quicken his movements, a message came to him from his master, that he was wanted in the office. There stood Mr. FitzWarrenne and the captain—he could not forget him who had robbed him of his only friend, his cat; no, not his only friend, for there too stood sweet Mistress Alice smiling

upon him. "Take a seat, Mr. Whittington," said the master. Could Dick believe his ears? His master, the great London merchant, condescending to make fun of him! He begged to be allowed to return to his work; and then he was told the wonderful news. Mr. FitzWarrenne explained to Dick how his venture had succeeded in the most wonderful and unheard-of manner, and how the Emperor of Morocco had sent him untold treasures in return for the treasure his cat had proved to him in ridding the country of the swarms of rats and mice which infested it and made their way into his own palace. He told him that now he (Dick) was a richer man than his master; and to increase his bewilderment, and yet testify to the truth of the story, bars of gold, bags of gold dust, packages of ivory, were brought in by the sailors and laid upon the floor, and he was told that it was all his.

We all know the end. Dick Whittington became a successful merchant, and married his master's daughter. Three times elected Lord Mayor of London, he feasted Henry V. and all his court at the Guildhall, and fed a fire, composed of logs of cedar-wood, with the king's bills, on which he had been raising money for his war with France, amounting to £60,000.

Here, then, legend and authentic history meet. We must give a short sketch of his real life, such as modern research has traced it. But first of all we are met by the assertion that Whittington was *not* born in Somerset, and that his life did *not* begin at Taunton Dene. His home was at Pauntley, in Gloucestershire; and the antiquary, Dr. Samuel Lysons, has made it perfectly plain that it was there his family was

settled. But Gloucestershire is *very* near to Somerset, so near that the town of Bristol belongs to both; and as tradition says he came from Somerset, it is very possible, and seems highly probable, that by some accident—such as happened to two other of our heroes, Sir Ralph Hopton and John Locke—he was born at some place other than his own home. He was the younger son of a second marriage; for his mother had been previously the wife of Sir Thomas de Berkeley. He may therefore have been crowded out of the household of an ancient though impoverished family, and, having run away from home, have started off to the metropolis on his own account; and we know how low a waif or stray in London may be reduced. We are quite willing to accept Messrs. Rice and Besant's explanation of the cat. It may well have been that some small venture with pet animal caused him to earn the first shilling or mark he was able to lay by, and so he may have considered it the foundation of his fortunes.

One thing is certain, that his vast wealth was honourably earned and nobly spent. In his lifetime he built St. Michael's Church, Paternoster Royal; in that church he was buried. Both church and monument were swept away by the great fire, and London has never found gratitude enough to erect a monument to its greatest citizen. He built a grand library, which he presented to the Grey Friars, and which is now the great hall of Christ's Hospital. £400, equal, at the very least, to £4,000 in the present day, he expended on books to fill it. He also founded, by will, a library at the Guildhall. The books were afterwards *borrowed* by that mighty thief, the Duke of Somerset, in Edward VI.'s reign. The

present magnificent Guildhall library is a new foundation. In his own life he was a benefactor to Rochester and Gloucester cathedrals. He provided drinking-fountains, and his executors rebuilt and enlarged Newgate prison, which, from its confined limits, was full of gaol fever. He put up almshouses, which have in our own day been removed; and most suitably found a resting-place at Highgate, the spot whence he heard the prophetic strains of the London bells. He established a college, where the clerks were to pray daily for the souls of Sir Richard Whittington, his wife Alice, and their parents. And mark the sweetness, as well as independence, of the man's nature. It was in the reign of the usurping King Henry IV. that this college was founded; but prayers were also commanded to be made for the soul of the king of his youth, Richard II., who, by his noble courage, had once saved London from destruction.

It is remarkable that his three mayoralties were in three different kings' reigns. In 1396 Adam Bamme was Lord Mayor, but he, dying in the year of his mayoralty, was succeeded by Richard Whittington, who was himself chosen mayor for the next year. This was in Richard II.'s reign. Then, in 1406, Henry IV. being king, he was chosen for the second or third time; and again in the reign of Henry V. he was mayor for the last time.

The name still remains in the descendants probably of his brothers; but of Dick and his wife, Alice FitzWarrenne, there was born no child, and so they made their county and the poor their heirs by benefactions made principally during their lifetime, to the Church for religious and secular teaching, and by other good works of piety and large-minded charity.

The legendary history has hitherto so obscured the actual, that their names have scarcely been honoured as they deserve.

AUTHORITIES.—Fairy and Legendary Tales; Stowe's Survey of London; Messrs. Rice and Besant's Life of Sir Richard Whittington.

THE LEGEND OF THE ABBOT OF MUCHELNEY

(Circa 1430)

Is a local tradition of an abbot who, in mediæval times, was married in secret to a fair lady. They were rudely parted at the altar, and he was hurried senseless to the abbey, of which in time he rose to be abbot. If of high birth and large possessions, he may have risen to that dignity when still young. The rest of the tale is told in a poem by the late Dean Alford, of Canterbury, who, though not a native of Somerset, was connected with it by family and other ties. It is too long to be given entirely, but so much of it as tells the story follows :—

THE ABBOT OF MUCHELNAYE.

DUODECAD THE SECOND.

I.

It is the solemn midnight, and the moon,
Hard by the zenith, holds her solemn state,
And yon flushed star will westward dip full soon
Behind the elms that gird the abbey gate.

There stair and hall are drear and desolate,
And even devotion doth her votaries spare,
Save the appointed ones, on Heaven that wait,
Wafting upon the hushed, unlistening air
Tu, Jesu, salva nos—their deep and night-long prayer.

II.

In low, flat lines the slumbering dew-mist broods
Along the reaches of the Parret stream,
And on the far-off vales and clustered woods
Dwells, like the hazy daylight of a dream;
Piled over which, the dusky mountains seem
As a new continent whose headlands sleep
Within his day's fair voyage, now doth deem
Some mariner, whose laden vessels creep
Across the dim white level of the severing deep.

III.

In the mid prospect, from its shadowy screen
Rises the abbey pile; each pinnacle
Distinct with purest light; save where, dark, grim,
The ivy-clusters round some buttress dwell,
The sharp and slender tracery varying well;
Perfect the group, and to poetic gaze
Like a fair palace, by the potent spell
Of old magician summoned from the haze
Some errant fairy knight to wilder with amaze.

IV.

But list! the pendant on the wicket latch
Hath rung its iron summons, and the sight
Through the uncertain shadowings may catch
A muffled figure, as of some lone wight
Belated in the flats this summer night,
And seeking refuge in the abbey near:
Again those strokes the slumbering band affright,
And cause the wakeful choir, in doubt and fear,
To pause amid their chaunt, and breathless bend to hear.

V.

Slow moves the porter, heavy with the load
Of age and sleep; some newly-happened ill,
Some wayside murder, doth his haste forbode;
And at the wicket come, he pauseth still,
And on his brow the icy drops distil;
Till a faint voice admission doth implore:
"Open, blest fathers, the night damps are chill;
So may your Abbot's holy aid restore
One whose life falters now at death's uncertain door."

VI.

The smaller wicket first he turns,
For caution and assurance; then as slow,
By the dim taper light that flickering burns,
Scans well the stranger, whether friend or foe;
Then, stooping, draws the massy bolt below,
Well satisfied that such a form as stands
Before him now no treachery can know,
Can bear no weapon in those trembling hands,
Nor be the wily scout of nightly prowling bands.

VII.

A holy woman, is it, who desires
Speech with the Abbot's reverence. "For fear
Of God in heaven, who each one's life requires
At each one's brother's hand, call thou him here,
Or point me where he rests, that I may clear
My soul of that wherewith I am in trust:
For she who sent me to her end is near;
And who shall make amendment, or be just,
When the pale eye hath mingled with its kindred dust?"

VIII.

"Sister—for by thy russet garb I guess
Thou art of yonder saintly company,
Whose frequent hymns our holy mother bless,
Borne thither from St. Mary's Priory—

Hard is it for one chilled with age like me
To do thine urgent bidding. Close behind
The landing of yon steep stair dwells he
Of whom thou speakest; sleep doth seldom bind
His eyelids: wakeful unto prayer thou shalt him find."

IX.

Up the strait stair the long-robed figure glides,
The while the aged man his taper's light
Trims, and with friendly voice the stranger guides,
Till the dark buttress hides her from his sight;
And then he peers abroad into the night,
Crossing himself for fear of aught unblest;
For sprites and fairies, when the moon is bright,
Weave their thin dances on the meadow's breast,
And sharp rays pierce the tombs and rouse the dead from rest.

X.

He looks not long; for down the stairs of stone
Footsteps are sounding, and from forth the pile
Passes the stranger, but now not alone.
"Here, brother Francis, let the keys awhile
Rest in my keeping: I will thee assoil
From aught that in my absence may befall;
So wilt thou spare thyself thy watch and toil,
For my return, my blessing guard ye all;
For I must forth when sorrow for my help doth call."

XI.

The Abbot speaks, and they two glide along
In the dim moonlight, till the meadow haze
Enwraps them from the sight, the trees among,
And down the winding of the gleamy ways,
They pass, and cross the Parret stream, ablaze
With flickering ripples; then they track the moon
Even till they reach St. Mary's Priory,
Ere which the dark-robed stranger goes before,
And without speech admits them through a lowly door.

XII.

It is an humble chamber, and a group
Of holy sisters, in their work of love,
Over some prostrate form are seen to stoop,
And in the feeble glimmering slowly move;
And now the Abbot sees, bending above
One stretched in anguish on the pavement there;
In wild unrest her white arms toss and rove;
On the dark floor is spread her tangled hair,
And with convulsive gasps she draws the sounding air.

XIII.

But see, she beckons, and he draweth near;
Again she beckons, and that sisterhood
Slowly retreats from what they may not hear;
The last is gone: and now, with life endued,
The Abbot's form that lady rose and viewed.
"Sir monk, I am not as I seem this hour!"
He trembles. "Nay, let no chill doubt intrude;
It is, it is thine own, thy bride, thy flower,
The highborn Lady Agnes of St. Dunstan's Tower!"

DUODECAD THE LAST.

I.

"Here is no place for greeting; fly afar
Before the absent sisterhood return.
In my well-sembled agony, yon star
I watched, whose westering rays now faintly burn—
It symbols forth my fate; and would'st thou learn
What bodes this meeting? Ere it dips below
The mountain range which thou canst just discern,
Safe refuge must be won; for as we go,
Shining it bodeth joy—but sunken tears and woe."

III.

But whither shall they fly? The night's high noon
Hath past, and she is faint and weary grown.
"Lady, the abbey gate is reached full soon;
There can I hide thee. In those towers of stone

Are secret chambers, known by me alone,
Where I can tend thee, while the coming day
Shall bring thee rest; then, when its light hath flown,
Mine be it in maturer thought to say
How we may shape our course to regions far away."

IV.

With hurried steps to gain those towers they press,
But ere they reached them, had that lady's sight
Not earthward dropped for very weariness,
She might have seen that clear symbolic light
First fainter wane, then vanish from the night.
The other marked its dying radiance well,
But he was one whom omens could not fright;
But, spite his better judgment, sooth to tell,
Faintness struck through his heart, and broke joy's rapturous spell.

V.

The abbot sitteth in his chamber lone,
And by him sits the lady of his love;
The crozier leans upon the fretted stone,
Swept by the sacred vestments from above.
He prayeth not, for he can never move
His fond eyes from that lovely lady's brow,
Whose downcast eyes seem gently to reprove
The scheme that riseth in their wishes now
To doff the saintly veil, and break the chartered vow.

VI.

They gaze upon each other earnestly,
Scarce daring to discover but in look
What each might read of in the other's eye:
Belike ye wonder what such question shook
The firm resolve that erst their spirits took.
In sooth God's laws were on them both; but yet
The first law in the heaven-descended book
Firmer than veil or chartered vow is set—
"Quos Deus junxit, homo ne quis separet."

VIII.

Long hours have flown, to wedded rapture given;
And now upon the dusk and dawning air,
Which murmurs, with its quick, shrill pulses riven,
The matin bell sounds forth, calling to prayer
The abbey brotherhood and hamlets near.
Then spoke the Abbot: "Part we for an hour;
Then follow me into a refuge near,
A hiding-place within this solid tower,
Known but to those who here have held the highest power."

IX.

He leadeth her a dark and narrow way
Along the windings of that hidden stair;
They might see nothing of the rising day
Until that he had brought his lady dear
Unto a chamber, rudely fashioned, near
The top roof of the abbey pile, and lit
By one small window, where the hour of prayer,
Secure from rude intrusion, she might sit
And watch the morning clouds along the landscape flit.

. . . . . .

X.

"Say ye she left Saint Mary's Priory
This night? Perchance she roameth in the glade
Or seeketh some lone cottage wearily.
Strict search for her in this our abbey made
Hath found no trace; each hiding-place displayed
Shows no such tenant; and our holy chief
Tells how he left her on your pavement laid,
What time she sunk exhausted by her grief,
After confession gave her prisoned woes relief."

. . . . . .

XI.

Past is all peril now—the search is done;
Past the spare meal, and spent the hour of prayer;
The holy men are snugly pent each one,
And quickly as the anxious lover dare

He seeks with throbbing heart that nest secure.
"Rejoice, my wedded love, my life, my fair!
Our way is straight, our course is safe as pure;
Our life of love and joy from disappointment sure."

XII.

He found her, as ye find some cherished bud
Of early primrose when the storm is past,
Crushed by the vexing of the tempest flood.
Prostrate and pale she lay; for Death had cast
His gorgon spell upon her. Thick and fast
The Abbot's bursting heart did upward beat.
Awhile benumbed he stood; Reason at last
Fled with the wild crash from her central seat,
And all his soul within him burned with maddening beat.

. . . . . .

XIII.

Three hundred years, above the tall elm wood
One ivied pinnacle hath signified
The place where once the abbey pile hath stood.
A hundred years before, the Abbot died
A man of many woes: one summertide
They found his coffin in the churchyard wall,
And when they forced the stony lid aside,
Gazed on his face beneath the mouldered pall,
Even as the spirit left it—pale and tear-worn all.

XIV.

And often down that dark and narrow way,
Along the winding of that hidden stair,
Sweeps a dim figure, as the rustics say,
And tracks the path even to the house of prayer.
What in the dusky night it doeth there
None may divine, nor its return have met;
Only upon the hushed and listening air
Strange words, as men pass by, are sounding yet—
"Quos Deus junxit, homo ne quis separet."

The Vicar of Muchelney, the Rev. S. O. Baker, kindly gives me the following information with regard to Dean Alford's ballad. He says: "It is an old legend here, but, I think, without foundation. There is a grange across the river Parret, about half a mile from the abbey. This is vulgarly supposed to have been a nunnery, and to have had subterranean communication with the abbey, the supposed passage being really a drain to the river. The small room or cupboard into which he put the nun was the entrance at the top of a staircase into an upper room. The stairs are removed, but the cupboard remains."

SEBASTIAN CABOT.

(1477–1557.)

—:o:—

AMONG our worthies there is no name that stands higher for sincere goodness and excellence of life, for wise and far-seeing views, for active and untiring enterprize, than the pious and estimable man whose name stands at the head of this paper. Of Italian extraction, it was from his Venetian origin and by inheritance from his father that his love of adventure and discovery was born. Nevertheless, Cabot was an Englishman, born at Bristol about the year 1477, and always clinging through life to the place of his birth.

When three years old he was taken by his father, John Cabot, to Venice, where he remained for some years, so causing a report that he was born there; but he preferred claiming his birthright as an Englishman, and in spite of Venice being his father's birthplace and the home of his early years, in spite of the high bribe that Spain offered for his services, he, like the notable character in *H.M.S. Pinafore*, "in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations, 'elected' to remain an Englishman." He made several voyages with his father before he was twenty, and

together they discovered Prima Vista or Newfoundland.[1] By them also, under the auspices of Henry VII., the continent of America was first seen, long before it was sighted by either Columbus or Amerigo Vespucci. The king fully entered into their enlightened views of colonization, and on the 5th of March, 1496, granted a patent to John Cabot, the father, and his three sons Louis, Sebastian, and Sancius, authorizing them to seek out whatsoever isles, countries, and provinces, which before this time were unknown to all Christians, and to set up the royal banner in every place, by them newly found. For in those times people took literally the words of Holy Writ, and it seemed to them that they were bound in as far possible to make "the kingdoms of this world the kingdoms of our Lord and His Christ."

Another voyage was made, but in neither of them, it is believed, did the ancient mariner, John Cabot, sail. Sebastian had the command in both expeditions, and sailed on his voyage of discovery from his native place, Bristol, which was then the second port in the kingdom. But when the eighth Henry mounted the throne, work that promised no quick return in money, that was neither showy nor splendid, was either stopped or coldly neglected. Cabot bore this for a time, but finding it hopeless to look for assistance in his voyages of discovery, he, at last, and reluctantly, transferred his services to the court of Spain, where he was

[1] Among the privy purse expenses of Henry VII. occurs: "To the man in reward who found the new Isle, £10." Upon which Miss Strickland remarks, "Scanty is the reward of the benefactors of the human race, while those of the destroyers are blazoned before all eyes."

highly esteemed, and the office of Pilot-Major was bestowed upon him.

In 1548 Cabot returned to England, a like office to that he had held in Spain being created for him. A pension was allotted to him by Edward, and he was consulted by him and his council on all subjects connected with maritime affairs. Cabot was loyal and honest to those he served. When voyaging under the flag of Spain, he visited South America and entered the Rio de la Plate. When he returned to England, he seems to have recognized that her mission was to the North. He therefore advised opening a trading intercourse with Russia, and his instructions for its conduct are remarkable for their courtesy, humanity, and true religious feeling, as they are for the soundest principles of wise statesmanship. In fact, he appears to have united in himself the best qualities of the Italian, the Spaniard, and the Englishman. With the keen intelligence and love of trade for which the Italians of the north coast were remarkable, he mingled the chivalry of Spain and the common-sense hardihood and energy of an Englishman.

It was during the latter part of the reign of Edward VI. that a company of merchants was formed for the discovery of unknown countries under the auspices of Sebastian Cabot. It was styled the "Mystery, Company, and Fellowship of Merchant Adventurers for the Discovery of Unknown Lands." Sir Hugh Willoughby was appointed to the command of this enterprize; he sailed with three ships. Two of them were hemmed in with ice, and the crews, with their commanders, were frozen to death. The third, which was commanded by Richard Chancellor, passing the North

Cape to the westward, sailed into the Bay of St. Nicholas on the White Sea, being the first European ship—it is believed—that had visited those parts. He landed at the Abbey of St. Nicholas near Archangel, and whilst there had an audience of the Czar, John Basilowitz, who very readily promoted the views of the English in establishing a trade with Russia. It also opened to the English the whole fishery of Spitzbergen, which was soon after undertaken.

In Cabot's instructions to those who were to trade in foreign parts, he gives the following excellent rules. He urges that "the inhabitants of the nations visited should not be provoked with disdain, laughing or contempt, but treated with all gentleness and curtesie," and that their own laws and rights should be respected; while with simple and affectionate earnestness he inculcates upon every sailor personal purity and remembrance of his oath, conscience, duty, and charge.

He was introduced to the Duke of Somerset, and by him presented to his nephew, the young king, who delighted in his conversation. He appears to have been the first who marked the variation of the compass; this he explained to the king, and instructed his sailors to watch for all scientific facts. His religion and morality were devoid of austerity, and we are told that when the *Search-thrift* was despatched for the North, "the good old gentleman, Master Cabotæ, gave to the poor most liberal alms, wishing them to pray for its good fortune; and then he made great cheer," says the captain. "For very joy that he had to see the towardness of our intended discovery, he entered into the dance itself, which being ended, he and his friends departed, most

gently commending us to the government of Almighty God."

Cabot died about 1557. Strangely enough, neither the time of his death nor the place of his burial are recorded; yet it is said, "On his death-bed his mind wandered again over the ocean he loved with most pure, and true, and faithful passion, and he spoke, in moments of wandering fancy, of a Divine revelation made unto him of a new and infallible method of finding the longitude, which he was not permitted to disclose to any mortal." And so passed away one of the noblest of the sea-kings of old, as adventurous, as wise; as courteous, as bold; as gentle, as daring; and no one knows where rests the mortal remains of him who first of all Europeans gazed on the mighty Western Continent.[1]

AUTHORITIES.—Mackenzie's Universal Biography; &c.

[1] It is remarkable that in the year 1884 the city of Archangel celebrated the tercentenary of its foundation by British traders, and tha the Russian newspapers have teemed with compliments to this country for the part it played three hundred years ago in laying open Russia for the first time to the civilized world, and giving her a port where she could carry on intercourse with Europe. Edward VI. was dying slowly when Cabot was introduced to him, but the project was not allowed to lapse. On Chancellor's return Queen Mary founded the Russian Company, whose object was to trade with the north of Russia. They built a factory first at Holmogory on the Dwina, but shifted their quarters in 1584 to Archangel.

TAUNTON AND ITS STORY

From A.D. 702.

—:o:—

"What ear so empty is that hath not heard the sound
Of Taunton's fruitful Dean, not matched by any ground."
DRAYTON.

EVERY town has its own story, and an interesting one it is sure to be, if not spoiled in the telling. As has been already pointed out, Somerset stands almost alone among the counties of England in having no universally received and undeniably acknowledged capital. Gradually, however, Taunton has increased in size and importance till in the present day it is generally recognized as the chief town in the county.

That the Romans occupied it in some sort is certain from the number of coins that have been found there; but as The Town upon the Tone it traces its existence to the times of Ina, who fortified it as the western defence of his ever-growing kingdom. When we talk of Ina's castle, we must not imagine some stately building such as the Normans built four hundred years later, but probably only a stockade with ditch and rampart of earth, yet sufficient to serve as a

defence when valiantly guarded. Here Ina, for a time at least, fixed his headquarters, and here he drew up and promulgated the code of laws by which the west county was governed till the time of Alfred.

The vale of Taunton Dene is one of the richest in all England. It has not, of course, the picturesqueness of mountainous districts, but it has a rich beauty of its own, with its green meadows, its fair orchards, its rich grazing districts, and its fields of waving corn. In the days of Ina there were probably thick forests in many parts, but now these are cleared, and well-cared and fruitful fields are bounded by hedgerows, while magnificent elms shade the roads whose sides they border, and make the raised pathways a sheltered walk. And now you may see the church towers thickly dotting the landscape, more stately than they were in Ina's days; yet Ina and his friend Aldhelm did much to promote church-building in our county. It is difficult to say which season of the year is the most beautiful, as the landscape changes its dress with every changing season. Is it when the fleeting beauty of the apple-blossom is the chief feature in the prospect, or when the gold-besprinkled meadows are full of red cattle, or when the apple-trees groan under their burden, and the corn is ripe, and the leaves are changing their colours; or when the hoar-frost glitters on the trees and the mistletoe is sought among the bare branches of the apple and the aspen trees?

In Ina's time Wessex was still striving with its numerous foes. On the west and north-west was Geraint's British Principality; on the north was Mercia striving hard with Wessex for priority among the kingdoms; on the east was

the small but fierce little state of Sussex; and Ina had to pass rapidly from one part of his kingdom to another to preserve his boundaries intact. Taunton, then, was his strong defence on the western frontier, though every town—nay, almost every village—had some building to which he resorted at times, and which was dignified by the name of a palace. It was in one of his necessary absences from Taunton that he left his faithful Queen Ethelburga in command. The record in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle reads quaintly enough: "722. This year Queen Ethelburga razed Taunton, which Ina had previously built, and Ealdbert the Exile departed into Surrey and Sussex, and Ina fought against the South Saxons." As the record stands, one would almost suppose Ethelburga to have been some perverse virago, who, as soon as her husband's back was turned, pulled down the defences he had carefully erected; but Ethelburga appears to have been a dutiful and devoted wife, and she had rightly great influence with her lord.

The fact seems that Ealdbert, a Saxon who had been banished by Ina, returned in his absence, seized the castle of Taunton, and warred against the queen. She overcame him, but, determined that the castle should never again be used against their own people, she destroyed and dismantled it, preferring to trust only to their unassisted arms. It was a kind of fortress that could easily be renewed if it was thought desirable.

In "Ina in Somerset," the artifice by which Ethelburga induced her husband to leave his kingdom and make a pilgrimage to Rome has been told. They had no son, and Ina's brother had died before him, so Ethelheard or Ethel-

ward, Ethelburga's brother, was chosen as his successor. But Ethelheard was neither so wise nor so fortunate as Ina. In one point, however, he resembled him: he had a wife, Fridogyd or Frithswitha, whose influence over him was very great, and she persuaded him to make a gift of the manor of Taunton to the church at Winchester. *Now*, such a gift would be clearly indefensible, but in those times in all the kingdom of Wessex there was no other bishop but that of Winchester, and it is possible that Frithswitha thought the surest way of providing for the safety of the town was by placing it under the special care of the Church.

This gift of Frithswitha, strange to say, through all the sub-divisions of the diocese, remained attached to the church at Winchester for eleven hundred years, with the single exception of one year during the Great Rebellion, when the church of Winchester sold it—probably by compulsion—but they redeemed it the following year; and so it remained till the Ecclesiastical Commissioners once again sold it for the redemption of the land tax in 1822, and thus severed for ever its connection with the see of Winchester.

The Bishops of Winchester did not neglect their western property, distant as it was, and William Giffard—a Norman—the first bishop appointed after the Conquest, built a castle at Taunton, as was the custom of these Norman bishops. Five brothers Giffard came over with the Conqueror, of whom this Bishop William was one. It must be remembered that then, and for many years afterwards, Winchester was the capital of the entire kingdom, having been the capital of Wessex, which gradually absorbed the other kingdoms; and it was only in course of time that

London—which had long been the chief port, and, from the time of the consecration of Edward the Confessor's Abbey at Westminster, was the place where the kings were hallowed, and in a great number of cases where they were buried—became recognized at last as the metropolis. What sort of a bishop William Giffard made I am not prepared to say, but that he was a man of great energy is certain, and he everywhere improved the property belonging to the see. The diocese then extended—and till very lately—from the Thames to the coast of France, including the Borough of Southwark and the Channel Islands, and from the borders of Sussex and Surrey to Devon. He built a magnificent palace at Bankside in Southwark, where he could attend to his parliamentary duties and yet reside in his own diocese; and he built, as I have before said, a Norman castle at Taunton, of probably far stouter materials than Ina's, so easily raised and razed. It is not wonderful, then, that under the shadow of Bishop Giffard's strong castle, which represented law and order, and with the fertile vale of Taunton as a granary, that a flourishing town grew up upon the banks of the Tone, and "Where should I be bore else than in Taunton Dene?" was—and perhaps still may be—a proverb among the peasantry.

Another episcopal benefactor to Taunton was Bishop Fox. He, with Morton, Bishop of Ely, had the chief hand in the scheme of dethroning Richard III., and, by the marriage of Henry Tudor with Elizabeth of York, putting an end to the wars of the Roses. He was rewarded by Henry VII. with large church preferment. His connection with Taunton was twofold. Having been translated from

Exeter to Bath and Wells, he, as bishop of that see, knew of course the wants and requirements of the principal towns; and when later translated from Bath and Wells to Durham, and from Durham to Winchester, he came into possession of the manor of Taunton, and there founded a grammar school for the town.[1] It is specially remarkable as anticipating by about a quarter of a century the foundation of grammar schools on the fall of, and in some cases by the spoils of, the monasteries. The connection of another bishop, who also was translated from Wells to Winchester, is not as honourable. Peter Mews made use of his connection with Taunton to assist in mowing down the poor peasants of Somerset in Monmouth's Rebellion.

The pride and glory of Taunton is the church of St. Mary Magdalen, which, with its magnificent tower and that of St. James, form a noticeable feature in the prospect as the traveller approaches the town. It was originally a chapelry dependent on the conventual church of the priory. The original appointment of the vicarage took place in 1308, in the second year of Edward II., under Walter Hazelshaw, first Dean, then Bishop, of Wells, who, upon information of the neglected state of the parish, appointed Anthony de Brading and Henry de Chanyngton, Archdeacon of Taunton, commissioners to inquire into the matter. Accordingly, Master Simon de Lynn was instituted as vicar. He was to be provided for and paid in kind, not in money. The provision was, however, ample. He was to receive twenty-one loaves of household bread a week; forty-two flagons of

[1] This grammar school has only just now been abolished, having lasted four centuries.

conventual ale; seven loaves of choice boulled flour, twenty-eight loaves of fine wheaten flour; seven flagons of brisk ale; fifteen marks of silver a year; six loads of hay a year; seven bushels of oats a week for his horse, and two shillings a year for shoeing his horse; and likewise all legacies bequeathed to him in the parish. It is noteworthy that with this handsome provision of bread and beer there is none whatever made for flesh meat. Was Master Simon a vegetarian, or did the fifteen marks of silver a year provide him and his household with sufficient meat, &c.?

The church is remarkable as having four aisles, two on each side of the nave. The tower was taken down, being insecure, in 1857, and rebuilt almost stone for stone. It is one of the finest of the many fine towers of Somerset.

The rebellion against the tax levied by Henry VII., under the pretence of defending the country against the King of Scots' invasion in favour of Perkin Warbeck, is a curious episode. It began in Cornwall, but was taken up by the people of Somerset. The Provost of Perin,[1] as he was called, who collected the taxes, fled first to Exeter before the fury of the rebels, and then took refuge in Taunton Castle; but he was dragged thence, and murdered. It is not necessary to repeat the story, which will be found in the sketch of Lord Daubeney's life. It is as well to note Henry's clemency: the leaders were punished, but the misguided people were allowed to go free. But Taunton was not yet clear from the disturbances which Perkin Warbeck's, *alias* the Young Duke of York's, attempt upon the crown caused. The rebellion which resulted from the collection of the obnoxious tax

[1] Hume.

seems to have given him the idea that the west county was in his favour; so, passing from Ireland, he came to Cornwall, and there three thousand joined his standard. He passed on to Exeter, but the people shut their gates against—as he now styled himself—Richard IV. He passed on to Taunton, hearing of the approach of Lord Daubeney with his army flushed with success, and of the general rising against him of the nobility and gentry of Devonshire. Though his troops here numbered seven thousand, he himself despaired of success, and, stealing away, took sanctuary at Beaulieu. Again Henry's clemency was exercised, and he pardoned the rank and file, only making examples of the leaders. The character and ill-success of this weak attempt much resembles that of the Duke of Monmouth just two hundred years later; but how different was the treatment by the sovereign. Yet Henry VII. is systematically abused as cold-hearted, cruel, &c., &c. Certainly the natives of the western counties are bound to defend his memory.

The later history of Taunton, as connected with public affairs, will be found in the story of the Great Rebellion as told in the lives of Lord Hopton and Blake, and again in the grievous tale of Monmouth's disastrous throw for a crown.

We cannot omit, however, the quaint little episode of the behaviour of George Newton, a native of Devonshire, but Vicar of Bishop's Lydeard, close to Taunton, when Charles I. issued the order in council recommending the Book of Sports, and permitting those who had attended church to pass the afternoon in wholesome and healthy amusements. The order was commanded to be read in the churches.

Naturally, all those of the clergy who leant towards Puritanism were highly indignant; but the Vicar of Bishop's Lydeard contrived to obey the command, and yet to manifest his strong disapproval of it. He read it, therefore, as he was commanded, but, opening his Bible, read also the twentieth chapter of Exodus. Then telling his congregation that the first was the commandment of men, the second those of God, he informed them that, as they happened to be contrary the one to the other, they were at liberty to choose which they liked best. How far the "scandalous revellings on the Lord's Day," objected to and petitioned against to the king in 1630, were the result of the Book of Sports, I cannot say; but it is difficult to avoid thinking that a game of cricket or bowls under the eye of the authorities on a Sunday afternoon would be far better, and less objectionable, than the drinking for hours in the alehouse or the gin-palace.

The election in Taunton borough was as democratic as the most ardent republican could wish; it was for years in the hands of the potwallers or pot-wallopers—*i.e.* every man who boils a pot, whether as occupier or lodger.

What else we have to say of Taunton will be found under the heads of the different subjects to which we have referred.

AUTHORITIES.—Anglo-Saxon Chronicle; Lives of Bishops of Winchester, Dr. Hook, &c.; Hume's History of England; Toulmin's History of Taunton; Oldfield's Borough History; and communications from Arthur Kinglake, Esq., of Taunton.

GILES LORD DAUBENEY AND THE CORNISH REBELLION.

(1497.)

KING INA'S PALACE AND SOUTH PETHERTON.

THE picturesque little town of South Petherton is built on the river Parret, from which indeed it derives its name. It possesses one of the finest relics of mediæval domestic architecture that we have remaining to us. Traditionally this is called King Ina's palace, and though not a single stone in it was there in King Ina's days, yet it evidently marks the spot where stood one of the residences of "the many-palaced Ina." No legend is connected with it, but its name bridges over a gulf of eight hundred years, and connects the times of that energetic and beneficent king with the times of Giles Lord Daubeney. Could King Ina's palace, even as it now stands, tell its tale, we should have a singularly interesting account of a family famous in their generation.

Robert de Todenei was standard-bearer to William the Conqueror. He accompanied him to England, and had grants of many manors. His son, William de Albini, was chamberlain, or butler as Camden calls him, to Henry I.

He eventually married his widow, Adeliza of Louvaine, and from them were descended the Howards, the Arundels, and the Dukes of Rutland. Their younger son, Ralph, was the ancestor of the Daubeneys, probably another form of De Albini. It was in the reign of Edward I. that the grandson of Ralph de Albini became possessed of the manor of South Petherton. The tomb of his great-grandson, Sir Giles Daubeney, with his two wives, is to be seen in the south transept of that church. "It is styled," says Mr. Morris, "the Chapel of our Lady." If so, it is a most unusual place for the Lady-chapel. The ordinary place for a Lady-chapel is, of course, at the back of the chancel, with the pathetic symbolic idea that after our Lord was taken down from the cross His head lay on His mother's lap. At Glastonbury and Durham the Lady-chapel is the entrance to the church. If there is any symbolism in that position, it would, of course, be such as we should be unable to sympathize with, as it would give the idea of approaching our Lord through His mother's intercession. But the position of that at South Petherton must be, I think, unique.

Sir Giles Daubeney's son William seems to have been altogether resident in South Petherton. It is therefore highly probable, if not a matter of actual certainty, that his son, Lord Daubeney, was born there. He was apparently a courtier from his youth, having been one of the esquires of the body to Edward IV. In 1483, however, his manors of South Petherton and Barrington were forfeited to the Crown on his attainder for complicity in the revolt of the Duke of Buckingham.

With Henry VII.'s reign his prosperity returned, and he

was literally loaded with favours by that king. It is not known whether he fought at Bosworth, but in the first year of Henry's reign he was created a baron by the title of Lord Daubeney. He had previously been appointed privy councillor, constable of Bristol Castle, and master of the mint, besides having many other honourable offices conferred upon him. In 1487 he was made Knight of the Garter, and the succeeding year appointed governor of Calais. In 1494 he was made justice itinerant of the king's forests south of the Trent, and in 1495 he was appointed lord chamberlain of the king's household in the room of Sir William Stanley, who was executed for treason, being, as Lord Bacon says, "a man of great sufficiency and valour, the more because he was gentle and moderate."

This favourite of fortune was something more than a mere courtier: he must have been a great soldier as well. To be the special and favoured councillor of so reserved and cautious a man as Henry VII. speaks well for his prudence. He was entrusted with the command of the English forces on the Continent, and so successful was he at this time, in action against the French at Dixmude and Nieuport in Flanders, and so stoutly did he defend his own fortress of Calais, that the baffled general who commanded the attacking party (the Lord Cordés, governor of Picardy) is credited by Bacon with having declared, in his impotent wrath, "that he would be content to lie in hell seven years, so he might win Calais from the English"—a mighty, if profane, testimony to the valour and conduct of the Somerset hero. This was in 1490, and he certainly commanded at Calais till the year 1492 and later.

But in 1497 we find him in England. It was in that year that the Cornish rebellion took place. That mysterious personage, Richard Duke of York, *alias* Perkin Warbeck, had persuaded James IV., King of Scotland, of the truth of his pretensions, and was engaged in an attempt to invade the north of England. Henry, who seized upon any and every pretext to raise money, imposed a tax for the purpose of raising troops to repel the invasion. The Cornish—whether from concealed love to the house of York, or merely, as they professed, from a dislike to the tax, which they were convinced was illegal, it is difficult to say—being persuaded by one Flammock, a lawyer, who assured them that the northern people were bound to defend themselves, and that it was only an excuse for fleecing the people, rose in rebellion, refused to pay the obnoxious impost, and under the guidance of Flammock, who was of an ancient and honourable family, and of Michael Joseph, a blacksmith, they marched towards London. From Bodmin, where the rebellion originated, they marched to Launceston, and carefully abstained from committing depredations on the property or injury to the persons of any excepting those connected with the collection of the abhorred tax. Their arms were chiefly bows and arrows, or pickaxes and tools used in their business. At Taunton they put to death a tax collector. At Wells they were joined by Lord Audley, a man of ancient family, but restless, vain, and intriguing. Him they made their general. They passed on into Kent, and encamped on Blackheath, where, being attacked by Lord Daubeney, after a severe conflict they were defeated with the loss of two thousand men, the loss on the king's side being three hundred. The

suppression of this revolt deserves mention, if only for the fact that none but the ringleaders were punished; the rank and file, numbering, some say, sixteen thousand, were dismissed to their homes. Lord Audley, in consideration of his rank, was beheaded on Tower Hill; Flammock and Joseph were hung, drawn, and quartered, according to the barbarous usage which obtained for some centuries later.

But the Cornish rebels, though they had been treated with such leniency, were either in that state of restlessness which will break out again and again with or without provocation, or because of their attachment to the house or York, in the autumn of the same year invited Perkin Warbeck, *alias* Richard Duke of York, into Cornwall. He landed at Whitsand, near Penzance, seized St. Michael's Mount, where he placed his wife, the Lady Catherine Gordon, for safety, and marched on Exeter. This he besieged for some days, and Henry desired Lord Daubeney to march to the relief of the city. But meanwhile the gentlemen of Devonshire had collected forces, and made so bold a front, that Perkin retired into Somerset. Here Lord Daubeney followed him, and Perkin, quitting his partizans in Taunton, retired to Beaulieu, in Hampshire. The king also himself came west with a small force; and at Taunton, Perkin, who had been persuaded to leave his sanctuary, surrendered himself to Henry.

Meanwhile Lord Daubeney was desired to go to St. Michael's Mount, and take charge of the Lady Catherine Gordon and escort her to London, where she was placed in the charge of Henry's queen till she married her second husband, Sir Matthew Cradock.

Probably in reward of these services, and also to head the force which was to overawe the two extreme western counties, Lord Daubeney was made constable of Taunton Castle, and in 1503 was holding the same post at Bridgewater. He died on May 28, 1507, and by his will bequeathed his body to be buried in Westminster Abbey, leaving lands to the value of £26 13s. 4d. yearly for perpetual masses to be said for his soul as well as for those of his father and mother—two to be sung in the church where he was buried, and the third in the church of South Petherton, where divers of his ancestors lay interred.

Henry, the son of Lord Daubeney, gained the perilous distinction of being a favourite of Henry VIII., who raised him a step in the peerage by making him Earl of Bridgewater in 1539, which, says Camden, was "the greatest honour that this place had." But this great earl, whose marriages connected him with the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Abergavenny, giving way to the prevailing folly of exhibiting his grandeur at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, did so impoverish himself that in his later years he retired to the little village of South Perrott, near Crewkerne, where he died, and was buried on the 12th day of April, 1548, at the age of fifty-four. So low had he fallen in his estate, that his funeral expenses were paid by his sister Cicely, wife of John Bourchier, Lord Fitzwarine, Earl of Bath, who then owned the manor of Wigborough. He is evidently one of those alluded to by Lord Abergavenny in Shakespeare's play of *Henry VIII.*, when, in speaking of the costliness of the pageant the Field of the Cloth of Gold, he says—

> "I do know
> Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
> By this so sickened their estates, that never
> Shall they abound as formerly." (Act i., scene 1.)

His honours died with him, as he left no son; but the descendants of his uncle, James Daubeney, now live at Cote, near Bristol, and at Wrington, in Somerset.

AUTHORITIES (almost exclusively).—Mr. Hugh Norris's South Petherton in the Olden Time. For the CORNISH REBELLION, Hitchin's History of Cornwall, edited by Samuel Drew.

JOHN HOOPER.

(A.D. 1495–1555; Bishop of Gloucester and Worcester, 1550–1555.)

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THE MARIAN PERSECUTION.

THAT Bishop Hooper was the one native of Somerset who suffered, though not in Somerset, during the Marian persecution is a strange fact, and this from no pusillanimity or want of faithfulness on the part of the people of Somerset, but because Gilbert Bourne, the gentle and pious Romish bishop of the diocese, though appointed by Mary, and holding to the old form of worship, yet would by no means permit any persecution within his diocese. Three persons were indeed brought before him for heresy, and convicted in his court, but he shielded them, and they did not suffer.

But Hooper, though a native of Somerset, was Bishop of Gloucester, and held also the episcopate of Worcester *in commendam*. He was a good and worthy man, but crotchety, and wanting in manly strength of mind. He enjoys the unenviable distinction of being, as Heylin says, "the first Nonconformist." All biographers agree that he was born in Somerset, but at what place in the county I have not discovered. He was educated at Merton College, Oxford,

and afterwards became a Cistercian monk at Gloucester. But not finding monastic life to his taste he returned to Oxford, where he became one of a small band who were ardent for reformation of the Church; but becoming obnoxious to the ruling powers by his outspoken and extreme views, he was banished the University.

For a time he was steward to Sir Thomas Arundel, who however, becoming alarmed at his reforming views, sent him to Bishop Gardiner of Winchester to reason with him —with no success. On the passing of the Six Acts, or Bloody Statute, Hooper went abroad, and there, in spite of his monastic vow, married a foreigner. It is perhaps a symptom of the man's nature, cold, harsh, and altogether wanting in imagination, that he could find no beauty in Switzerland, and describes Zurich as a "barren, sombre, and unpleasant country, rude and savage."

When Hooper returned to England he became chaplain to the Duke of Somerset, and a popular preacher. But whilst he was abroad he had been imbibing the Genevan doctrine, and the chastened sobriety of the English ritual seemed to him little better than Romanism. He spoke with contempt of the sacraments, and wanted further changes in the direction of foreign Protestantism. He was offered the bishopric of Gloucester; and, feeling as he did, he should have declined it, instead of which he tried to make terms. He refused to wear the vestments proper to his office, and objected to the clause in the oath of supremacy, "by God, *by the Saints*, and by the Holy Gospels." He argued against the appeal to the saints so ably, that Edward struck out the obnoxious words with his own hand.

But his objection to the vestments was not so easily got rid of. Cranmer refused to consecrate him unless he complied with ecclesiastical rules. Bucer and Peter Martyr, professors at Oxford, though foreign Protestants themselves, gave their opinion most strongly that, though they disapproved of the vestments, they were things absolutely indifferent, and that compliance was wise and lawful. In the letter of Bucer in which he gave this sensible and charitable counsel, he bears sad witness to the grievous state of the reformed Church, which in fact terribly needed reformation in things of far greater importance than the colour and cut of vestments, viz., "the sacrilegious invasions of the laity; that they seized and plundered the best preferments, gave two or three benefices to their stewards and huntsmen, but with reservation of part of the profits to themselves: thus they put such vicars upon the people, not those who were best qualified, but such as would engage upon the lowest terms, and afford the best bargains. The service of the Church was performed in such a cold, lame, and unintelligible manner, that the people were little better edified than if the office were said in the Phœnician or Indian language. Neither baptism nor marriage were celebrated with that gravity and solemnity the business required. Pastoral duties are lamentably neglected; there are no catechetical instructions, no private admonitions, no public censures of disorder. The people are promiscuously admitted to the privileges of communion, without any proof of being qualified either in faith or manners. 'They appear empty before the Lord,' and take little care of the poor at their religious assemblies."

This, and much more than this, Bucer affirms of the state of the Church in the reign of Edward VI.—or we should perhaps say in that of the Protector Somerset and his successor the Earl of Warwick, afterward Duke of Northumberland. But, in spite of the advice of his foreign friends, Hooper persisted in his objections. Why he did not refuse the bishopric altogether on the one hand, or why it was forced upon him on the other, is perfectly unintelligible; the strange fact remains that the Reformers now began to persecute one another, and Hooper, because he declined to wear the objectionable dress of a bishop—not yet being one—after being argued with, first by Ridley and then by Cranmer, was delivered over to the archbishop's care. He was first confined to his own house, and then sent to the Fleet prison for several months, and it has even been said that there was an idea of inflicting the penalty of death; and then his obstinacy gave way, for he discovered that it was not unlawful to make a compromise with his conscience, and so he consented to wear the bishop's robes when officiating in the presence of the king and on great occasions, but at other times he was to do as he pleased. He was therefore consecrated, but disgracefully consented to hold his episcopate during the king's pleasure. Heath, Bishop of Worcester, was now deprived, a man whose learning, piety, and gentleness were such that they are acknowledged even by so prejudiced a writer as Burnet. Originally one of the Reformers, he appears to have been alarmed at the outrageous lengths to which things were carried in the reign of Edward VI., and to have felt a reformation based upon plunder, sacrilege, and utter want of discipline and order

could not but be hopelessly wrong, and so he returned to the Romish party in the Church. Why it was that Latimer, who had been formerly Bishop of Worcester, was not reinstated when Heath was deprived, does not appear; unless his having formerly preached against the sin of sacrilege may have made the ruling powers believe that he would not be persuaded to alienate the revenues of the Church, as Bishops Barlow and Hooper were willing to do. Certain it is that Hooper was appointed to Worcester *in commendam* with Gloucester, but that he was not much the richer for his double preferment.

One is thankful to turn from all this unfavourable retrospect to the latter years of Bishop Hooper. From the time he really became a duly-appointed bishop of our Church he seems to have risen to his position. He laboured diligently in his two dioceses, and was rigid in the enforcement of discipline. His piety and hospitality were equally marked, and of his revenues he "pursed nothing; and in his palace was a daily dinner for so many poor people in succession; and he exercised a special superintendence over schools."

On the death of the young king he refused to acquiesce in the exaltation of Lady Jane Grey, and supported the claims of Queen Mary. He was, however, sent for to London, and, apparently principally on the excuse of his marriage, he was treated with great rigour. He was imprisoned in the Fleet, and thrown into a loathsome dungeon, which had a common sewer on one side and the Fleet Ditch on the other; and having no decent bedding till it was provided for him by sympathizing friends. After remaining in this place for seventeen months (where he became a martyr

to sciatica), he was brought before the Queen in Council, then taken to Winchester House, Bankside, and to St. Mary Overy's (now St. Saviour's) Church, in what is called the Lady-chapel of which, Gardiner held his Consistory Court. He went through the usual course of bullying and personal abuse which was then denominated an ecclesiastical trial, and was, of course, condemned. After being degraded by Bonner, he was sentenced to be executed at Gloucester, his own episcopal city. On his journey thither he was treated by the populace with great compassion, but when a stoppage was made at any place he passed his time in earnest devotion.

Sir Anthony Kingston, a former acquaintance, now one of the commissioners to superintend his martyrdom, entered his room while thus engaged. He looked at him earnestly, and then burst into tears. He entreated him to recant, urging him "that death is bitter, and life sweet." But Hooper answered: "I thank you for your friendly counsel, Master Kingston, though it is not quite so friendly as I could have wished it. True it is, that death is bitter and life is sweet; but pray, consider, that the death to come is more bitter, and the life to come more sweet."

Then Kingston, as he bade him farewell, bore a noble testimony to the faithfulness and efficacy of the good bishop's teaching. "Well then, my lord, I perceive that there is no remedy, and therefore I will take leave of you; thanking God that ever I knew you; for you were appointed to call me, being a lost child. I have been both a fornicator and an adulterer; but by your good instructions God hath brought me to forsake and detest these heinous iniquities." Hooper was deeply moved by this testimony to the effect of

his ministry, and prayed earnestly that his visitor might continue to the end of his life in habits worthy of a Christian.

He was then yielded up to the municipal authorities of Gloucester, who, though they received him affectionately and respectfully, proposed to lodge him for the night in the common gaol; but the soldiers who had conveyed him from London, and had been won by his mildness and tractable behaviour, offered to be answerable for his security for another night, rather than allow him to be deprived of such comforts as his present lodgings afforded.

His martyrdom was lengthened and painful, but apparently from ignorance and want of due precaution, rather than malice. The wood was not dry, the bags of gunpowder which were put about his person were wet. He bore all with a patient and heroic courage; his last act before the fire was kindled being to join with all the spectators in the Lord's Prayer. The voice of the people as they united in prayer was interrupted by sobs and groans from every quarter of the crowded area.

So died the sole Protestant martyr that Somerset yielded to those cruel times. The moroseness and crotchety perverseness which characterized him in early days seem entirely to have disappeared, and to have been succeeded by a sweetness and stedfastness that it would be presumptuous to praise.

AUTHORITIES.—Foxe's Martyrs; Dr. Hook's Ecclesiastical Biography; Mackenzie's Biographical Dictionary; Cunninghame's Lives of Celebrated Englishmen; Carwithen's History of the English Church.

The Paulets, Pawlets, or Poulletts, of Hinton St. George.

(From 1500–1665.)

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The Pawlet Hams on the Parret between Bridgewater and the sea is the richest grazing ground in the county. Out of it, like islands, rise knolls scattered about: among these are Brent Knoll and Pawlet. Here settled Hercules, lord of Tournon in Picardy in the reign of Henry I., and took his name from the place. From him was descended Sir John Paulet, who died in 1378, leaving two sons; the elder, Sir Thomas, being ancestor of the Earls Poulett. From the younger brother were descended the ducal house of Bolton, now extinct, and the Marquess of Winchester.

William Poulett, owner of this small lordship, was knighted by Henry VI. for his gallantry in the French wars. He married Elizabeth Deneband, heiress of Henton or Hinton St. George, not far from Crewkerne. His son, Sir Amyas Poulett, was knighted for his gallant behaviour at the battle of Newark-upon-Trent, June 16, 1487. He was High Sheriff of Somerset when Thomas Wolsey, the son of the Ipswich butcher, was vicar and schoolmaster of Limington, near Ilchester.[1]

[1] Not, as is often incorrectly stated, of Lymington in Hampshire.

The episode is a curious one, and consists of two scenes or chapters. We will call the first—

THOMAS WOLSEY, VICAR OF LIMINGTON.

Wolsey had made his way at Oxford by his extraordinary and early-developed abilities. At fifteen he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts, and was distinguished at the university by the title of the Boy Bachelor. He gained much reputa- at the university by his skill in logic and philosophy, as well as divinity. As to his knowledge in the latter, we are told he acquired it by reading the works of St. Thomas Aquinas.

He was elected Fellow of his college, and after taking his degree of Master of Arts, was appointed master of the school attached to the college of St. Mary Magdalen. At this time the Marquis of Dorset had three sons at the school, and he committed, not only their education, but the entire charge of them to Wolsey. When they had been some time under his tuition, the Marquis, sending for his sons to keep Christmas with him, invited their tutor to accompany them. Lord Dorset was so pleased with the progress his sons had made, that at his departure he presented him to the living of Limington, to which he was instituted on the 10th of October, 1500, being in the twenty-ninth year of his age, at which time also he was bursar of Magdalen College. Whilst at the university he is said to have cultivated an acquaintance with Erasmus, and to have assisted much in promoting the study of Greek.

Wolsey, having taken possession of his living, with the energy natural to him, immediately set about repairing and

beautifying both his church and parsonage; some of his work in the former of which still remains. The initials of his name can still be traced in the windows.

An incident, however, happened which made his position there very disagreeable to him. It appears that Wolsey, away from the restraints and etiquette of university life, joined more than was wise or dignified in the amusements of his parishioners. One day while taking part in some junketings at a fair, he was overcome by the strong Somersetshire cider, and occasioned some disturbance. Sir Amyas Poulett, who probably had the strong Puritan bias which was shown afterwards so decidedly by his grandson and namesake, was perhaps not averse to the humiliation of a tripping priest, and actually had him placed in the stocks at Ilchester[1] on a market day, a butt for the coarse ridicule of the common people.

After this we may suppose that Limington and its neighbourhood was not a pleasant place for Wolsey's residence, and so we find him not long after chaplain in the palace of Henry Dean, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Wolsey's personal connection with Somerset then ceased, till it was renewed by his holding Bath and Wells *in commendam* with several others.[2] But not so his connection with Sir Amyas Poulett, who was made to know that the

[1] Lopen is said by some to have been the place where Wolsey was placed in the stocks.

[2] Nor is Wolsey necessarily to be blamed as a pluralist. He was quite in favour of moderate reforms, and among other things wished for a redistribution of dioceses, and to utilize some of the monastic funds in creating new sees. But his great schemes were put an end to by his arrest and death.

man he had so humiliated was not generous enough to forego his revenge for the insult and disgrace to which he had been subjected, when he had the opportunity of retaliating.

CARDINAL WOLSEY AND SIR AMYAS POULETT.

Surrounded as he now was with pomp and dignity, the Cardinal Archbishop (of York) and Chancellor still remembered the affront that had been offered to the humble Vicar of Limington. He sent for Sir Amyas, and after a "severe expostulation" with him concerning the treatment which he had formerly received at his hands, he strictly enjoined him not to go out of town without his special license. For five or six years the knight was confined to the Temple, when he sought to mitigate Wolsey's resentment by adorning the gate-house next to the street with his arms, his hat, and other badges of distinction proper to him as cardinal. Whether this had the effect of pacifying the irate archbishop we cannot tell, but Sir Amyas was at last discharged. The whole affair seems to have been utterly arbitrary and illegal; but in those days of reckless shedding of blood Wolsey probably not only thought himself, but actually was, merciful in his vengeance.

It seems to have been this Sir Amyas Poulett who built Hinton House, and had every external stone fashioned in the shape of a nail's head, and at the same time built the wall which surrounds the fine park. Tradition says that it was done to provide work for the poor during an excep-

tionally cold season. He was succeeded by his grandson, who is chiefly remembered as the gaoler of Mary Stuart. He was at one time ambassador in Paris, and in his train went, as a youth, Francis Bacon.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS AND SIR AMYAS POULETT.

When at Mary's own most earnest desire she was removed from the custody of the Earl of Shrewsbury, she was for a time placed under the gentle care of Sir Ralph Sadler. His indulgence being known, Elizabeth sought a man of a severe and inflexible temper, and him she found in Sir Amyas Poulett.[1] His first act was to remove the canopy which signified her royal state, and the rest of his treatment of her corresponded to this.

But Sir Amyas Poulett, in spite of his being a stern Puritan, and thinking that Mary—for her real or supposed delinquencies, as a member of the Romish Church, a faithless wife if not a murderess—deserved severe treatment, was above all a Christian and a gentleman; and there are not many more noble things in English history than his

[1] Sir Amyas had been for some years governor of Jersey, and still held the office when he accepted the appointment of gaoler to Queen Mary. A letter of his is extant written in 1576 to the Lord Chamberlain, which curiously exemplifies the irregular communication that existed between England and her very nearest possessions before the use of steam. He writes concerning some red-legged partridges for which the Lord Chamberlain had asked, and states that his servant had lain by the waterside for ten weeks without being able to pass. Sir Amyas sent two dozen partridges at this time to the Lord Admiral and the Earl of Leicester.

reply to Walsingham and Davidson's shameful letter to him and to Sir Drue Drury.

The two letters which are subjoined show both the crooked policy of Elizabeth and Walsingham, and the noble truth of this gentleman of Somerset.

Walsingham and Davison to
Sir Amias Paulet and Sir Drue Drury.

February 1, 1586–7.

"After our hearty commendations, we find by a speech lately made by her Majesty that she doth note in you both a lack of that care and zeal for her service that she looked for at your hands, in that you have not, in all this time (of yourselves, without other provocation), found out some way of shortening the life of the Scots' Queen, considering the great peril she is hourly subject to, as long as the said Queen shall live; wherein, besides a kind of lack of love toward her, she wonders greatly that you have not that care of your own particular safeties, or rather the preservation of religion and the public good and prosperity of your country, that reason and policy commandeth, especially having so good warrant and ground for the satisfaction of your conscience towards God, and the discharge of your credit and reputation, which you have both so solemnly taken and vowed, especially the matter wherewith she standeth charged being so clearly and manifestly proved against her.

"And therefore she taketh it most unkindly that men, professing that love towards her that you do, should in a kind of sort, for lack of discharging your duties, cast the burden upon her, knowing, as you do, her indisposition to

shed blood, especially of one of that sex and quality, and so near her in blood as that Queen is.

"These respects we find do greatly trouble her Majesty, who, we assure you, hath sundry times protested, that if the regard of the danger of her good subjects and faithful servants did not more move her than her own peril, she would never be drawn to the shedding of blood.

"We thought it meet to acquaint you with these speeches, lately passed from her Majesty, referring the same to your good judgments. And so we commit you to the protection of the Almighty.

"Your most assured friends,

"FRA WALSINGHAM.

"WILL. DAVISON."

The answer to this precious document is in a different strain. It is as follows:—

Sir Amias Paulet to Secretary Walsingham.

"SIR,—Your letters of yesterday coming to my hands this present day, at five post meridian, I would not fail, according to your direction, to return my answer with all possible speed, which I shall deliver to you with great grief and bitterness of mind, in that I am so unhappy, as living to see this unhappy day, in which I am required by directions from my most gracious sovereign to do an act which God and the law forbiddeth.

"My goods and my life are at her Majesty's disposition, and I am ready to lose them the next morrow if it shall please her, acknowledging that I do hold them as of her

mere and most gracious favour, and do not desire to enjoy them but with her Highness's good liking. But God forbid I should make so foul a shipwreck of my conscience, or leave so great a blot to my poor posterity as to shed blood without law or warrant.

"Trusting that her Majesty of her accustomed clemency, and the rather by your good mediation, will take my answer in good part, as proceeding from one who never will be inferior to any Christian subject living in honour, love, and obedience towards his sovereign, and thus I commit you to the mercy of the Almighty.

"Your most assured poor friend,

"A. POWLET.

"*From Fotheringay, the 2nd of February*, 1586–7.

"P.S.—Your letters coming in the plural number seem to be meant to Sir Drue Drury as to myself, and yet because he is not named in them, neither the letter directed unto him, he forbeareth to make any particular answer, but subscribeth in heart to my opinion. D. DRURY."

It had been well for Davison had he followed the high-minded example of Sir Amias Poulett, but though, like Hubert, he could say,

"Here is your hand and seal for what I did,"

his readiness to oblige his mistress ruined him, and he proved an exception to our Lord's maxim that "The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light."

From Grainger's "Biographical History" we get this

further and more particular account of Sir Amias Poulett. He was descended from an ancient family in Picardy. In the 13th year of Queen Elizabeth he succeeded his father, Sir Hugh Poulett, in the government of the island of Jersey; and in the 18th year of the same reign was appointed ambassador to the court of France, which high office he discharged to the entire satisfaction of his royal mistress, who expressed her approbation of his conduct in a letter which she wrote to him from Greenwich, October 22, 1579. He lived upon terms of great intimacy and friendship with all the statesmen of his own period, and with many of the principal nobility of Elizabeth's court, several of whom in their private epistles to him have left ample testimonies of their esteem for his private worth, as well as of their approbation of his public conduct. In the 27th year of Elizabeth the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots was committed to his care; which painful office he discharged with the strictest honour and integrity.

In the 29th year of Elizabeth, Sir Amias was still in possession of the government, a member of the privy council, *custos rotulorum* of the county of Somerset, and one of the commissioners for the trial of the Queen of Scots. The year following, on the eve of St. George, he was sworn, at Greenwich, chancellor of the most noble Order of the Garter.

He married Margaret, the daughter and heiress of Anthony Hervey, of Columb John, in the county of Devon, Esq., by whom he had three sons and three daughters. He died in the year 1588, and was buried on the north side of the chancel in the church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, London,

where a handsome monument was erected to his memory, with his effigies carved in full length, lying in armour; but when that church was taken down and rebuilt, this monument was refused a place in it: upon which John, first Earl Poulett, caused it to be removed with his body into the church of Hinton St. George, where the latter was deposited in the vault of his ancestors. Several inscriptions appear on this monument—one, written in the old French language, exhibits his character in the most amiable colours; the Latin one is highly illustrative of his public and private faith, in allusion to his motto, "*Gardez la foi;*" and another, of four lines, over which are the initials of Queen Elizabeth, is an honourable testimony of that princess's friendship for him.

His eldest son, Sir Anthony Poulett, was, like his father and grandfather, governor of Jersey; and *his* eldest son, John Poulett, received King Charles the First, in 1625, in a royal progress made in the western counties, when, on the 14th of September, he slept at Hinton House. He was raised to the peerage in 1627 by the title of Baron Poulett of Hinton St. George. He took up arms in the royal cause, and was an active commander in the civil war. He married Elizabeth Ken, daughter and co-heiress of Christopher Ken, Esq., of Ken Court, in Somerset, thus allying himself to the family from which the saintly Bishop Ken was descended. By this marriage the Ken estate passed into the family of the Pouletts; William Ken, the immediate ancestor of the good bishop, being probably uncle to Lady Poulett.

Fuller dedicated his "History of the Holy Warse" to the

Hon. Edward Montague and Sir John Powlett, 1638. This must have been the second Lord Poulett, son of the above. The fourth John Lord Poulett was apparently in great favour at court in the time of Queen Anne. He was one of the commissioners for the union of Scotland with England. In the year 1706 he was created Viscount Hinton of Hinton St. George and Earl Poulett. The queen was godmother to one of his sons, and gave him her own name. Lord Anne Poulett was member for Bridgewater, and presented to the church of St Mary Magdalen, as an altar-piece, a descent from the Cross, taken in a prize during the French war.

A great part of the old family pictures belonging to Hinton House passed, in some mysterious way, into the hands of Lord Clarendon; who, after the Restoration, sold the protection which he offered to those who had been on the side of the Puritans for the spoil of their finest works of art. [1]

Lord Dartmouth says that Clarendon "undertook the protection of those who had plundered and sequestered others under the Commonwealth, and that in this way the property of the Cavaliers passed into his hands, while the right owners durst not claim them when they were in his possession. In my own remembrance," he says, "Earl Poulett was an humble petitioner to his sons, for leave to take a copy of his grandfather's and grandmother's pictures (whole lengths, drawn by Vandyke), that had been plundered from Hinton St. George: which was obtained with great difficulty, because it was thought that copies might lessen

[1] Cunninghame's "Lives of Eminent Englishmen."

the value of the originals." It is a grievous stain to remain on the character of such a man.[1]

When Monmouth's rebellion took place, Earl Poulett was a minor. Apparently the family took no part on either side; at any rate, they were not troubled in the evil days that followed.

The late Earl Poulett's three sons all died in his lifetime. The two elder sons, John and Vere, bore successively the title of Lord Hinton; the youngest, Amyas, an officer in the guards, succumbed to the cold and privations of the winter campaign in the Crimean war; and the property and title have passed to a cousin.

AUTHORITIES.—Burke's Peerage; Cunninghame's Lives; Grainger's Biography; Fuller's Worthies; Murray's Somerset; Miss Strickland's Life of Queen Elizabeth; Life of Cardinal Wolsey; Collinson's Somerset; &c., &c.

[1] Lady Theresa Lewis, in her "Lives of the Friends and Contemporaries of Lord Clarendon," does her best to exonerate her great ancestor from the obloquy which has fallen upon him for these acts; and with some success. Lord Clarendon desired to form a gallery of portraits of his contemporaries. This being known, all who wished to propitiate hastened to offer him what he required. Moreover, many of the Cavaliers had lost all their fortunes, and on their return had to sell even the portraits of their ancestors.

RICHARD EDWARDES.

(A.D. 1523–1566.)

—:o:—

Two years after Shakespeare was born, died one of those early dramatists and poets who preceded him, and in some degree prepared the way for him. Though one star died out of the firmament as another rose, Elizabeth's long reign included both, and she was in some sort the patron of each.

Richard Edwardes was a native of Somerset, but what was the exact place of his birth does not appear to be known. He must—one would suppose—have had birth, money, and friends able and willing to assist him, for he was educated at Oxford, being a scholar of Corpus Christi College and also senior student at Christ Church, then only recently founded; yet it is said that in early life he was in some department about the court. It seems probable, then, that he must have been in some way brought under the notice of Cardinal Wolsey (whose connection with Somerset as Vicar of Limington, and afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells, was spread over some years); and that, after being at Corpus, he was given some place about the court, where he attracted royal or ecclesiastical favour, and was then

presented with a studentship at Wolsey's new foundation—but this is mere conjecture.

In one of the very earliest collections of miscellaneous poems in our language, "The Paradise of Dainty Devices," several of Edwardes' poems are to be found; and in the British Museum is a small set of his poems, signed with his initials, addressed to some of the beauties of the court of Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth. He became a member of Lincoln's Inn, but was in the year 1561 constituted a gentleman of the Chapel Royal by Queen Elizabeth, and master of the singing boys there; he having studied music at Oxford under George Etheridge. It was customary in those days for the choir boys to act plays before the court, and he wrote several dramas for them. Of these we have now only the names of two, *Palamon and Arcite* and *Damon and Pythias*. "The latter was acted in 1564, but was probably written somewhat earlier. It is a tragi-comedy written in rhyme, and is full of all kinds of dramatic improprieties and absurdities, but contains some sweet and fanciful, though conceited poetry. Altogether it is a fair production for the time, and may be regarded as one step towards the perfection of the regular drama."[1] It was a great favourite at court.

His other play, *Palamon and Arcite*, written to entertain Elizabeth on a visit to Christ Church, Oxford, in 1566, was still more admired. Miss Strickland, in her "Life of Queen Elizabeth," gives a most lively description of her visit to Oxford to honour the Chancellor of the University—

[1] Introduction to "The Origin and Early History of the British Drama.'

her favourite, Leicester. There is also an account of the performance of the play. It was divided into two parts, the first half being performed on the 2nd of September, and the last part on the 4th. At the first performance so great was the crush that, in Stowe's quaint account, it "had such tragical success as was lamentable, three persons being killed by the fall of a wall and part of the staircase, on account of the over-pressure of the crowd: which the queen understanding was much concerned, and sent her own surgeons to help those who were now past remedy."

When the performance was over, the queen sent for Edwardes; spoke warmly of the gratification which the piece had given her; and not only thanked him for the pleasure she had received, but gave promises of more substantial reward; "and, before her whole court, condescended to prattle of the characters which had given her two nights' entertainment in the hall. 'By Palamon,' said her Majesty, 'I warrant he dallied not in love, being in love indeed. By Arcite, he was a right martial knight, having a swart countenance and a manly face. By Trecotio, God's pity, what a knave it is! By Pirithous, his throwing St. Edward's rich cloak into the funeral fire, which a stander by would have stayed by the arm with an oath.'"[1]

This circumstance appears to have amused Elizabeth exceedingly. She probably detected the absurdity of a pagan knight of the court of Theseus being in possession of the cloak of the royal Saxon saint. In those days it was not considered decorous for women to act, and the part of the fair Emilia was taken by a boy of fourteen, who was arrayed

[1] Anthony A. Wood.

in a dress which had belonged to the late Queen Mary; and in the wardrobe books of Elizabeth it appears that part of this dress was abstracted: "at what time there was lost one fore quarter of a gown, without sleeves, of purple velvet with satin ground." Probably Queen Elizabeth had not been acquainted with this fact when she made the unprecedently generous gift of eight pounds in gold to this youth.

This probably was the proudest day of Edwardes' life. He did not live long enough to test the value of Elizabeth's promises, for in two months his earthly career had closed.

Twine designates Edwardes as "The flower of our realme and Phœnix of our age," and refers to his plays as "full fit for Princes' ears."

Puttenham also gives the palm to Edwardes for comedy and interlude, for he was a contriver of masques and a composer of music and poetry. "In a word," says Warton, "he united all those arts and accomplishments which minister to popular pleasantry. He was the first fiddle, the most fashionable sonnetier, the readiest rhymer, and the most fashionable mimic of the court; and his popularity seems to have arisen from those pleasing arts, of which no specimens could be transmitted to posterity, but which influenced his contemporaries in his favour."

Edwardes is known to musicians by the charming part song, "In going to my lonely bed." Many others of his part songs and anthems are preserved in the music book of Thomas Mulliner, an inedited MS. in the possession of Dr. Rimbault, member of the Royal Academy of Music in Stockholm, and musical examiner to the Royal College of Preceptors, London. In Harrington's "Nugœ Antiquæ"

are some verses of Edwardes' on *seven*[1] maid: of the queen. We subjoin this as a specimen c *societé* of those days :—

I.

" Howard is not haughty,
But of such smiling cheer,
That would allure each gentle heart
Her love to hold full dear.

II.

Dacres is not dangerous,
Her talk is nothing coy;
Her noble stature may compare
With Hector's wife of Troy.

III.

Baynam is as beautiful
As nature can devise:
Steadfastness posses her heart,
And chastity her eyes.

IV.

Arundel is ancient
In these her tender years;
In heart, in voice, in talk, in deeds,
A matron wise appears.

V.

Dormer is a darling
Of such a lively hue,
That whoso feeds his eyes on her
May soon her beauty rue.

VI.

Coke is comely, and thereto
In books sets all her care;
In learning with the Roman dames
Of right she may compare.

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[1] Strangely, each authority says *eight*; but though th stanzas, the last is simply a summing up of the whole.

VII.

Bridges is a blessed wight,
And prayeth with heart and voice,
Which from her cradle has been taught
In virtue to rejoice.

VIII.

These *eight* (?) now serve one noble Queen;
But if powers were in me,
For beauty's praise and virtue's sake
Each one a Queen should be."

AUTHORITIES.—Harrington's Nugœ Antiquæ; Miss Strickland's Lives of the Queens; Mackenzie's Universal Biography; British Dramatists; Keltie; &c.

Lord Chief Justice Pop

(1531–1607.)

—:o:—

Sir John Popham was born at Wellington, in Sc
the year 1531, the same place from which the g
took his title. He was of gentle blood, being yo
of a family which dated from Saxon times, but hac
generations been entitled to bear arms, and which
settled in a small estate at Huntworth, in the sam
While a child he was stolen by gipsies, and rem
them some months. He was branded by them
cabalistic mark, which he carried with him to his g
his constitution, which before was sickly, was str
by the wandering life he led, and he grew up a ma
ordinary stature and activity of body.

When of sufficient age he was sent to Balio
Oxford. Here he was studious, and well beloved.
in a good stock of classical learning and of dogmatic
but when removed to the Middle Temple he got
company, and utterly neglected his judicial studie
asked by a friend to go to Westminster Hall to h
argued by great lawyers, he declared that "he

a bear-baiting in Alsatia." But his superabundant animal energy was not content with the ordinary haunts of dissipation; for it appears, on undoubted testimony, that he frequently sallied forth at night from a hostel in Southwark with a band of desperate characters, and, placing themselves in ambush on Shooter's Hill, they stopped travellers, and took from them not only their money, but any valuable commodities they carried with them, boasting that they were always civil and generous. It must be remembered that this calling was by no means so discreditable as it became afterwards. As late as during Popham's youth there was a statute made by which, on a first conviction of robbery, a peer of the realm or lord of parliament was entitled to benefit of clergy, *though he could not read.* The extraordinary and almost incredible circumstance is that Popham continued these courses after he had been called to the bar, and when, being of mature age, he was respectably married. A sudden change was at last wrought by his wife's unhappiness and the birth of his child.

Aubrey tells us how he spoke to his wife to provide a good entertainment for his comrades, to take leave of them, and after that day fell extremely hard to his studies, and profited exceedingly. One cannot help believing that Shakespeare's account of Prince Hal's (afterwards Henry V.) irregularities, which are known to have been grossly exaggerated, if not wholly imaginary, may have been taken from Sir John Popham's career, which was actually being enacted in Southwark about the same time that Shakespeare was writing and acting there.

How he contrived to redeem the time so lost we cannot even conjecture, but certain it is that he became a consummate lawyer, and was allowed to be so by Coke, who sneered at all his contemporaries.

At first, probably to avoid all chance of meeting his old associates, he took entirely to the civil practice. At the feast he gave when he became Serjeant Popham he produced some rare old Gascony wine, which the wags reported was intercepted one night as it was coming from Southampton, and destined for the cellar of an alderman.

His credit so increased, that Elizabeth wished he should enter her service. Accordingly, when Sir Thomas Bromley was promoted to be lord chancellor, Popham succeeded him as solicitor-general. By the blue book returns of the members who have served in parliament it appears that in 1572 he sat for the city of Bristol, being recorder of that city, and in 1581 (so says Lord Campbell) he was appointed Speaker.[1] He must have been appointed, therefore, in the course of the parliament which had by that time sat nine years. When he appeared before the queen for the approval of the nation's choice, and to demand liberty of speech for the Commons and their ancient privileges, she gave him an admonition "to see to it, that they did not deal or intermeddle with any matters touching her person or estate, or Church or Government!"

[1] It is rather curious that in 1449 there was also a Sir John Popham Speaker of the House of Commons. He was member for the county of Southampton (Hampshire). But apparently he did not hold the dignity for long, as he pleaded old age and infirmity, and the excuse was admitted. Whether he was one of the Somersetshire Pophams I do not know.

The first motion made, after Popham was appointed Speaker, was for a public fast, "so that with the service and worship of God they might prosper in their consultations." The motion was carried by a majority of one hundred and fifteen to one hundred. The queen was highly incensed at this, which she considered an encroachment on her prerogative as "head of the Church," and rated Popham soundly for presuming to put the question. Serjeant Popham was possessed of the subtle and indefinable gift of humour, if the following story, which is found in "The Mirror," be true:—During a barren session of parliament he was summoned one day by the queen, who said to him: "Now, Mr. Speaker, what has *passed* in the house?" He answered: "May it please your majesty, eleven weeks." At the end of the session of 1581 he prays the queen to have a vigilant and provident care of her safety against the malicious attempts of mighty foreign enemies abroad and the traitorous practices of most unnatural, disobedient subjects at home.

This was Popham's last speech in the House. He soon succeeded to the office of attorney-general, and conducted the State trials, notably those of Babington's conspiracy. He was present at the trial of Mary Queen of Scots at Fotheringay, though he took no part; again also in the case of the unfortunate Secretary Davison.

He was at last raised to the office of lord chief justice. During the mad attempt of Essex, his life was in some danger, and for a time it was saved by Essex himself, who rescued him and the lord keeper from the mob, and locked them up in a dungeon. When offered his liberty on condition that

the lord keeper be left behind, he refused, and
they were both set free at the news of Essex's
the trial he did his best for Essex, and reco
pardon, which would have been given had the
light.

On the death of Elizabeth, Sir John Poph
acknowledged James I. as her lawful heir. I
ning of the new reign he had to take exemplar
on thieves and others. He presided at the trial
Raleigh, and endeavoured to moderate the fierc
of Coke. Guy Fawkes also was tried before hi
appearance on a trial of any importance wa
Garnet, the superior of the Jesuits.

He died on the 1st of June, 1607, in the se
year of his age. According to the directions
he was buried at Wellington, and in the chu
a fine monument to his memory. He is repre
his wife by his side, in a judge's dress of the
is stated to have been a benefactor to the town.

Sir John Popham published a volume of re
decisions while chief justice. It was originall
French.

AUTHORITIES.—Principally Lord Campbell's
Chief Justices.

THE LAST DAYS OF GLASTONBURY.

(Abbot Whiting, 1534-1539.)

—:o:—

"O three times favoured isle, where is that place that might
Be with thyself compared for glory and delight,
Whilst Glastonbury stood? exalted to that pride,
Whose monastery seem'd all other to deride.
O who thy ruin sees, whom wonder doth not fill
With our great fathers' pomp, devotion, and their skill?
Thou more than mortal power (this judgment rightly weigh'd)
Then present to assist, at this foundation lay'd,
On whom for this sad waste should justice lay the crime?
Is there a power in fate, or doth it yield to time?
Or was their error such, that thou could'st not protect
Those buildings which thy hand did with their zeal erect?
To whom didst thou commit that monument to keep,
That suffereth with the dead their memory to sleep?
When not great Arthur's tomb, nor holy Joseph's grave,
From sacrilege had power their sacred bones to save;
He who that God in man to his sepulchre brought,
Or he which for the faith twelve famous battles fought.
What, did so many kings do honour to that place,
For avarice at last so vilely to deface?
For reverence, to that seat which had ascribed been,
Trees yet in winter bloom, and bear their summer's green?"

DRAYTON'S *Polyolbion.*

SKETCHES of events that have occurred at, or of persons connected with, Glastonbury are scattered through our pages: the legends of Joseph of Arimathea and King Arthur; its foundation as a monastery by King Ina; again, the legendary history of St. Neot and King Alfred; its fame

in the days of Dunstan and King Edgar; th
rule of Thurstan, with its magnificent revival
of Henry of Blois; the finding of Arthur, and
Edward I., have all been recounted or allud
connected history has been attempted, but the g
did may be understood by the fact that seven
of Canterbury—some say eight—and twenty-
were drawn from that monastery alone in Saxon
give an exhaustive history of Glastonbury woul
volume, perhaps volumes. It has been only a
describe some of the most picturesque incident
with it.

Passing over much of interesting matter, then,
its "last days." One consolation there is—it fell
The last abbot was worthy of his high position.
may have been, because of the sins of other so
even its bitterest enemies could find in Glast
fault at all." It fell a victim to the ruthless
greedy avarice, the insatiable grasping, of "Bluff
It is a matter of congratulation that his line expi
children. But for Abbot Whiting, his record
memory unsullied. He was a worthy successor
illustrious of his predecessors, and sooner than
trust, he yielded himself a victim to the tyrant, v
called a traitor rather than to *be* one.

It was in 1533 that Henry VIII. gave to h
John Leland, fellow of All Soul's College, Oxfor
and title of Antiquary Royal. He was the first
and the last. By virtue of the Royal Commi
which he acted, he visited the libraries and ch

curious pieces of antiquity. Did he know what he was doing, or to what he was leading the way? Even if, as is probable, he had no guess of the king's intentions, he was not guiltless; for he himself began the work of spoliation. Finding in Bath Abbey a valuable work on papal synods, he transferred it to the royal library. Of Wells he speaks with enthusiasm, of "the splendour of the library, and the immense treasures of venerable antiquity which it contained;" but of Glastonbury he writes even more enthusiastically. "Some years ago," he says, "I was at Glastonbury, where is an abbey at once the most ancient and the most famous in all our island, and by the favour of Richard Whiting, abbot of the place, refreshed my mind after its fatigue from long and laborious studies, till some new ardour for reading and learning should inflame me. This ardour came sooner than I expected. I therefore went immediately to the library, which was not accessible to everybody, that there I might carefully turn over those remains of very sacred antiquity which are there in such numbers as are hardly to be found elsewhere in Britain. But scarcely had I entered the room, when even the view alone of the very ancient books threw a religious awe over my mind, or rather raised up a wild astonishment in it; and I therefore stopped short awhile. Then, after a salutation to the genius of the room, for some days I ransacked the shelves with great curiosity."[1]

[1] Whitaker, quoting this passage in his history of the cathedral of Cornwall, adds: "This is the finest compliment that ever yet was paid to a library by a man of genius and learning, nor could either the Bodleian or the Vatican ever receive a finer than what is thus paid to a library merely monastic."

How far, as we before said, Leland's mission was intended by the king to serve as an inventory of the priceless treasures contained in the abbeys and monasteries, how far Leland himself was aware of the spoliation contemplated, can never be known; but thus much we *do* know, that, worn out, as it was said, by toil and study, but, to my mind, far more likely, horrified at the sacrilege and destruction to which he had been, as it may be hoped, an unconscious accessory, "he was seized with a phrenzy," in which state he continued to his death in 1552.

It was in 1533 that Leland received his commission. His tour of inspection took six years, and so eager was the tyrant for the spoil, that in 1539, the very year it was completed, the crash came. The destruction of the lesser monasteries had but whetted the tyrant's appetite for more; and with his avarice grew his cruelty, and, like the heathen Danes, he demanded "gold or blood." He had both. There is no need to palliate the errors and disorders that had crept into religious houses. A searching reform was no doubt required; such corruption is inherent in all human institutions. But all the best authorities are agreed that the state of the monasteries was grossly exaggerated. Yet this fact—I mean the shameless falsification and wholesale fabrication in the reports—makes it the more extraordinary that with regard to Glastonbury the king's commissioners could find no word of blame to utter.

The buildings of Glastonbury Abbey were at this time (in the year 1539) in their full beauty and perfection. Abbot after abbot had lavished sums on its adornment and improvement; each one endeavoured to impress some new feature upon it,

that his name might be associated with its magnificence. In 1234 we read of Michael of Ambresbury, who left the monastery clear of debt and the land well tilled; of John of Taunton (1274), who entertained King Edward and Queen Eleanor at his own expense. He *built many noble structures*, gave books to the library and vestments to the Church. John de Kancia, or Kent (1291), bestowed many rich vessels and vestments upon the Church of Glastonbury. Geoffrey Fromond, 1303: in his time the Magna Ecclesia, begun one hundred and thirteen years before, was dedicated; he gave an immense number of ornaments to it. Walter de Taunton gave the choir screen, and set up the rood with the figure of our Lord upon it and Mary and John on each side. He also, among other rich presents, gave books to the library. Adam de Sodbury (1322) vaulted nearly all the nave, and ornamented it with splendid painting. He gave the great clock, which was constructed by Peter Lightfoot, a monk, formerly kept since the destruction of the abbey in Wells Cathedral, now transferred to the Kensington Museum, the oldest clock that exists in Europe; also organs of wondrous magnitude. He cast eleven great bells, six of which he hung in the church tower. He endowed the Lady-chapel with four additional priests. John Brunton built a beautiful hall, with kitchen and other edifices. He finished the abbot's great hall at the expense of £1000. He began the abbot's chapel, having provided glass and timber for it. He raised the foundation of the long gallery adjoining the abbot's apartments, &c. Abbot Walter Monington (1341) vaulted the choir and presbytery, besides lengthening the latter by two arches. John Chinnock (1374) finished what his prede-

cessors had begun : built the cloister, dormitory, and chapter-house begun by Abbot Fromond.

We are drawing near the end. Abbot Beere (1494) was the last abbot but one. Leland tells us how "he buildid Edgare's Chapel at the east end of the Chirch—but Abbot Whyting performed some part of it. Bere Archid on bothe sides of the est part of the Chirch that began to cast out. Bere made the Volte o' the Steple in the Transepte, and under 2 Arches like St. Andres crosse els it had fallen.[1] Bere made a rich Altare of sylver and gilt, and set it up before the high Altare. Bere, cumming out of his Ambassadrie out of Italie, made a chapel of our Lady of Loretto, joining to the north side of the body of the Church. He made the Chapelle of the Sepulchre in the south end Mavis Eccl : whereby he is buried sub marmore yn the south Aisle of the bodies of the Church."

The nave of the Great Church, from St. Joseph's (or St. Mary's) Chapel to the cross, was 220 feet long ; the choir 155 feet long ; each transept 45 feet long ; the tower 45 feet in breadth. Under the body of the church were three large vaults, supported by two rows of massive pillars, in which lay entombed the remains of the most illustrious personages.

But linger as one may with a sort of pious dread of arriving at the ruthless act which was to put a final close to all this loving rivalry in good works, it can no longer be delayed. Henry had scattered to the winds the hoards that his father had accumulated, and in the dissolution of the monasteries he saw a means of replenishing his empty

[1] These arches would be similar to the inverted arches at Wells, which are said to form a St. Andrew's cross.

coffers; and Glastonbury, in spite of its sacred associations, dating back to the time when our Lord had only just quitted the earth, and connected as it was with the solemn event of His death and burial by the sacred legend of Avalon, Glastonbury was specially doomed on account of its great wealth, in spite of the good work of education carried on down to its last moments, in spite also of the kings and princes, bishops and warriors, who were there entombed, making it at once the Eton and the Westminster Abbey of early mediæval times.

It was in 1524 that Abbot Beere died, and the monastic chapter, whether to propitiate the great minister, or, it may be, because they were unable to agree among themselves, or whatever may have been the reason, agreed to place the election of their new head in the hands of Cardinal Wolsey. One of the most cherished privileges of the abbey was that their abbot should always be elected from their own body; nor did Wolsey depart from this custom. Those with whom the election lay met at York House (the Cardinal's town house) on the 23rd of March, A.D. 1524, and he there selected their camerarius, or chamberlain, Richard Whiting, and the election was immediately confirmed by the chapter. He was probably, being a mitred abbot, consecrated by Wolsey in London, and then returned with all ecclesiastical pomp to Glastonbury.

Let us endeavour to recall in imagination the day of Abbot Whiting's return to the home of so many years, of which he was now father and chief. It was in the sweet spring-time of the year 1524. He travelled, we may suppose, as became his state, with a gallant cavalcade, and was

hospitably and honourably received and welcomed at the various abbeys and religious houses where they made pauses for rest and refreshment. As he neared his native county he would see the orchards in their first flush of beauty, with their delicate pink and white blossoms, while the hedges were glowing with the lovely tints of the fair spring flowers, the primrose and the violet and the wild anemone, with a snowdrop lingering here and there, and now and then a wild hyacinth or bluebell peeping forth in a sunny corner. Lovely as the Somerset lanes are at all seasons of the year, at no time are they so charming as in the early spring. As the foremost horseman's feet touched the remotest confines of the widespread abbey lands, the watcher from the nearest village church which owned the abbot's sway proclaimed the fact, and out burst the joyous peal; steeple after steeple caught up the strain, till the joyful clamour reached the abbey itself, and then Adam de Sodbury's glorious peal burst forth to give their glad welcome, and as their musical chime rose and fell on the breeze, the tenants and retainers of the abbey came forth to welcome their new lord abbot, and swell the train as the procession passed on. No sooner did he enter the home farm, or precincts, than his monks—no longer fatherless—were ready with their joyous greeting to receive him with filial love and respect; and as, first of all, he passed to the glorious Magna Ecclesia, entering through the grand Galilee or porch of St. Joseph's Chapel, to give thanks and praise, he was met by the white-robed choir. As the feet of the youngest chorister touched the threshold, the bells stopped their joyful clamour, and the pealing organ took up the strain, while the sweet treble

voices of the boys, strengthened by the deeper notes of the monks, poured forth the exultant psalm. It may have been the *Levavi oculos*[1] they sang, or the *Lætatus sum*,[2] or the *Laudate nomen*,[3] as, passing on, up through the immense length of 580 feet, he was installed in his abbot's chair. Then, by the whole vast assembly, the *Te Deum* was sung, after which every monk, from the prior to the meanest lay-brother, took the vow of obedience to his superior, his father-in-God; and all the while around them were the silent watchers, the figures of saints and angels, and the memorials of those who had preceded him in his high office, with the tombs of ancient kings who had willed to be laid to their rest in Avalon's holy aisle, and upon the whole solemn scene poured down the many-tinted beams of light through the rich stained glass of the windows.

The installation banquet followed in the great hall, and after that was over, the retainers and those who held their manors direct from the abbey, from the knight to the humble hind who cultivated some few acres of land, took their oaths of allegiance. Meanwhile, extra doles of meat and bread and clothing were given to the poor, that all might rejoice and keep their festival-day together; and then the abbey and its indwellers, its tenants and dependants, settled down to their accustomed order, and the rule of the *last* abbot of Glastonbury had begun.

We must remember that, magnificent as was the church, all-but celestial as were the daily chaunts and hymns of praise that rose unweariedly within its walls, yet this sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, though the chief, formed but a

[1] Ps. cxxi. [2] Ps. cxxii. [3] Ps. cxxv.

church was but the central figure of the group of monastic buildings. From the plates taken by Hollar two centuries ago, and the description taken from "The Little Monument," we can in some measure recall the state of the monastery at that time. It was surrounded by a high wall, which enclosed sixty acres. The grand entrance to the abbey was on th west side, now the Red Lion Inn; this led to the La chapel, which opened into the great church. There also a great portal on the north side, opposite the tri or court-house, built by Abbot Beere, where the l connected with the hides of Glastonbury was ca On the south side of the church was the cloist west end of the cloister, parallel with St. Jose (the monks' graveyard being between), was t or refectory, built on a magnificent scale. refectory was the abbot's kitchen, and s abbot's dwelling-house. Adjoining the sacristy or vestry, a large room whe chalices which were in daily use, an ments. Near it stood the church kept all the most sacred relics, al plate not in daily use, the mitres, —in a word, all the richest church. Near the cloister st the monks met for the ackn their faults, spiritual confer those spiritual and temp assent of the whole hou

In the great hall, or

Breinton, the professed monks ate together daily; and from a pulpit, during their meals, one of the number read a passage from the Old or New Testament. Opening from the cloister was the fratery, built by Abbot Chinnock for the novices. Then came the library, as already described by Leland. Among other books was a broken piece of history by Melchinus, an Avalonian who wrote about the year A.D. 560.

Adjoining the library was the scriptorium, where monks were constantly employed in copying and transcribing books for their own library from copies lent to them, or preparing copies of valuable works for sale to kings and princes or to other monasteries, for the benefit of their community. Of course, with the introduction of printing much of this work was unnecessary: but it is probable that for many a year a magnificently-illuminated missal was preferred to this new-fangled art; and we may be sure with the increase of books the production of new ones would be a matter of course.

Then, too, there was the common room, the only place where a fire was kept for the monks to warm themselves, no fire being allowed except in the abbot's house and some of the chief officers' rooms. There was the lavatory; the wardrobe, where the monks' dresses were repaired or made. The dormitory—and oh! for the luxurious living of these recluses, each cell contained a narrow bedstead, upon this was a straw bed and a mattress, a coarse blanket and a rug, with a bolster of straw or flock. By the bedside was a desk at which to kneel, on which stood a crucifix; another desk or table, with drawers for books and papers, and

cressets, or lanterns, in the middle of each slee
with lights for the monks when they rose in t
their matins or for private prayer and watching.

The infirmary, where not only their own sick we
and comforts were provided and provision and p
made for another world. The guest-house, for
tainment of strangers and the reception of travelle
all persons, from the prince to the peasant, were e
according to their rank and quality, and none
manded to depart if they were orderly and
behaviour. The monks were obliged to this hos
the fifty-third chapter of their rule, where they
manded to receive all comers as they would Ch
self, who hereafter will say, "I was a stranger, an
me in." In later times there seems to have b
modification of this rule, and Abbot Selwood, in
built "The Pilgrim's Inn." It still remains one o
beautiful and picturesque objects in Glastonbu
abbot paid all the expenses of this inn, and every
treated as a guest, and allowed to remain two days.

We have left the almonry and the treasury to
From the former were distributed the alms of the a
here the poor of Glastonbury and its neighbourho
relief. A grave monk, called the almoner, was o
make inquiry after the sick, feeble, and aged and
persons, such as were ashamed to beg, whom he b
relieved, as well as those who came for alms.
dissolution the poor, the aged, the sick soldiers
hundreds, for there "was no man who cared for th
in Elizabeth's reign, a poor-law became absolutely n

And in its present state it remains a disgrace to our statute-book. It encourages the idle and improvident, while leaving the respectable poor (who do not care to ask for parish relief) to starve.

The boys' apartment was a seminary for youth to be taught Christian doctrine, music, and grammar, learning by which means they became fit for the university.

The treasury was the place where the ready money, the charters, registers, and accounts of the abbey were kept in strong chests and presses of iron, and where neighbouring gentlemen, if they pleased, by the abbot's favour, placed their deeds or writings for better security. For the care of these there was a treasurer and under-treasurer. The last two who held these offices were John Thorn and Roger Jacob or James, the two monks who were murdered with the abbot.

Besides all these were the workshops, where bell founding, working in metals, glass staining, bookbinding, &c., &c., were carried on, in addition to the farm work, land cultivation, and care of the orchards.

To the oversight of all these different works, both ecclesiastical and intellectual as well as secular and industrial, succeeded Abbot Whiting, and nothing was neglected. His special and immediate supervision was given to the care of the young. His apartments, we are told, were a kind of well-disciplined court, where the sons of noblemen and gentlemen were sent for virtuous education, and returned thence excellently accomplished. He could point to three hundred prepared after this manner, besides others of a meaner rank whom he fitted for the universities. He lived

in great state, as befitted his rank and position as second—formerly first—of the mitred abbots of England. Bishop he was therefore in his own domains, and before him in all ecclesiastical ceremonials was carried the bishop's staff, with its shepherd's crook, only that the crook was turned towards him instead of outwards as before a bishop, to denote that his authority extended only within his own domains. Till the time when Nicholas Breakspear, the lay-brother of St. Alban's, became Adrian IV., Glastonbury had always held the first place among the mitred abbots, but on acceding to the Popedom he raised his own abbey to the chief dignity, and thenceforth Glastonbury took the second place.

Nobly did the good abbot practise the virtue of hospitality without stint; he entertained, it is said, at times as many as five hundred at once. When his parliamentary duties carried him to London he had an escort of more than a hundred followers. Yet, from the whole tenour of his life and death, this could hardly have been from ostentation, but from a regard to the dignity of his office.

It appears that Abbot Whiting, like Wolsey and More, was in favour of moderate reforms in the Church; he realized the inconvenience of appeals to Rome, and, at the head of his monks, signed a deed accepting the decree which made Henry supreme head of the Church. But when Thomas Cromwell with his iron will carried out the king's desire for more plunder—for the greed of gold grows with the aliment on which it feeds—then Abbot Whiting refused to give up what had been dedicated to Christ and His poor. They—Cromwell's minions—had brought infamous charges against other monasteries and abbeys, and now commis-

sioners were sent to gather and rake up charges against the abbot and his community. The visitors came in September, 1539. They began a system of inquisitorial espionage. "Even the refuge of silence," says Green, "was closed by a law more infamous than any that has ever blotted the statute-book of England. Not only was thought made treason, but men were forced to reveal their thoughts on pain of their very silence being punished with the penalties of treason." They gave Cromwell an account of their examination of the noble old man—he was past eighty—on certain articles. They desired him to recall to his memory things which he seemed to have forgotten. They searched his study and his papers, and they found a book against the king's divorce, but they found no letter that was material. A second time he was examined upon the articles that Cromwell had given them, and his answer, signed by himself, was sent up to court, in which—apparently for fear it should not be discovered by the authorities—they write "that his cankered and traitorous heart against the king and his succession did appear, so that with *very fair words*[1] they sent him to the Tower. They found that he was but a weak man and a sickly. Having sent him away, they now proceeded to ransack the monastery. They found in it £300 in cash, and "a fair gold chalice, with other plate hid by the abbot that had not been seen by the former visitors, *of which they think the abbot meant to make his own advantage.*" They wrote that the house was the noblest they had ever seen, of that sort they thought it "fit for the king and none

[1] "His words were smoother than oil, and yet they be very swords" (Psalm lv. 21).

else." But the most damning evidence of all, which removes the smallest justification for this most guilty spoliation, with its triple murder, is afforded by the subjoined letter to Cromwell, dated August, 1535:

"Pleasyth your Mastership to understand that yesterday night late we came from Glastonbury to Bristow.

"At Bristow and Glastonbury there was nothing notable. The brethren be so strictly kept that they cannot offend; *bnt fain they would if they might, as they confess*, and so the fault is not in them. From St. Austin's without Bristow, this St. Bartilmas' day, by the speedy hand of your most assured poor priest, RICHARD LAYTON."

Such was the involuntary testimony to the good government and strict rule of the monastery. Whether any miserable monks sought to save their wretched lives by the words put into their mouths we cannot tell; there are ever some black sheep in every flock. But still no blame could they find, earnestly as they sought occasion, against the abbey and its venerable head.

The last act of the drama was to be played out. Back again into Somerset the aged abbot was sent, and on November 14, 1539, he was arraigned in the great hall of the bishop's palace at Wells. The mock trial was held, and Abbot Whiting was found guilty of the impossible crime of "the robbery of his church"!! That was all; no other word could be said against him than that he endeavoured to save some of the treasure committed to his care for the glory and beauty of God's service from the fangs of these ecclesiastical robbers.[1] Apparently he made no defence;

[1] It seems probable that he reserved but the necessary vessels for administering the blessed sacrament.

certainly he made no appeal. One request, however, he did make, that he might bid his brethren farewell—and this was denied him. He would fain have ended his monastic rule as he began it, with united prayers in their church; he would fain have given them his last benediction and commended himself to their prayers in his last agony. It was refused, and to make the indignity of his death the greater, he and his monks were drawn up the Tor Hill on hurdles. There, while they were making the needful preparations, casting his eyes around, as he took his last view of earth he saw "islanded in the marshes the Avalonian hills. In their lap lies the town, and behind it is Weary-all Hill. Around the horizon the eye embraces in its view the Bristol Channel, Brent Knoll, the Mendips and the Cathedral of Wells, Montacute, Blackdown and Ham hills." He gazed but a moment at the wide prospect—for heart and eye alike came back to the home of the greater part, perhaps the whole, of his long life; there beneath him in the dull November day, lay the holy and beautiful house that his fathers had built, and which he had so lovingly cherished and cared for, but—surely there came to his mind "In my Father's house are many mansions," more beautiful even than this. We can fancy him holding out his hands and blessing his brethren, his sons in the Lord. One bitter drop in his cup was spared him: he *could* not have foreseen that from that day the daily prayers, the service of praise, the chanted psalms, the glorious anthems, the pealing organ, all should cease; that the best use they could find for the carved work of the sanctuary was—to mend the roads! Lovingly he bade it all farewell, and as he looked, the cold

white mist rose, and, blotting it from his sight, lapped it in the winding-sheet of death. He turned then, and, giving his companions the kiss of peace and his last benediction, resigned himself to his executioners. There in the sight of the neighbourhood for miles round the brave old man was hung between, *not* two thieves, but two of his staunchest friends.

One John Russell, who appears to have presided at this judicial murder, thus writes to Cromwell: "This is to say that on Thursday, November 14th, the Abbot of Glastonbury was arraigned, and the next day put to execution on the Torre Hyll, next to the town of Glastonbury, with two of his monks, for robbing Glastonbury Church. The said Abbot's body was divided into four parts. His head was placed upon the Abbey gate; the remains were sent to Wells, Bath, Ilchester, and Bridgewater." He is described as a man "venerable for his age, wonderful for the moderation of his religious life; he governed his abbey with great prudence."

Since that sad day the whole abbey has fallen into ruins, and of much of it not even the ruins are left. It was used for years as a sort of quarry, and a great part of a raised road or causeway across the marshes between Glastonbury and Wells was made with stone taken from the abbey buildings!

Among the spoils which passed to the king were the ornaments of the church, the shrines, the jewels, the gold and silver images, vestments, and relics, besides a large amount in money. An inventory of these costly articles was made by commissioners; they were delivered to the

king, who himself acknowledged the receipt of them. Among the items two are specially interesting—"Item, delyvered unto his Majestie the same day, 25th of May, in the 27th year of his reign, a super altre garnished with silver and gilt, called 'the great Sapphire of Glasgonburge.'" This is believed to have been the sapphire altar brought to Glastonbury by St. David about 544. It was hidden from the Danes, and discovered by Henry of Blois during a searching investigation he made into the state of the abbey.[1] The second is thus described: "Item, delyvered to his Majestie the same day a great piece of an unicorne horn, as is supposed." (It is supposed to have been half of the ivory crozier deposited upon the altar by King Edgar.) "Item, delyvered more unto his Majestie, the same day, dyverse parcells of gilte-plate of such stuff as came to his gracys use, from the West parties weinge ii thousand, vi hundred, thirtie and eight unces. Item, delyvered the same day unto his Majestie dyverse parcells of parcel gilt plate, of the same stuff, weinge a thousand five hundred unces."

In the first year of Edward VI., that great church robber the Duke of Somerset laid his grip upon Glastonbury; but he paid the penalty of many a one who laid their sacrilegious hands on church property. He fell before another as grasping as himself, who, in his turn, laid his head on the block.

In the days of Queen Mary a petition was presented to

[1] If, as I have seen it stated, the great sapphire in the queen's crown was this very one which had so long adorned St. David's altar at Glastonbury, it must have a longer history than most celebrated jewels. It would be more than fifteen hundred years old.

the abbey. After a long preamble it continues: "We ask nothing in gift to the foundation, but only the House and scite, the residue for the accustomed Rent; so that with our labour and Husbandrye, we may live there a few of us in our religious habits, till the charitie of good people may suffice a greater number, and the countrye there being so affected to our Religion, we believe we should fynde moche helpe amongst them towards the reparations and furniture of the same, wherbye we wolde haply prevent the ruin of moche and repayre no little part of the whole, to God's honor and for the better prosperitie of the King and Quene's Ma^{ties} wth the whole Realme. For, doubtlesse, if it shall please your good Lo^{dp}, if there hath ever been any flagitiouse dede, since the Creation of the World, punyshed wth the plague of God, in our opinion the overthrow of Glastonbury may be compared to the same; not surrendered as others, but extorted, the Abbot prepostly putt to dethe, wth two innocent virtuous monks with him; that if the thing were to be skanned by any University or some learned counsell in Divinitie, they wolde find it more dangerouse than it is commonly taken w^{ch} myght move the Quene's Ma^{tie} to the more speedy erection; namely it beying an house of such antiquitie and of fame through all Christendome; first begon by St. Joseph of Arymathea, who took down the dead body of our Saviour Christ from the Crosse, and lyeth buryed in Glastonbury. And hym most heartily we beseech us, to pray unto Christ for good successe unto your hon^{bl} Lo^{hp} in all your Lo$^{hp's}$ affairs: and now specially in this our most humble request, that we may shortly do the same in

Glaston' for the King and Quene's Ma^ties^ as our founders, and for your good Lo^hp^ as a singular benefactor.

"Your Lo^hp's^ daylie Beadsmen of Westm^r^
"JOHN PHAGAN.
"JOHN NEOLT.
"WILL^M^ ADEWOLDE.
"WILL^M^ KENTWYNE."

But we know of no response to this, and perhaps the troubles as well as the shortness of Mary's reign prevented her taking it in hand.

And now the abbey buildings were abandoned and allowed to fall into decay. Between 1792–94 the ground surrounding it was cleared, levelled, and converted into pasturage, and cartloads of stones, capitals, corbels, pinnacles, and rich fragments of sculpture, were used for making a new road over the marshes to Wells!

Is it too much to hope that there may one day arise some with heart and means like those who restored St. Augustine's to something of its former use, to do the same for the far older foundation of Glastonbury? A home for aged and poor clergy, combined with some school of training for the young, might well mark the spot where the weary were rested and refreshed, the young were taught, the poor relieved, the hungry fed, for so many ages. And if it rose in all its former beauty, every stained-glass window, every ornament, every rich gift, might well serve as a memorial of the many holy and illustrious men whom Glastonbury reared and sent forth—a memorial roll which closed with the

honoured name of Richard Whiting, the last Abbot of Glastonbury.

"It is rather a bathos to record that King James I. granted a patent to Mary Middlemore, maid of honour to Queen Anne of Denmark, to search for treasure among the ruins of the abbeys of Glastonbury, Rumsey, and Bury St. Edmunds. It is probable that the Queen, who was very profuse, being always in distress for money, was the real instigator of a treasure-seeking expedition, only worthy of the renowned Donsterswivel" (Miss Strickland's "Life of Anne of Denmark").

AUTHORITIES.—Dugdale's Monasticon; Warner's Glastonbury; Collinson's Somerset; Jackson's Guide to Glastonbury; Murray's Handbook to Somerset.

William Barlow and the Times of Edward VI.

(Bishop of St. Asaph, 1533; Bishop of St. David's, 1536; Bath and Wells, 1549; Chichester, 1559.)

—:o:—

"There remayne yet," says Sir John Harrington in his "Nugœ Antiquæ," "in the bodie of Wells Church, about thirty foote high, two eminent images of stone, set there, as is thought, by Bishop Burnell, who built the great hall there in the reign of Henry VIII. One of these images is of a king crowned, the other is of a bishop mitred. This king, in all proportions, resembling Henry VIII., holding in his hand a child falling. The bishop hath a woman and children about him. Now the old men of Wells had a tradition, that when there should be such a king, and such a bishop, then the church should be in danger of ruin. This falling child, they said, was King Edward; the fruitful bishop they affirmed was Dr. Barlow, the first married Bishop of Wells, and perhaps of England. This talk being rife in Wells, made him rather affect Chichester at his return[1] than Wells."

[1] His return from Germany, where he fled in Mary's reign.

How, or in what way, the eminent statesman and munificent Bishop Burnell became possessed with the spirit of prophecy, or what caused him to embody his previsions in stone, we have no means of knowing; but certain it is that never was the church of Wells—perhaps the whole Church of England—in such terrible danger as under that wholesale ecclesiastical robber the Duke of Somerset. How far the work of spoliation would have gone we cannot say, and it is to be hoped that in the other dioceses such convenient creatures of the ruling powers as Bishop Barlow were not always ready to hand. Here is a list—whether complete or not I do not know—of the manors alienated by this *vigilant* (?) guardian of the spiritualities and temporalities of the see of Bath and Wells. The manors of Claverton, Hampton Lydeard, Compton Magna, Compton Parva, Cheddar, Huish, and Chard; also the demesnes of Pucklechurch in Gloucestershire, and a messuage or palace called Bath Place, in the parish of St. Botolph's, Aldgate, London; the site of the hospital of St. John in Wells; the rectory of Evercreech, with advowson and all the possessions formerly belonging to the priory of Bath. Nay, so far did his complaisance go, that he surrendered his ancient baronial palace to the king, who bestowed it at once on his beloved uncle Somerset. But Somerset's head fell on the block, and all his royal and dutiful nephew could find to say in his diary on the subject was: "The Duke of Somerset had his head cut off upon Tower Hill between eight and nine o'clock in the morning" (January 22, 1552)! After this, Sir John Gates purchased the palace for the sake of its materials! Some say it was granted to him by the king as a reward on his return from

the Scottish wars, with the borough and manor of Wells. However that may be, the result was the same. Gates unroofed the great hall, selling the lead and timber, since which period its roof has been the sky. One of the last scenes witnessed in the grand old hall was the mock trial and condemnation of Whiting, the last abbot of Glastonbury. Its ruin and desolation looks almost like a judicial judgment.

It was in 1552 that Somerset lost his life. In the same year Gates carried the work of spoliation still further, and in the August of the next year Sir John Gates also paid the justly deserved penalty of death.

Bishop Barlow was not covetous of the honour of martyrdom, and so he left his flock and fled to the continent during the Marian persecution; here he became superintendent of the English congregation at Embden. On Elizabeth's accession he returned to England. As it was this queen's custom to confer no ecclesiastical dignity without levying blackmail, in the shape of alienating some endowment from the recipient,[1] Barlow would be, of course, a convenient person to select for promotion. The curious sculptured prophecy which has been alluded to, and which his marriage apparently pointed at him—added probably to the popular indignation at the desolation caused by his so easily allowing the plunder of the Church—made him prefer to accept the bishopric of Chichester rather than to return to his deserted flock at

[1] Bishop Andrews was never raised to the episcopate in Elizabeth's reign, for this very reason. He stoutly refused to alienate the Church's revenues as the price of his appointment. It was reserved for James I. to have the honour of making Launcelot Andrews a bishop.

Wells. I have not cared to inquire what price what Church property he surrendered, on thi translation.

It is quaint enough that Barlow—whose m evidently caused great scandal, in fact he was i in the Fleet prison by Mary on this plea alone— that other bishops should share his obloquy or He had five daughters, whom he married t bishops, viz., of Hereford, Winchester, Lichfield an and an Archbishop of York; the fifth marri Wykeham, the short-lived Bishop of Winchest translated from Lincoln on March, 1595, an 11th of June following.

It may be as well here, though the events occ just to give a sketch of the fortunes of the pala dangers that beset it in after times. Bishop M 1608, repaired the palace—the same prelate w Bath Abbey. During Cromwell's usurpation i despoiled by a fanatic, named Cornelius Burge again restored by Bishop Piers, 1632–1670.

The deanery underwent much the same vicis was built in 1472–1498 by Dean Gunthorpe, w of a gun and the rose upon a sun, that of Edw reigning sovereign, may be seen on the bay w oriels of the rich and picturesque front.

In 1497, when Henry VII. was marching aga Warbeck, he passed through Wells at the h thousand men, and was entertained at the deane Gunthorpe. In Cromwell's time the palace, d chapter-house were sold to Dr. Cornelius Bu

nominal sum, by the parliament.[1] Burgess had been appointed to "preach God's word in the late Cathedral Church of St. Andrew's, Wells." His sermons were not palatable to the citizens, who showed their distaste for them by walking up and down the cloister all service time.

At the Restoration he had to give up his church spoils, and he died in jail, where he had been immured by the corporation.

AUTHORITIES.—Phelps's Somerset; Murray's Handbook of Somerset; Tourist's Guide to Wells; Dr. Smith's History of Britain.

[1] It is strange to see history repeating itself, and to note the unholy union between infidelity and Dissent striving *now* to bring about the same result.

Robert Parsons, or Persons.

(1546–1610.)

—:o:—

Of this man—to whom we cannot accord the title of one of the *Worthies* of Somerset—it is next to impossible to get an impartial life. Born with the stain of illegitimacy upon him, he seems to have been through life at war with the world, and the means by which he apparently sought to revenge himself are discreditable enough. He was born at Nether Stowey, near Bridgewater, in 1546. Having some talent he was educated by the clergyman, one John Haywood, vicar of the parish, and formerly canon regular of Tor Abbey, in Devonshire.

His friend and instructor (who was thought by some to bear a still nearer relationship to him) sent him to Baliol College, Oxford; he took his M.A. in 1563, and then became chaplain-fellow in 1568. He managed here to make himself most obnoxious to the master and to others on the foundation of the college. In 1573, in conjunction with another, named Stancliff, he was appointed bursar. And Stancliff, being a man of little character, allowed Parsons to manage everything as he would; the result being

that large defalcations appeared in the accounts, and Parsons was considered answerable. Why this was not used as the pretext for getting rid of him, instead of what seems the strange one of illegitimacy—which, however, by the statutes was a perfectly lawful objection—we do not know; possibly it was out of consideration to spare his character, which was none of the best, or possibly because though there was strong presumptive evidence it did not amount to proof. Any way he could not face an inquiry, and requested permission to resign his fellowship. This was in 1574. He went abroad, and immediately joined the Roman communion. Passing from Calais to Antwerp and Louvain, at first he thought of studying physic, then turned his attention to the law, and went to Bologna to obtain the necessary qualification. His resources failing he went to Rome, and became a Jesuit in June, 1575. His perversion to Romanism seems, therefore, to have been simply the revenge of a proud, vindictive nature; his joining the Jesuits as a matter of necessity, because he was without funds.

And now he was chosen as a fit instrument by the Jesuits for their attempt to restore England to the Roman Church. In 1578 he was ordained priest; in 1580 he started on his mission to England, in conjunction with Father Campion and eleven other persons, lay and clerical, at the instance of Cardinal Allen, and with the blessing of the Pope. They were specially desired by the chief of their order to avoid politics, and to confine themselves to the religious object of their mission. This Campion appears to have endeavoured at least to do, but Parsons stirred up the Romanists against the queen, and at least covertly suggested the Queen of

Scots as the rightful sovereign. There was a mi
then going on whether popery should again
minds and souls of Englishmen, or whether
which the truth had won should make them
The pendulum swung from side to side, and
was so great that at one time freedom dege
license; in another, truth was lost in tyranny.
Campion did their best or worst. Campion,
mistakes were, was a Christian and a gentleman.
labouring," says Dr. Hook, "in what he believe
path of duty." The desire on the part of the
to apprehend Parsons and Campion was augme
popular clamour against Queen Elizabeth's enc
of the Duke of Anjou's matrimonial aims. Pec
their queen fascinated by this gay young Fren
that through his influence, in the words of Ca
"religion would be altered, and popery tolera
terrible to think that, for the mere purpose of
the queen from such a suspicion, it was determi
tute an active search for Campion, and to destrc
was to die in order to allay the fears of the pe
would have been more effectually allayed by the me
of a flirtation on the part of the queen." Campio
for several days successively. Whilst upon the ra
continually upon God, and prayed for his torn
those by whose orders they acted. His last words
scaffold, in answer to the question of Lord Charl
"for which queen he prayed? whether for E
queen?" were, "Yes, for Elizabeth, your que
queen."

But Parsons was of a fiercer, meaner nature, and to his intrigues was mainly due the creating a schism in the Church of England. The compromise between those who adhered to the ancient worship of the Church and those who embraced the new was at an end. Those who held the Romish doctrine could no longer communicate with those of the Reformed Church, and "for the moment their success was amazing. The eagerness shown to hear Campion was so great that, in spite of the denunciation of the Government, he was able to preach with hardly a show of concealment in Smithfield."

From London the missionaries wandered, in the disguise of captains or serving men, or sometimes in the cassock of the English clergy, through many of the counties, and wherever they went the zeal of the *Catholic* gentry revived. The list of nobles reconciled to the *old faith* by the wandering apostles was headed by the name of Lord Oxford, Burghley's own son-in-law, and the proudest among English peers. The success of the Jesuits in undoing Elizabeth's work of compromise was shown in a more public way by the unanimity with which the (Roman) Catholics withdrew from attendance at the national worship.

A statute was passed which enacted that "all persons pretending to any power of absolving subjects from their allegiance, or practising to withdraw them to the Romish religion, with all persons after the present session willingly so absolved or reconciled to the see of Rome, shall be guilty of high treason." Under this statute no layman was brought to the bar or the block. The oppression of the (Roman) Catholic gentry was limited to an exaction, more or less

rigorous at different times, of the fines for
non-attendance at public worship. The wor
shed was reserved wholly for priests. The
tracked by Walsingham's spies, dragged from
places, and sent in batches to the Tower.
the pursuit that Parsons was forced to fly acro
nel, while Campion was brought a prisoner
streets of London. Campion earned for hims
of martyrdom; Parsons lived to be discredi
all parties. His tactics were opposed and
the Romanists themselves. In 1583 he
Rome, where the management of the English
confided to him, and in 1586 the students of
seminary at Rome chose him for their rector.
year of the Armada, he was sent by the general
into Spain, where he employed every engine
Philip's designs for the conquest of England.
after the death of Cardinal Allen, he went to R
hope, it is thought, of succeeding him in the
He was, however, not only disappointed in that
but, from severe complaints against him from
secular priests on the ground of his meddling
conduct, he found the Pope so ill-disposed
that he thought proper to retire to Naples, where
till the death of Pope Clement VIII. In 1606
to Rome, having assiduously employed himsel
interval in superintending the English mission
a number of books for the advantage of his
order. He died at Rome on the 18th of April,

His works were several of them published un

names, such as "John Howlet," and "Philopater" and "Doleman." One is glad to add that, at least on one occasion, he wrote a work of much value, "A Christian Directory guiding Men to their Salvation." This is an excellent work, done into modern English by Dean Stanhope. Had it not been for his persistent attempt to encourage the conquest of England by Spain, one might have hoped that his character had been softened and purified. As it is, it is impossible to feel much charity for one who would fain have worked such ill to his country.

AUTHORITIES. — Dr. Hook's Ecclesiastical Biography; Mackenzie's Biographical Dictionary, &c.

The highly Protestant ballad that follows is taken from Percy's "Reliques of Ancient Poetry." He introduces it with this short preface:

"This excellent old ballad is preserved in the little ancient miscellany entitled 'The Garland of Goodwill.' Ignorance is here made to speak in the broad Somersetshire dialect. The scene we may suppose to be Glastonbury Abbey."

PLAIN TRUTH AND BLIND IGNORANCE.

Truth.

God speed you, ancient father,
And give you a good daye;
What is the cause, I praye you,
So sadly here you staye?

And that you keep such gazing
On this decayed place,
The which for superstition
Good princes down did raze!

Ignorance.

Chill tell thee, by my vazen,[1]
That zometimes che have known
A vair and goodly abbey
Stand here of bricke and stone;
And many a holy vrier
As ich may say to thee,
Within these goodly cloysters
Che did full often zee.

Truth.

Then I must tell thee, father,
In truth and veritie,
A sorte of greater hypocrites
Thou couldst not likely see;
Deceiving of the simple,
With false and feigned lies;
But such an order truly
Christ never could devise.

Ignorance.

Ah! ah! che zmell thee now, man,
Che know well what thou art;
A vellow of mean learning,
Thee was not worth a vart;
Vor when we had the old lawe,
A merry world was then,
And everything was plenty
Among all zorts of men.

Truth.

Thou givest me an answer,
As did the Jewes sometimes
Unto the prophet Jeremye,
When he accused their crimes:

[1] *i.e.* faithen, or faith.

'T'was merry, sayd the people,
And joyfull in our rea'me,
When we did offer spice-cakes
Unto the queen of Heav'n.

Ignorance.

Chill tell thee what, good vellowe,
Before the vriers went hence,
A bushell of the best wheate
Was zold vor vourteen pence;
And vorty egges a penny,
That were both good and newe;
And this che zay my zelf have zeene,
And yet ich am no Jewe.

Truth.

Within the sacred bible
We find it written plain,
The latter days should troublesome
And dangerous be, certaine;
The we should be self-lovers,
And charity was colde;
Then 'tis not true religion
That makes thee grief to holde.

Ignorance.

Chill tell thee my opinion plaine,
And choul'd that well ye knewe,
Ich care not for the bible booke;
'Tis too good to be true.
Our blessed ladyes psalter
Zhall for my money goe;
Zuch pretty prayers, as there bee[1]
The bible cannot zhowe.

Truth.

Nowe hast thou spoken trulye,
For in that book indeede
No mention of our lady,
Or Romish saint we read:

[1] Probably alluding to the illuminated psalters, missals, &c.

For by the blessed Spirit
That book indited was,
And not by simple persons,
As was the foolish masse.

Ignorance.

Cham zure they were not voolishe
That made the masse, che trowe;
Why man 'tis all in Latine,
And vools no Latine knowe.
Were not our fathers wise men,
And they did like it well;
Who very much rejoyced
To heare the zacring bell?

Truth.

But many kings and prophets,
As I may say to thee,
Have wisht the light that you have,
And could it never see;
For what art thou the better
A Latin song to heare,
And understandest nothing,
That they sing in the quiere?

Ignorance.

O hold thy peace, che pray thee,
The noise was passing trim
To hear the vriers singing,
As we did enter in:
And then to zee the rood-loft
Zo bravely zet with zaints;—
But now to zee them wand'ring
My heart with zorrow vaints.

Truth.

The Lord did give commandment,
No image thou shouldst make,
Nor that unto idolatry
You should yourself betake;

The golden calf of Israel
Moses did therefore spoile;
And Baal's priests and temple
Were brought to utter foile.

Ignorance.

But our lady of Walsinghame
Was a pure and holy zaint,
And many men in pilgrimage
Did shew to her complaint.
Yea, with sweet Thomas Becket,
And many other moe,
The holy maid of Kent[1] likewise
Did many wonders zhowe.

Truth.

Such saints are well agreeing
To your profession sure:
And to the men that made them
So precious and so pure;
The one for being a traytoure
Met an untimely death;
The other eke for treason
Did end her hateful breath.

Ignorance.

Yea, yea, it is no matter,
Dispraise them how you wille,
But zure they did much goodnesse,
Would they were with us stille!
We had our holy water
And holy bread likewise,
And many holy reliques
We zaw before our eyes.

Truth.

And all this while they fed you
With vaine and empty showe
Which never Christ commanded,
As learned doctors knowe;

[1] By name Elizabeth Barton, executed April 21, 1534. (Stowe, p. 570.)

Search thou the holy scriptures
And thou shalt plainly see
That headlong to damnation
They alwayes trained thee.

Ignorance.

If it be true, good vellowe,
As thou dost say to mee,
Unto my heavenly fader
Alone then will I flee:
Believing in the Gospel,
And passion of his Son.
And with the subtel papistes
Ich have for ever done.

However little convincing argument there is in the above, it is certain that such ballads, scattered as they were doubtless through the land on broad sheets, and read or sung by parish clerks to admiring audiences on village greens, or at village ale-houses, would have great influence with the ignorant multitude in promoting the cause of the Reformation.

Yet it must have been difficult at first to find any argument convincing enough to prove to the poor and sick that the good brothers and sisters at the monastery gate, who fed them, nourished them, and in sickness nursed and tended them, were leading them "headlong to damnation."

But a ballad well sung had a wonderful effect. It promoted inquiry, it fostered excitement, and gradually made its way into the minds of the people; though they sadly missed the daily doles, and even when Elizabeth's poor-law made some provision for them, it was meagre enough when compared with the free-handed gifts provided by the liberality of the laity who made the monks and nuns the almoners of their bounty.

HENRY CUFF

(1560-1601),

AN unfortunate gentleman, was born at Hinton St. George in 1560, and educated at Oxford, where he was chosen fellow of Merton College. Afterwards he obtained the Greek professorship, and served the office of proctor, but quitted the university and became secretary to Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex. He was engaged in his rising in 1600, and, being arraigned at Westminster, was cast; it being proved against him that whilst Essex was in consultation with his complices this Cuffe had, for promoting that plot, alleged this verse out of Lucan—

> "Viribus utendum est quas fecimus, Arma ferenti
> Omnia dat, qui justa negat" [1]

for which he suffered. He wrote an excellent book of the difference of the ages of man's life, together with the original causes, progress, and end thereof.

AUTHORITIES.—Fuller's Worthies and Watkins' Biographical Dictionary.

[1] "We must use such arms as we have made.
Who denies what is just gives arms to his enemies."

Sir John Harrington.

(1561–1612.)

—:o:—

The father of Sir John Harrington was John Harrington, Esq.,[1] of Stepney. He was attached when young to the court of Henry VIII., and was much in his confidence. He married Ethelred Malte, or Dyngley, the king's illegitimate daughter, and obtained with her a large portion of the confiscated Church lands, which the king gave for her use and benefit. Among these was Kelston, near Bath, where Harrington settled with his wife. She only survived her marriage two years. After her death, Harrington entered the service of Seymour, Lord High Admiral. At his trial he was strictly examined by the council on the relations which existed between his patron and the Lady Elizabeth, but he could neither be entrapped or cajoled into any admission tending to criminate them. After Seymour's execution, Mr. Harrington passed into the service of the princess, and remained faithfully attached to her interests

[1] Miss Strickland invariably calls him Sir John Harrington the elder, but he remained Mr. Harrington to the end of his life.

to the end of his life. As his second wife, he married the beautiful Isabella Markham, one of her maids of honour.

In the "Nugœ Antiquæ," a collection of essays, letters, and poems by the two Harringtons, father and son, there is a poem written while in Elizabeth's service, when she dwelt at Hatfield, entitled—

THE PRAYSE OF SIX GENTLEWOMEN ATTENDING ON THE LADY ELIZABETH HER GRACE AT HATFIELD.

I.

"The great Diana chaste
In forest late I met,
Who did commande in haste
To Hatfield for to get;
And to you six a-row
Her pleasure to declare,
Thus meaning to bestow
On each a gift most rare."

The ladies were respectively named Grey, Willoughbie, Markham, Norwyche, Saintloe, Skypwith. He addresses one stanza to each; and the fourth, which is addressed to Isabella Markham, afterwards his wife, is as follows:—

IV.

"To Markham's modest mynde
That Phœnix-bird most rare,
So have the gods assygnede
With Gryfydde to compare.
Oh! happier twice is he
Whom Jove shall do the grace
To lynke in unitie
Such beautie to embrace."

He was a devoted lover and husband, and addressed one

poem to her as "Sweet Isabella Markham," wl
"Whence comes my love?" It is inferior to
pieces of the same time. There is another f
Harrington to his Wyfe, 1564."

When Elizabeth was sent to the Tower by M
these two faithful friends and servants were imp
wise—Harrington, apparently, on no other cha
having carried a letter to the princess from his
admiral, in the second year of the reign of E
his wife on the graver charge of being a hereti
they were sequestered from their mistress, but l
allowed to wait on her; for Sir John Harringt
his parents "had not any comfort to beguile th
but the sweet words and sweeter deeds of the
and fellow-prisoner, the Princess Elizabeth.

Sir John Harrington attributes the harshness
they were treated to Bishop Gardiner. He s
plots he laid to entrap the Lady Elizabeth, his t
usage of all her followers, I cannot yet scarce th
charity, nor write of with patience. My fath
carrying a letter to the Lady Elizabeth, and p
wish her well, he kept in the Tower twelve m
mother, that there served the Lady Elizabeth, h
be sequestered from her as a heretic, so that he
durst not take her into his house, but she
sojourn with one Mr. Topclife; so, as I may s
sort this bishop persecuted me before I was bor
Mr. and Mrs. Harrington belonged to the Puritar
were probably suspected of being the medium o
cation with those who wished to supplant Mary b

At any rate, their imprisonment does not appear to have been very rigorous.

It was on the discharge of Mrs. Harrington, which took place some months before that of her husband, that she was refused an asylum by her father. Harrington, becoming weary of his long incarceration, vented his indignant feelings in some satirical verses, which he sent to Gardiner, who instantly ordered him to be released from his captivity, observing that, but for his saucy sonnet, he was worthy to have lain a year in the Tower.

On their release they retired to Kelston, where their son John was born in 1561, and to him the queen stood godmother, and remained his faithful friend through life; and he repaid her with a sincere and loving admiration.

He was educated at Eton, and took his degree at Christ Church, Cambridge. He soon appeared at court, where he became noted for his sprightly wit. It is seldom indeed that we meet with a father and son so alike in character, talent, and disposition; for both were celebrated for their *bon mots*, epigrams, and satires. There is a quaint story told of his fame in this respect, that when dining once at an inn in Bath with a company, of whom many were of higher rank than himself, a maid who was waiting at table paid him most elaborate attention, and when he asked her the reason of her singling him out in particular, she answered: "Oh, sir, I understand that you are a very witty man, and if I should displease you in anything, I fear you would make an epigram of me." This fear Queen Elizabeth herself affected to share; but her witty godson was too good a courtier to lose her favour for a jest. One of the most pregnant and

"Nugæ Antiquæ"—

> "Treason dothe never prosper. What's the reason?
> Why, if it prosper, none dare call it treason."

The first literary work of Harrington's that attracted notice was his translation of the episode of Alcina and Ruggiero in Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso." With this the queen pretended to be displeased on account of its licentiousness, and then, as a penance, commanded him not to see her face again till he had translated the whole! This he did with the help of his brother Francis. It is chiefly remarkable as being the first translation of one of the Italian classics into English verse; but its poetical merits are small, and it has long been superseded by other translations. It was published in 1591, when he was thirty years of age. His satires upon some of the courtiers were so stinging, as well as, it must be confessed, gross and indelicate, that at one time he was threatened with the Star Chamber. The queen's favour, however, saved him, but he had to retire into Somerset for a time.

In 1582 he had lost his father, when he was the age of twenty-one. He married, but I know not at what date, Mary, the daughter of Sir George Rogers, of Cannington in Somerset, by whom he had eight children. In 1587 his house at Kelston was rebuilt, under the superintendence of Barozzi, an Italian. It was said to have been the largest house in the county. And in 1591 he was honoured by a visit from his royal godmother. Either this visit—for the honour was ever a costly one—or the expense of building and keeping up his mansion at Kelston, brought Sir John

into difficulties, and he was obliged to part with some of his estates, amongst them one called Nyland. Riding one day, he passed the property which had been formerly his. He turned to his attendant, and said—

"John, John, this Nyland
Alas! was once my land."

To which John replied with great readiness, and at least equal wit and poetry—

"If you had had more wit, sir,
It might have been yours yet, sir."

In 1599 he accompanied Essex to Ireland, and was knighted by him on some field fought there. This is said to have displeased the queen, who, after showing him such constant marks of her favour, was hurt that he should have taken his knighthood from any hand but hers. He shared her displeasure with Essex, and again had to return to Kelston; but her grateful affection to his parents, and her personal regard for him, seem to have soon restored him to favour.

In was early in the year 1601 that Harrington was placed in a great dilemma between his affection for and sympathy with the Earl of Essex, and the duty and love which he owed his sovereign and godmother. The crack-brained attempt at rebellion by the earl caused Harrington real trouble; for he would not willingly desert his friend in distress. From this difficulty he was saved by the queen's own care for him. In the midst of the grief and anxiety which caused her reason to totter, she had thought enough for the child of her two faithful friends to send him a

message by Lord Buckhurst. But the account shall be given in Harrington's own words: "The madcaps" (Essex and his followers) "are all in riot, and much evil threatened. In good sooth, I fear her Majesty more than the rebel Tyrone, and wished I had never received my lord of Essex's honour of knighthood. She is quite disfavoured and unattired, and these troubles waste her much. She disregardeth every costly cover that cometh to the table, and taketh little but manchet and succory pottage. Every new message from the city disturbs, and she frowns on all her ladies. I had a sharp message from her, brought by my Lord Buckhurst, namely thus—'Go, tell that witty fellow, my godson, to get home; it is no season to fool it here.' I liked this as little as she did my knighthood, so took to my boots, and returned to my plough in bad weather. I must not say much, even by this trusty and sure messenger, but the many evil plots and designs have overcome all her highness's sweet temper. . . . I obtained a short audience at my first coming to court, when her highness told me 'if ill-counsel had brought me so far, she wished Heaven might mar the fortune which she had mended.' I made my peace on this point, and will not leave my poor castle of Kelstone for fear of finding a worse elsewhere, as others have done."

In following Sir John's fortunes at court and with the Earl of Essex we have rather anticipated matters, and must return to the year 1592, the year after he received the queen; and it may have been a consequence of this very visit that in this year he was pricked for high sheriff. Being now settled at home for some time, he renewed some rules his father had made for the guidance of his household.

They are worth reproducing; for, if carried out, Kelston must have been a model house.

ORDERS FOR HOUSEHOLD SERVANTS IN 1566.

Imprimis, that no servant bee absent from praier, at morning or evening, without a lawfull excuse to be alleged within one day after, upon paine to forfeit for every time 2d.

Item, that none swear any othe uppon paine for every othe 1d.

Item, that no man leave any doore open that he findeth shut, without there be cause, uppon paine for every time 1d.

Item, that none of the men lie in bed, for our Lady-day to Michaelmas, after 6 of the clock in the morning; nor out of his bed after 10 of the clock at night; nor from Michaelmas till our Lady-day in bed after 7 in the morning, nor out after 9 at night, without reasonable cause, on paine of 2d.

That no man's bed be unmade, nor fire or candle-box unclean, after 8 of the clock in the morning, on paine of 1d.

Item, that no man teach any of the children any unhonest speeche, or evil word, or othe, on paine of 4d.

Item, that no man waite at table without a trencher in his hand except it be uppon some good cause, on paine of 1d.

Item, that no man appointed to waite at my table be absent at that meale, without reasonable cause, on paine of 1d.

Item, if any man breake a glasse, he shall answer the price thereof out of his wages; and if it be not known who breake it, the buttler shall pay for it, on paine of 12d.

Item, the table must bee covered half an hour before 11 at dinner and 6 at supper, or before, on paine of 2d.

and 6, or before, at supper, on p

Item, that none be absent, w
the whole day, or any part of it,

Item, that no man strike his
service; nor revile, or threate
strike, on paine of 12d.

Item, that no man come to the
cause, on paine of 1d., and the c

Item, that none toy with the r

That no man weare foule sh
hose or shoes, or dublett withou

Item, that when any stranger
be drest up again within 4 hours

Item, that the hall be made c
the winter, and seven in the so
should do it to forfeit 1d.

That the court gate be shutt e
during dinner and supper, withc
porter to forfeit for every time 1

Item, that all stayrs in the h
neede shall require, bee made
dinner, on paine of forfeyture c
belong unto, 3d.

All which sommes shall be duly
of their wages, and bestowed on t

Good and worthy man as Si
appears—if an anecdote told of

[1] In "The Mirror," v

been above the meanness of the age in currying favour with the rising star. His godmother Elizabeth was an aged woman, and in spite of herself and her determination not to acknowledge the infirmities of age, she was visibly failing; so in the Christmas of 1602, the very year before she died, he sent to the King of Scotland a New Year's gift of a dark lantern. The top was a crown of pure gold, serving also to cover a perfume pan; within it was a shield of silver, embossed, to reflect the light; on one side of which were the sun, moon, and planets, and on the other side the story of the birth and passion of Christ, as it was engraved by David II., King of Scotland, who was a prisoner in Nottingham. On this present the following passage was inscribed, in Latin: "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom." Such a text, chosen for the simple purpose of ingratiating himself with his future sovereign, appears profane, not to say blasphemous! but it was in the taste of the age, and probably Sir John Harrington had no thought of irreverence. He appears to have won the approbation of James on his succession to the throne, and soon became a favourite. He was created a Knight of the Bath, and corresponded with the king, his literary tastes recommending him to James. He wrote his "Briefe View of the State of the Church of England" for Prince Henry.

He has the credit of having had the principal hand in the restoration of the Abbey Church of Bath. It was in course of rebuilding in the time of and by Prior Bride and Bishop Oliver King, but it was still unfinished when, at the dissolution, it was surrendered to the Crown, by Prior Holway, 1539. Stripped of its lead, glass, and iron, its shell only remained,

the city refusing to buy it of the Crown. At length, by one or two patriotic citizens, it was purchased, and its restoration taken in hand; but only the choir and transepts were in a state to be used. In 1608 James Montague was appointed bishop, and now Sir John Harrington, with his religious feeling and his artistic tastes, saw an opportunity for getting something done towards finishing the work. Walking one day with the bishop near the abbey church, it chanced to rain, and he proposed taking shelter among the ruins. He took him into an aisle which had been spoiled of its lead, and was nearly roofless. The bishop remarked it did not shelter them from the rain. "Doth it not, my lord? Then let me sue your bounty towards covering our poor church; for, if it keep us not safe from the waters above, how shall it ever save others from the fire beneath?"

At which jest the bishop was so well pleased that he became a liberal benefactor, both of timber and lead; and the north aisle was completely roofed in, after having laid in ruins for many years. This was in 1609.

Sir John Harrington died in 1612, leaving, besides the works already mentioned, "The Englishman's Doctor of School of Salerne," "The History of Polindor and Flostella," and the "Nugœ Antiquæ," from which much of the above has been borrowed. It contains most amusing descriptions of the court of Elizabeth, and is not without sly hits at the pedantry of her successor.

AUTHORITIES.—Nugœ Antiquæ; Shaw's English Literature; Miss Strickland's Lives.

THE WADHAMS.

(A.D. 1561–1609.)

—:o:—

WADHAM COLLEGE, OXFORD; ILMINSTER, MERRIFIELD, ILTON.

No less than four parishes take their name from the little River Ile, whose tiny stream threads together Ilminster, or the minster on the Ile; Ilton, or the town on the Ile; Ile Abbots, which takes its name from the Abbots of Muchelney, to whom it belonged; and Ile Brewers, or Ile de Briwere, whose name may be traced to Sir William Briwere. Of these, Ilminster is the only one that rises to the dignity of a town. It is an ancient place, and its market dates from the Saxon times. King Ina, it is said, bestowed the manor upon Muchelney, but as Muchelney is said to have been founded by Athelstane, as an atonement for his share in the death of his young brother, this could hardly be; unless, as often happened, King Athelstane's endowment was but the restoration and enlargement of an ancient foundation. Be that as it may, Ilminster retains some of its monastic privileges to the present day, for at the dissolution in some mysterious

way it was *let alone;* and though the great tithes and the advowson were sold, it remained independent of episcopal supervision, and the Vicar of Ilminster was his own ordinary. It is what is called a peculiar.

The river Ile falls into the Parret somewhere between Muchelney and Langport, at almost the same spot that the Yvel also joins that river. On the Yvel is Ilchester or, more properly, Yvelchester, but even as early as the time of Henry VIII. the name of that town had been corrupted into its present form; and poor Leland notes a wearisome, but very natural mistake into which he fell. He must have had a list of the names of places given him, but no charts, no maps, and no handbooks! so it was natural enough, when he saw Ilchester, that he should take it for another of those towns that clung to the banks of the little River Ile. But the similarity of the names was simply a snare and a delusion, and he had a weariful journey only to discover that the home of Ilchester was the banks of the Yeo or Yvel, which also gives its name to Yeovil.

Ilminster Church is one of the two finest cruciform churches in the county, the other being at Crewkerne. It is like most of the churches of Somerset—of Perpendicular work.[1] The tower, transepts, and porch were built by Sir William Wadham, time of Henry VII. In the register of Athelney Abbey, preserved probably among the records of Muchelney Abbey, appears one John de Ilminster as the owner of the estate of Merrifield, in the parish of Ilton. The manor passed

[1] I should suppose also the chancel, a very deep one. The nave was rebuilt just sixty years ago, well and substantially, but, alas! a great eyesore and heartbreak to a lover of ecclesiastical architecture.

through many hands. We find the name of John de Beauchamp, who, in the thirty-first year of Edward III., died without issue, and his estate devolved upon his two sisters, Cicely and Margaret. Cicely owned Merrifield, and granted it to Fulk de Bernyngham, Knight. From thence it passed to the Pophams; and Elizabeth, heiress of Stephen Popham, married John Wadham. They made Merrifield their residence. From this Sir John Wadham must have been descended Sir William Wadham, who built Ilminster Church; and, ultimately, Nicholas Wadham, who married Dorothy, daughter of Sir William Petre, Knight. Sir William founded the Petrean fellowships at Exeter College, and is duly remembered on the gaude day at the thanksgiving for the benefactors of the foundation. Dorothy was his most worthy daughter, and in marrying Nicholas Wadham she allied herself with one of like mind.

Fuller thus describes him in his "Worthies of Somerset": "Nicholas Wadham, of Merrifield, Esq., having great length in his extraction, breadth in his estate, and depth in his liberality, married Dorothy, sister to the first Lord Peters [Petre]. His hospital [hospitable] house was an inn at all times, a court at Christmas. This worthy pair, being issueless, erected the college of Wadham, in Oxford. His estate after his death descended to Strangwayes, Windham, White, &c. He was buried in the church at Ilminster." He died in 1609. His wife Dorothy, surviving him, completed the work he had begun, and Wadham College was the first founded after the Reformation. She died in 1618, and was also buried at Ilminster. A fine altar-tomb, on which are memorial brasses, stands in the north transept of the

the same family.

The town was formerly famed for its chantries, of which there were several. At the west end of the church, now divided from it by a road, stands a quaint old house still called the Chantry. Formerly it must have opened into the churchyard, but the road was cut to facilitate communication between the north and south of the town.

The old grammar school founded by Humphrey Walrond was another of these chantries. It is a picturesque building, possessing a cloistered walk both outside and within the building. Over the doorway was the legend : "*Ingredere ut Proficias.*" It fronts the north side of the church. In one respect, Ilminster has been fortunate in seeing a monastic building applied to a charitable and religious use; but, alas! the grammar school, fifty years ago the most flourishing in Somerset, is now turned into a girls' school. Dean Alford, late of Canterbury, was educated at Ilminster school.[1]

To return to the Wadhams: as we have said, there are monuments to the family besides that to the founders of Wadham College, in the north transept of Ilminster Church. And at Ilton the north aisle is still called the Wadham aisle. Under the communion table is the following inscription on a brass plate :—

"Prey for the soul of Nycholas Wadham, son to Sir

[1] Under my father, the Rev. John Allen, to whom he dedicated a book called, I think, "Chapters on the Greek Poets." He also commemorates him in a novel written by himself and his wife's niece, alluding to his magnificent tenor voice, and mentioning other peculiarities, such as his addressing the boys as "gentlemen."

Nycholas Wadham, Knyght and Captain, of the Isle of Wight, whyche depted. owte of this worlde the viii. day of December, in the year of our Lorde MDVIII., on whose soule Ihu have mercie. Amen."

Of a sister of the worthy Nicholas (who founded Wadham College), a curious tale is told. Her name was Florence. She was not only his sister but co-heiress, and carried her share of the property to the Wyndhams. In 1561 she married John Wyndham, or Wymondham, of Orchard Wyndham, near St. Decuman's, Watchet.

The year after her marriage she fell ill, died, and was buried. The sexton, as he was closing the vault in St. Decuman's Church, hearing a noise in the coffin, had her hastily taken up. She was shortly delivered of a son, afterwards Sir John Wyndham. Among the monuments of the Wyndhams in St. Decuman's Church is that of Sir John and his wife, the Lady Florence.

AUTHORITIES. — Collinson's Somerset; personal knowledge; Murray's Handbook to Somerset.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

(1562–1619.)

—:o:—

THE poets of Somerset are not many, or at least not such as are known to fame; the more therefore should we make of those that we possess. The name of Samuel Daniel is however by no means as well known as it deserves. He may not stand in the first rank, but his merits are not small; and one of his greatest is the effort that he made to improve and refine the English tongue.

Born at Taunton in the sixteenth century, he was a star, if not of the first magnitude, yet one who did his share in illuminating the brilliant hemisphere of the Elizabethan period. He is now most undeservedly neglected. He was one of those who dared to use the English language as it had never been used before, who enriched and polished it, moulded it, and gave it fresh vigour and new life, and earned for himself among his compeers the title of "the well-languag'd Daniel." Yet so new was the idea that English was anything more than a barbarous tongue, that two such masters of it as Bacon and Daniel scarcely seemed to think it likely to survive. Bacon says, speaking of his

"Essays": "I do conceive that the *Latin* volumes of them, being in the universal language, may last as long as books last." He evidently had no such assurance with regard to his English ones; yet now Bacon's "Essays" are a text-book in the numerous examinations of the day, and, probably, for one who reads his Latin "Essays" five hundred read his English ones.

Daniel shared this doubt of the stability of the English tongue, and in his "Musophilus," a defence of learning cast into the form of a dialogue between Musophilus and Philocosmus, alternates between a lamentation on our "unknown" tongue and a prophetic inspiration as to its future glories. Thus in one mood he says:

> "Oh that the ocean did not bound our style
> Within these strict and narrow limits so,
> But that the melody of our sweet isle
> Might now be heard to Tiber, Arne, and Po;
> That they may know how far Thames doth outgo
> The music of declinéd Italy."

Again he speaks of England as—

> "This little point, this scarce discovered isle,
> Thrust from the world, with whom our speech *unknown*
> Made never traffic of our style."

But anon, with a truer and more hopeful vision, he exclaims—

> "Who knows whither we may vent
> The treasure of our tongue? To what strange shores
> This gain of our best glory will be sent
> T' enrich unknowing nations with our stores?
> What world in the yet unformèd occident
> May come refined with accents that are ours?"

Such was the poet's vision, and we know how its wondrous truth is being yearly more and more exemplified.

Daniel was the son of a music-master, and born near Taunton, and, for all his court life, remained attached to his native county, where he returned some years before his death. At the age of seventeen he was admitted commoner of Magdalene College, where he devoted himself chiefly to the study of history and poetry. At the end of three years he quitted the university without taking a degree, "his genius being," according to Anthony à Wood, "more prone to easier and smoother subjects than in pecking and hewing at logic." He resided for some time in the Pembroke family, and was subsequently appointed tutor to the Lady Anne Clifford, afterwards Countess of Pembroke, who showed her love and respect for her old master by erecting a monument to his memory. He is said to have succeeded Spenser as poet-laureate to Queen Elizabeth; if so, he was afterwards superseded by Ben Jonson. "His own merit," says George Burnett,[1] "joined to the recommendation of his brother-in-law John Florio, author of an Italian dictionary, procured him the patronage of Queen Anne, consort of James I., and he was appointed by her to the office of groom of the privy chambers. Here he acted as master of the revels, and, as author as well as stage manager, directed the elaborate masques which were the queen's great delight.

Perhaps the most elaborate and beautiful of these ever performed was one under his auspices, to celebrate the creation of Henry Stuart as Prince of Wales. Why the boy

[1] Of Balliol College, Oxford, author of "Specimens of English Prose Writers."

did not receive the title immediately on his father succeeding to the English throne does not appear. There had been no Prince of Wales for three reigns, Edward VI. being the last, and James seems to have thought "Prince of Great Britain" had superseded the old time-honoured dignity of Prince of Wales; but now that Prince Henry was come to man's estate, the people willed that he should bear the ancient title, and it was made an occasion of grand state ceremonial and gorgeous and graceful court masques.

Ben Jonson wrote an address in verses, which recapitulated the deeds of preceding Princes of Wales, and produced a masque in which the prince was represented as awakening the dying genius of chivalry.

But that prepared by Daniel was not performed till a few days after the prince's investiture. In this "glorious masque" the queen and all the most beautiful ladies of the court took part. The palace at Whitehall was the scene of this graceful poem in action. Queen Anne herself was Tethys, the Ocean-Queen, the Empress of the Streams, and around her were clustered her ladies, who personated each the stream which watered their father's or husband's estate. The Lady Elizabeth, Princess Royal of Great Britain, was the Nymph of Thames. Drawn from the quiet shades of Coombe Abbey, how little could she have guessed in her gracious beauty of the weary, anxious, eventful life that would be hers. Lady Arabella Stuart, whose griefs and sorrows form one of the saddest blots on James's reign, was the Nymph of Trent. The Countess of Arundel represented the Arun: the Countess of Derby the Derwent. The learned Lady Anne Clifford, Daniel's pupil, who never

forgot her accomplished tutor, represented the naiad of her native Aire, the lovely river of her feudal domain of Skipton. The Countess of Essex, then a girl-beauty of fourteen, as yet innocent of evil, was the Lady of Lea; Lady Haddington represented the Rother; and Lady Elizabeth Gray, daughter of the Earl of Kent, the Medway. Little Prince Charles, in the character of Zephyr, attended by twelve little ladies, presented the queen's presents to his elder brother. Eight of the handsomest noblemen of the court performed as tritons, and were the partners and attendants of the river nymphs.

These tritons began the masque by the following song in four parts, accompanied by the soft music of twelve lutes. It was addressed to Zephyr, who was to bear a message to the Ocean-Queen. It gives an idea of sweetness and melody not unworthy of a greater poet than Daniel:

"Youth of the spring, mild Zephyrs, blow fair,
And breathe the joyful air
Which Tethys wishes may attend this day,
Who comes her royal self to pay
The vows her heart presents
To these fair compliments.

Breathe out new flowers which never yet were known
Unto the spring, nor blown
Before this time to beautify the earth;
And as this day gives birth
Unto new types of state,
So let it bliss create.

Bear Tethys' message to the Ocean-King,
Say how she joys to bring
Delights unto his islands and his seas:
And tell Meliades,
The offspring of his blood,
How she applauds his good."

The scenery represented Milford Haven and the fleet of Henry VII. The introduction of Henry VII. must have been to show the joint ancestor of the Tudors and the Stuarts.

Then followed a ballet, where Prince Charles danced, encircled by his twelve naiads, the children being dressed in satin tunics of the palest water-blue, embroidered with silver flowers. Their tresses were hanging down in waving curls, and their heads were crowned with garlands of water-flowers. When the first dance was ended the scene of Milford Haven was withdrawn, and the Queen, as Tethys, was seen seated in glorious splendour on a throne of silver rocks; round her throne were niches, representing little caverns, in which her attendant river-nymphs were grouped. Her daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, as the nymph of Thames, was seated at her mother's feet. Dolphins, shells, and seaweed adorned the throne.

As the poem which explained the motive of the masque proceeded, the reciter put into the hands of Prince Charles a trident, which he gave to his father, and the queen's splendid present of a sword and scarf, which he gave to his brother the Prince of Wales. Then one more dance by the children, and another by the queen and her river nymphs, "and by the time that was finished the summer sun showed traces of his rising."

Such was the graceful and exquisite entertainment which celebrated the restoration of the title of Prince of Wales, after having lain dormant for sixty-three years. Ben Jonson lent his services, and composed the personal address to the queen; Inigo Jones contrived all the arrangements so that

might harmonize with the magnificent b
hall in the newly-erected palace of Whitehall
moving and presiding genius was Daniel, who in
fold capacity as groom of the chambers, mast
revels, and author, must have had almost enti
over the whole of this quaint and beautiful device

Within three years, the hero of the hour in whc
this gorgeous entertainment was planned, Princ
was dead; the Princess Elizabeth had left I
country as Electress Palatine; Frances Howa
Essex, was divorced; and Lady Arabella Stua
prisoner in the Tower!

Daniel is said to have succeeded Spenser as poe
to Queen Elizabeth. The office must have been n
in those days, for Elizabeth was ever greedy of
incense of adulation. But, much as Daniel was
Queen Ann (of Denmark), by whom he was intrc
court to all the celebrated men of the day—such as
Harrington, himself a native of Somerset; Si
Cotton, and Sir Henry Spelman—yet he appears
yielded his office to Ben Jonson, who, as the favou
of this queen, wielded the sceptre of poesy.

Daniel cannot be called a great poet, but he d
high place in our literature for the purity of his
while his works abound with passages of real
Thoughtful, grateful, right-minded and gentle-hear
in mind and manners, there is no poet in any lan
whom it may be inferred with more certainty t
writings that he was an amiable, a wise, and a good

His prose works were, "A Defence of Rhyme,"

and a "History of England, from the Norman Conquest to the reign of Edward III." In his apology for omitting the earlier history of our country he shows a much closer insight into what authentic history was than Milton, who seems to have taken the wild tales of Geoffrey of Monmouth as truth, and speaks of the disputes between the Anglo-Saxon monarchs as of no more value than the quarrels of kites and crows. The critical faculty seems to have been as yet undeveloped, and perhaps Daniel was wise to reject what he was unable to sift. Burnett speaks of this work as displaying good sense and a manly taste; the narrative is clear and simple, and the language is remarkable for being more correct and elegant, and more resembling our modern style, than that of any writer of his age. His history was continued to the death of Richard III. by John Trussel, a trader and alderman of the city of Winchester, the inferiority of whose continuation may perhaps account for the differing opinions of his merits as an historian.

His most celebrated poetical works were his "History of the Civil Wars" (of the Roses), and his "Complaint of Rosamond;" "Musophilus;" two tragedies, "Cleopatra" and "Philotas;" two pastoral tragi-comedies, "Hymen's Triumph" and "The Queen's Arcadia;" besides various minor pieces, elegies, epistles, masques, songs and dramas, in which his poetical taste most strongly displayed itself.

Enjoying as he did the friendship of such men as Chapman, Camden, Fulke Greville, Selden, and Shakspeare himself, he could have afforded to pass by the sneers of Ben Jonson, whose imperious temper could ill brook a rival.

But Jonson spoke with derision of some of h
his words appear to have mortified the gent
retired from court, and towards the close of
on a farm at Beckington, not far from Frome
county, where he died in October, 1619, "belov
and lamented." He was buried at Beckington
Anne Clifford, afterwards Countess of Dor
monument to his memory.

AUTHORITIES.—Various Biographies; Mis
Lives of the Queens; Chambers' C
English Literature: Reid's Englis
George Burnett's Prose Writers.

Dr. John Bull.

(1563–1628.)

—:o:—

It is strange, but true, that of a man famous in his own time, and whose praise passed even then into foreign countries, there should yet be left two such important circumstances in doubt as—*first*, the exact place of his birth; *secondly*, as to whether he was or was not the author of "God Save the King."

Of the first uncertainty there seems no tradition save only that he was a native of Somerset, and allied, it is said, to the noble family of Somerset. The second is a subject of controversy to the present day. His early education appears to have been slight, and how his genius was turned in the direction of music we are not told. He received his musical education, however, from Blythman, organist of the Chapel Royal to Queen Elizabeth, a musician highly celebrated in his day, but of whose compositions none now remain. At the death of his master in 1591, Bull was appointed his successor; and in 1596, on the queen's recommendation, he was created first professor of music to the new institution of Gresham College, having before obtained the degree of a

doctor of music at Cambridge. A special dispensation was necessary to enable him to hold the office, as the laws of the institution required that his lectures should be read in Latin as well as English, to the former of which he was not competent—a great tribute in itself to the appreciation in which he was held in his own day.

In 1601 he went on the Continent for his health, and of this time Anthony à Wood tells the following story:—"While travelling incognito through France and Germany, he heard of a famous musician belonging to the Cathedral of St. Omer, and applied to him to see his works. The musician having conducted Bull to a vestry or music-school adjoining the cathedral, showed him a lesson or song of forty parts, and then made a vaunting challenge to any person in the world to add one more part, supposing it so complete that it was impossible to correct or add to it. Dr. Bull having requested to be locked up for two or three hours, speedily added forty more parts, whereupon the musician declared that 'he that added those forty parts must be either the devil or Dr. John Bull.'" Some discredit has been thrown upon this story by Dr. Burney, who declared the feat to be impossible; but Dr. Rimbault and Mr. Macfarren pronounce it to be perfectly feasible. In any case, the anecdote shows how high was Dr. Bull's musical reputation.

On the queen's death he was appointed first organist to James I.: and on the 16th of July, 1607, he entertained his Majesty and Prince Henry at the Merchant Taylors' Hall "with excellent melodie upon a small paire of organs placed there for that purpose onlie." It was on this occasion—so says tradition—that Dr. John Bull first performed in public

what has since been our National Anthem, "God Save the King." It was not much more than a year and a half since the Gunpowder Plot, and the royal family and parliament's happy deliverance from Guy Faux's contemplated "explosion." The verse which sounds so oddly, and is yet almost invariably sung with such exuberant enthusiasm—

> "Confound their politics,
> Frustrate their knavish tricks;
> On him our hopes we fix:
> God save the King"—

was at that time singularly appropriate, and was doubtless suggested by the occurrence then so fresh in every one's mind. Such is the legend or tale with regard to Dr. Bull's authorship of our National Anthem. There are, however, several other claimants. Their respective merits are ably discussed in "Chappell's Popular Music of the Olden Time." But we of Somerset will not lightly resign our belief that the author is any other than our celebrated fellow-countryman, Dr. John Bull.

In 1613, the year that the Princess Elizabeth was married to the Prince Palatine, he left England and entered the service of the Archduke of the Austrian Netherlands. He afterwards settled at Lubeck, where he is supposed to have died in 1622. What made him so unpatriotically leave his country, and spend his talents and his life in the service of another sovereign, we do not know.

An interesting letter, written by the Chevalier Léon de Burbure in answer to an inquiry from Mr. Chappell as to whether any of Dr. Bull's MSS. were in the library of the cathedral at Antwerp, may fitly close this notice.

The letter bears date the 19th of June, 1856.

"Impossible de rien vous dire sur le manuscrit me parlez dans votre lettre d'hier. I'ignore si Cathédral d'Anvers en a possédé du Docteur J mais en tout cas il n'en reste plus de traces de temps. Les seuls faits relatifs à John Bull que j'ai sont; qu'il devint organiste de Notre Dame à 1617, en remplacement de feu Rumold Waebr 1620 il habitoit la maison joignant l'Eglise du Place Verte; actuellement habitée par le Concierg Dame; qu'il mourût le 12 on 13 Mars, 1628, et le 15 du même mois; que pendant le temps qu'il fû à Anvers, en grande partie à la raccommendation trat de cette ville. Sa signature est à peu prés ce Dans les comptes et quittances Flamandes on l'app Jan Bull. Dr. John Bull n'étoit, du reste, pas le se residat à Anvers à la même epoque; je trouve prêtres chapelains Joannes Beake (en Latin Beckii 1598 à 1607; Joannes Starkens 1613 à 1636; Sanderus, Anglus, 1611 à 1622; Adamus Gordonii 1627 à 1640; Thomas Covert 1598; Edmundus 1598; Gulielmus Clederoe 1598; Robertus Brucl Fitzgerald 1600."

AUTHORITIES. — Mackenzie's Biographical D
Chappell's Popular Music of the Olden

THOMAS CORYATE,

OF ODCOMBE, IN SOMERSET.

(1577–1617.)

—:o:—

THOMAS CORYATE, of Odcombe, near Montacute, was a singular character who lived at the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries. He was born in the year 1577, and was popularly known as Tom Coryate, or, as he styled himself, "The Odcombian Leg-stretcher." His father, the Rev. George Coryate, rector of Odcombe, was an elegant writer, especially of Latin verse. Fuller places the son among the worthies of Somerset, and thus describes him: "Tho. Coriat, born at Odcombe, and bred at Oxford, a great Grecian, carried folly—which the charitable called merriment—in his face, and had a head in form like an inverted sugar-loaf. He lay always in his cloaths, to save both labour and charge in shifting. Prince Harry" (Henry Stuart, eldest son of James I.) "allowed him a pension, and kept him for his servant. Sweet-meats and Coriat made up the last course at all entertainments, being the courtiers' anvil to try their wits upon. Sometimes he returned the hammers, as hard knocks as he received. His book, called

'Coriat's Crudities,' is not altogether useless. : he undertook to travel on foot to the East Indi in the middle of his journey."

From other sources we gather that in 160 pedestrian tour through Europe, and is said to nine hundred miles in one pair of shoes. On l hung them up as curious relics in Odcombe C published his travels under the title "Crudi Gobbled Up in 5 Months' Travel." In 1612, his patron Prince Henry's death, he went on a East. He travelled through Constantinople, Gr Palestine, visiting Alexandria, Jerusalem, Cair mids, Babylon; thence he proceeded to Laho where he was received at the court of the G finally, after a short illness at Surat, he died in

During this tour he lived, as he said, upon day; yet to this eccentric being, who seems to h all the conventionalities of life, we owe the int forks into England. He says in his "Cruc observed a custom in all these Italian cities through which I passed that is not used in any o that I saw in my travels, neither doe I think th nation of Christendom doth use it, but only Italians, and also most strangers that are con Italy, doe alwaies at their meals use a little forl cut their meate. For while with their knife, hold in one hand, they cut their meate out of that he be that sitting in the company of othe should unadvisedly touch the dish of meate wit

[1] Commoration, tarrying or dwelling in a place (Bailey's

from which all at the table doe eat, he will give occasion of offence unto the company, as having transgressed the laws of good manners, in so much that for his error he shall be at the least brow-beaten, if not reprehended in words. This form of feeding, I understand, is generally used in all places of Italy, their forkes being for the most part made of yron or steele, and some of silver; but these are used only by gentlemen. The reason of this, their curiosity, is, because the Italian cannot by any means endure to have his dish touched with fingers, seeing all men's fingers are not alike clean. Hereupon I myself thought good to imitate the Italian fashion by this forked cutting of meate, not only while I was in Italy, but also in Germany, and oftentimes in England since I came home: being once quipped for that frequent using of my fork by a certain gentleman, a familiar friend of mine, one Mr. Laurence Whitaker, who, in his merry humour, doubted not to call me at table furcifer, only for using a fork at feeding, but for no other cause."

The Italians must have been far ahead of the rest of Europe in the most ordinary matters of civilization; for Coryate mentions "the umbrella" with some care, as he evidently doubts the name being understood. How the word became *mis*used, as it is in England, for a shelter from rain, instead of a shade from the sun, does not appear. But Coryate thus describes it: "Here will I mention a thing, that although perhaps it will seem but frivolous to divers readers that have already travelled in Italy, yet because unto many that neither have been there, nor ever intend to go thither while they live, it will be a mere novelty, I will not let it pass unmentioned. Many of them doe carry other fine

things of a great price—that will cost at least a duckat—which they commonly call in the Italian tongue umbrellas, that is things that minister shadow unto them for shelter against the scorching heat of the sun. These are made of leather, something answerable to the forme of a little canopie, and hooped in the inside with divers little wooden pegs that extend the umbrella in a pretty large compasse. They are used *especially by horsemen*, who carry them in their hands when they ride, fastening the end of the handle upon one of their thighs; and they impart so long a shadow unto them, that it keepeth the heat of the sun from the upper part of their bodies.

AUTHORITIES.—Fuller's Worthies and Coryate's Crudities.

JOHN PYM.

(A.D. 1584-1643.)

—:o:—

THE name of Pym is so indissolubly united with that of Hampden that it is scarcely possible to speak of one without the other. They share the honour of having no self-interested views in the side which they took in the great rebellion; then also, although Puritans, they were *not* sectarians, but remained attached to the Church of their forefathers till their death: they also may be considered happy in both alike dying before the rebellion which they promoted culminated in the death of the king.

Pym was born, in 1584, of an old Somerset family. Their seat was Brymore House, near Canington. In his fifteenth year he entered as a gentleman commoner of Broad-gate Hall, now Pembroke College, Oxford, where he had for his tutor Degory Wheare. He appears not to have taken his degree, but leaving college, possibly because he showed his principles too plainly, he entered one of the inns of court and studied common law.

In December, 1620, he entered parliament, and sat for Calne, in Wiltshire. He took part in the remonstrance

against Popery, which James was supposed to favour in the Spanish marriage which he proposed for Prince Charles; and gave speech to the discontent which was felt in the country at James's scant assistance to his son-in-law, the Elector Palatine. James heard of the intended remonstrance, and wrote a letter to the Speaker (after the manner of Queen Elizabeth), sharply rebuking the House for debating matters above their reach and capacity. The House of Commons framed a remonstrance, which they delivered to the king at Newmarket by the hands of twelve deputies, one of whom was Pym. The king sarcastically ordered stools to be brought for the "rival kynges." James was far-seeing enough to see the storm that was brewing, though he lacked dignity and tact to guide it, as his son did the suppleness that would have bent before it. But it is highly improbable that the most gifted or supple sovereign could have long delayed, or at all, averted the struggle; the Stuarts were heirs to the arbitrary measures and the recklessness of human life that distinguished the Tudors: and, though far more conscientious, and a thousand times more merciful, they were not imbued with that resolute will which bore down all opposition, or with the wise elasticity which knew when to give way.

In his answer to the deputies, the king told them that their privileges were derived from the grace and permission of his ancestors. When this was reported to the House of Commons they entered a protest, in which they declared "that the liberties, franchises, privileges, and jurisdiction of parliament are the ancient and undoubted right and inheritance of the subjects of England." The king sent for

the journals of the House, tore out the leaf with his own hand, and ordered his reasons to be inserted in the council-book. Several of the leading members of the House, among whom were Pym and Sir Edward Coke, were committed to the Tower for resisting the king's authority.

In 1623, the last parliament of James I., Pym sat for Tavistock, and continued to sit for that borough in successive parliaments till his death. Curiously enough, he appears in the blue-book return of members of parliament as John Pym, of Brummer (Brymore), in the Short Parliament, which sat barely a month, and was so hastily dissolved by Charles; but in the Long Parliament, which was summoned in the same year, there is no return for the borough of Tavistock, for which, however, he sat in conjunction with Sir William Russell, who afterwards became Duke of Bedford.

After the accession of Charles, the activity and influence of Pym increased, and he became daily more conspicuous. He was soon one of the recognized leaders of the party who were determined to reduce the prerogatives of the Crown. With him were joined Sir Edward Coke, Sir Edwin Sandys, Sir Robert Philips, Sir Francis Seymour, Sir Dudley Digges, Sir John Elliott, Sir Thomas Wentworth, and Mr. Seldon. They used their constitutional power of granting supplies to force, or endeavour to force, upon the king concessions of *his* rights and privileges.

In 1626 Pym was one of those who conducted the impeachment of the Duke of Buckingham, which, however, was quashed by the dissolution of parliament.

In 1640, on the eve of the Long Parliament, Pym rode

through England (says Green, in his "History of the English People") to quicken the electors to a sense of the crisis which had come at last; and on the assembling of the Commons he took his place not merely as member for Tavistock, but as their acknowledged head. "Pym's temper was"—says the same authority—"the very opposite of the temper of a revolutionist. Few natures have been wider in their range of sympathy or action. Serious as his purpose was, his manners were genial and even courtly: he turned easily from an invective against Strafford to a chat with Lady Carlisle. It was this striking combination of genial versatility, with a massive force in his nature, which marked him out from the first moment of power as a born ruler of men. He proved himself the subtlest of diplomatists and the grandest of demagogues. No English ruler has ever shown greater nobleness of natural temper or a wider capacity for government than this Somersetshire squire."

Unable as the writer feels to agree with this eulogy, it is gladly reproduced as a proof of the estimation in which a son of Somerset was, and still is, held by high authorities.

The Long Parliament met on November 3, 1640, and immediately began with the impeachment of Strafford. Pym, Hampden, and St. John were chosen to conduct the matter, but it was Pym who took the leading part. It is said that when Sir Thomas Wentworth became Earl of Strafford, meeting some of his former friends he said, "Well, you see, I have left you;" and Pym's answer was—"Yes, yes, my lord; but we will never leave you while that head is on your shoulders." Relentlessly, pitilessly, unscrupulously, did Pym carry out his threat. We know the

end, and how by subversion of every rule of equity and justice, that noble gentleman was brought to the block. That deep malignity was at the bottom of it seems proved by the fact of Pym's taking so prominent a part. He professed to consider Strafford's conversion to the royal cause as a piece of treachery to his country, paid for by the king with his coronet. But there appears no reason to doubt that Strafford saw what was coming, and that, like many others, he had reached the point at which he considered resistance to authority lawful: he foresaw that liberty would become license till overruled by a far more crushing despotism than the Stuarts ever aimed at. And so little did Pym consider honour or truth, that he was not ashamed to make use of private papers stolen from the desk of the elder Vane by his son, when entrusted with the keys for a particular purpose, and thus to give such slight pretence of justice as could be found for the earl's condemnation.

In 1642, an accusation of high treason was entered in parliament by the attorney-general against five members and Lord Kimbolton. The five commoners were Hollis, Hazelrig, Hampden, Pym, and Strode. It is well known that when Charles would have personally arrested them "the birds had flown." Pym had received intelligence from the beautiful traitress and political spy, Lady Carlisle, and the blow was turned aside. Queen Henrietta had confided the secret to her friend, who, on her part, had given notice to Pym. Charles's intention—a bold, if not a rash one—though *not* illegal, was one which nothing but success could justify, and that success failed through the tattling of the queen and the treachery of Lady Carlisle.

In order to inflame the people
to parliament were encouraged fr
"The very women were seized
brewer's wife, followed by ma
brought a petition to the Hous
their terror of the papists and
of like massacres, rapes, and out
been committed upon their sex i
necessitated,' they said, 'to im
women of Tekoah; and they
the men, of declaring, by petitio
cause: because Christ had purch
and in the free enjoyment of
happiness of both sexes.' Pym
House, and having told the fema
was thankfully accepted, and was
time, he begged that their pray
Commons might follow their peti

There is no doubt that, from
Parliament, Pym's power for go
unlimited. His opponents name
collection of loyal songs there is
as the undoubted leader of the R

"God save the King, the Queen,
With all loyal subjects, both h
The Roundheads can pray for
Which nobody can de

Plague take Pym and all his p
Huzza for Prince Rupert and h
When they come here, these h
Which nobody can d

[1] Hume.

God save Prince Rupert and Maurice withal,
For they gave the Roundheads a great downfal,
And knocked their noddles 'gainst Worcester wall:
Which nobody can deny!" [1]

There can be little doubt that if Pym had continued to act on the principle which regulated the first proceedings of the patriotic party in the Long Parliament, and had limited his demands to objects essential to good government and compatible with the genius of the constitution, the manifold evils of the civil war would have been obviated; and the monarchy and representative institutions of the country brought into concord, without any further struggle.

Unfortunately, however, as we have seen in the last anecdote, he abandoned the moderate and constitutional position he had hitherto occupied; and framed and proposed the grand remonstrance, confessedly for stemming the current of returning loyalty, reanimating the discontent almost appeased, and guarding the people against the confidence they were beginning to place in the king's sincerity. He proposed the famous "nineteen propositions," the adoption of which would have annihilated the monarchical element in the constitution; and in his determination to deprive the king of all power for evil, he advocated a policy which ultimately led to the destruction of the constitution itself.

It was in 1643 that the triumphant campaign took place in the west, where the Royalists, under Sir Ralph Hopton and Sir Bevil Grenville, Sir John Stawell and Sir Nicholas Stanning, drove the Parliamentary forces out of the west

[1] Miss Strickland.

county. Then Pym turned to the Scotch, and bargained with them to force Presbyterianism on the English and give up the Episcopal Church, of which he himself was a member; whilst Charles took the disastrous resolution of opposing Irish Roman Catholics to English rebels. But amidst these new elements of strife the two great leaders and friends were called away. Hampden was wounded on Chalgrove field, and died in July. Pym followed him on the 8th of December in the same year, displaying a calm and manly fortitude in his last hours, and praying fervently for the prosperity of the king and people. His disease was brought on, it is believed, by the toils and anxieties of his self-imposed labours. His way of living is said to have been marked by a simplicity approaching to austerity; yet he left debts amounting to £10,000, which were paid by the parliament, who also undertook the care of his family. He was voted a magnificent public funeral, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

"He was, at the time of his death," says Clarendon, "the most popular man that ever lived. He had a very comely and grave way of expressing himself, with great volubility of words, natural and proper; and understood the temper and affections of the kingdom as well as any man."

AUTHORITIES.—Clarendon's History of the Rebellion; Hume's History of England; Warburton's Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers; Miss Strickland's Lives of the Queens of England; Green's History of the English People; Mackenzie's Biography; Blue-Book Returns of Members of Parliament.

Sir Amias Preston.

(Circa A.D. 1588.)

—:o:—

"Sir Amias Preston was descended of an ancient family, who have an habitation at Cricket (St. Thomas), nigh Crewkerne, in this county. He was a valiant Soldier and an active Seaman. Witnesse in 1588, when he seized on *The Admiral of the Galliases*, wherein Hugh de Monçada, the Governor, making resistance, with most of his men, were burnt or killed; and Mr. Preston (as yet not Knighted) shared in a vast treasure of gold taken therein. In 1595 he took the isle of Puerto Santo, and the isle of Cochi, surprised the Fort and Town of Coro, sack'd the City of St. Jago, put to ransom the Town of Cumana, and entred Jamaica (all in the West Indies): and returned home safely, with little loss, some profit and more honour," says Fuller.

"He sent a challenge to Sir Walter Raleigh, then Privy Councillor, which was by him refused, Sir Walter having a Wife and Children, and a fair estate; and Sir Amias being a private and single person, though of good Quality. Besides, Sir Walter condemned those for ill Honours, *where the Hangman gives the Garland.* These two Knights were afterwards reconciled, and Sir Amias dyed about the beginning of the Reign of King James."

Authorities.—Hakluyt's Voyages; Fuller's Worthies.

Admiral Blake.

(1599–1657.)

—:o:—

The niche in the Temple of Fame occupied by Robert Blake should undoubtedly be a very prominent one; nor, to decide that he filled it worthily, is it necessary that our sympathies or our prejudices should be always on his side in the part that he played. He was an Englishman far more than a partizan, and the greater portion of the services he rendered his country were independent of party.

Blake was descended from a respectable family in Somerset. His grandfather was mayor of Bridgewater. His father was not only a landowner but a merchant. He had ships of his own, which he filled with his own cargoes, and carried on a trade with Spain. His mother was co-heiress of a knightly family. But Burke, in his "Peerage," carries up our hero's pedigree to a far higher source; he affirms that he was descended from one of the branches of the house of Blake, of the county of Galway, in Ireland. Their immediate ancestors having gone over to Ireland with Prince, afterwards King John, in 1185. But even this remote ancestry does not suffice, for the name Blake is but Ap Lake, says the great Herald; and the celebrated Lancelot du Lake—the greatest of the knights of King Arthur's round table, yet

whose sin caused its utter destruction—was the ancestor of all the Blakes, and therefore, of course, of that great hero "whose name yields to none in the roll of antiquity."

Blake's birthday is not certainly known, but the parish register supplies the date of his baptism—the 27th of September, 1599. He was therefore probably about four months younger than Oliver Cromwell. The early part of his education was supplied by the free school of the town, after which, at the age of sixteen, he went to Oxford; he matriculated at St. Alban's Hall, but afterwards removed to Wadham College, then recently founded by his father's friend, Nicholas Wadham. His portrait is still to be seen in the hall at Wadham. But as Blake intended to devote himself to learning, he tried for a fellowship at Merton, but was rejected by Sir Henry Savile—then warden—for the strange reason given that he was not of sufficient stature! He took his M.A. degree, and remained there altogether nine years. His father's health failing, Robert Blake was now called home to attend to family affairs; his father soon died, leaving an estate and business burdened with debt as the support of his widow and large family. Blake was now twenty-five; he took everything upon himself, paid his father's debts, and found himself possessed of two hundred pounds a year and the house at Bridgewater. Upon this slender income he took care of his mother, educated and placed out in life his brothers and sisters, and had the satisfaction of seeing them all attain to positions of independence—some of them to wealth and consideration.

In the Short Parliament of 1640 he first took his seat as

member for Bridgewater. In the Long Parliam
Wroth and Edmund Wyndham, Esq. were el
borough; but one having died and the other l
by the dominant party upon some excuse, Sir T
and Robert Blake were elected in their place, p
1645. In 1642 the civil war broke out, an
an active part on the side of the Parliam
memorable Western Campaign, in 1643, his fi
appearance was at the siege of Bridgewa
Fiennes was in command, and Blake defe
fort called Prior's Hill. Prince Rupert
place; the princes tried to pass the fort, bu
back again by desperate valour and incess
directed fire. Commander succeeded com
each in turn went down. Lord Grandisor
attack, and went down; his followers retrea
pursued by Blake and his men. Colonel O
place—he went down; and Blake, having cle
retreated to his fort again. Meanwhile Col
had agreed to surrender; but Blake did n
giving up his position, and, after the agreem
continued the fight, killing several of the
Prince Rupert was, with reason, greatly exa
threatened to hang Blake, which he would h
fectly justified in doing; he was saved, ho
entreaty of several gentlemen, who pleaded hi
of the rules of war in excuse of his rashness.
hand Colonel Fiennes was tried by court-m
rendering the city, and condemned to be
pardoned by the Lord-General Essex.

After this, Blake was appointed lieutenant-colonel of Popham's regiment; with a portion of this force he endeavoured to surprise Bridgewater, which had been taken by Lord Hopton, with Taunton and Dunster, after the brilliant fight at Stratton. Here, whilst besieging their native town, his brother Samuel was killed. On being informed of his brother's death, Blake remarked, "Sam had no business there;" but Sam's two children were taken charge of, and Robert Blake was ever a father to them.

But not even Blake could subdue the loyalty of the western counties, and town after town in Devonshire fell before Prince Maurice, who remained in command till only Plymouth, Lyme, and Poole remained. Blake held Lyme, and Prince Maurice marched against it. It is a small seaport town, and contained then only one thousand inhabitants; it had few defences, and is overlooked on the land side by high ground—altogether as indefensible a place as can be conceived. Blake occupied it with five hundred men and some volunteers. Prince Maurice sat down before it, and remained there two months, but made no impression on "the little vile fishing town." It was at this juncture that the turning point of the war came. Hampden and Pym were dead; the self-denying ordinance was passed; Essex, who had proved himself incapable, was compelled to retire; and Sir Thomas Fairfax, with Cromwell as his lieutenant-general, succeeded to the command; but still the west was true to the king.

Blake then resolved to do his best to hamper the royal movements, and in the summer of 1644 he occupied Taunton. Ten thousand troops besieged the town, yet he held

it for more than a year, in spite of Goring and his dissolute troopers, in spite of Sir Richard Grenville's rash vow that he would never leave the place till Blake was out of it. But Sir Richard was not made of the same stuff as his grandfather and namesake of Queen Elizabeth's time, and fell far short of the ideal perfection of a Christian knight to which his brother Sir Bevil attained; and Blake's downright dogged persistence was more than a match for the hectoring swagger of those ruffianly Royalists, who were a disgrace and injury to their cause. These, and such as these, made Blake feel that he was not only fighting for what he believed to be religion and liberty, but for the honour and safety of hearth and home.

When summoned to surrender, Blake declared he would eat his boots first. At last a breach was actually made; whole streets were burned down by mortars and grenades, and the Royalists were in possession of part of the town; but at the approach of Fairfax the siege was raised, and Blake's stern defence relieved. During April, 1645, Blake reduced Dunster Castle, and this was his last military service in the war.

In writing the lives of two Somerset men who took opposite sides in the great contest (Hopton and Blake), one is glad to be able to mark one point of resemblance, viz., the excellent discipline they each kept, the high religious tone of their character, and the stern resistance they opposed to rapine, plunder, and licentiousness, as much in their own forces as those of their opponents.

How Blake passed the time between 1644–1649 does not clearly appear; probably as governor of Taunton, and so

holding a sort of command in the west, but away from the political centre. But he evidently showed his dislike and disapproval of the way things were tending, for when the trial of the king was decided on, part of the troops under Blake's orders were disbanded, so that he might have no means of opposing the violent measures of the army.

His humane disposition and his disapproval of the king's murder, together with the high and generous feelings of his nature, which raised him to an immeasurable height above mere partizanship, obtained for him the respect both of the Republicans and Royalists, while it kept him from taking part in the perplexed and conflicting politics of the age. But Cromwell knew a good man and how to use him, and he found employment for him as a patriot, and in a way that has made his name famous to the present day.

In 1648 the fleet, which had ever been more loyal than the army, mutinied; they put their commander, Ramsborough, with other Republican officers, on shore, and being supplied with provisions by the king's friends in Kent, steered their squadrons to the Brill, and delivered the fleet to the Duke of York, whom the king had appointed Lord High Admiral of England. This revolt of the navy made out of two of England's best generals its finest admirals. Prince Rupert was soon placed in command of the Royalist fleet, but brave and noble as he was,[1] from the time he first trod the deck of his gallant ship he assumed the bearing and tone, as well as the habits, of the ancient Viking. The Prince of Wales and all his court were almost famishing in their exile, and looked to Rupert's squadron to supply them with the very

[1] "Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers," iii. p. 256.

necessaries of life. Whenever a ship was seen she was pursued, and a sail in sight and a well-secured prize soon became synonymous. There was something very attractive in this sort of adventurous life, and it required all the native characteristics of gentlemen to prevent the sea-going cavaliers from carrying their buccaneering to excess. But it was *not* carried to excess: at least all was done fairly and above board; no cruelty was practised, fair terms were offered and honourably kept towards the victims of this predatory war. This being the state of things, it is not to be wondered at that Cromwell thought it time to fit out a fleet, to protect not only the shores of England, but the allies of the country, from this strange admixture of loyalty and piracy.

Blake pursued Prince Rupert to Kinsale, in Ireland; thence to the Tagus, where the prince, with his brother Maurice, lay under the protection of the Portuguese king. Blake blockaded the port of Lisbon, but the princes escaped with seven vessels, being assisted by the king; in retaliation Blake seized twenty Portuguese vessels, richly laden with treasure from the Indies. From the Tagus he followed them to Carthagena and Malaga, where Prince Rupert captured some English merchantmen. Blake instantly attacked them, burnt and destroyed the greater part of their ships, while the two princes escaped with the remainder to the West Indies.

Returning home, Blake encountered a French ship of forty guns, the commander of which, not having heard of the commencement of hostilities between the English and French, accepted an invitation from Blake to go on board. On being informed of the war, and asked whether he would

resign his sword, the French captain answered directly in the negative. Blake then desired him to return to his vessel and defend himself as best he could. This he did, and after a brave resistance of two hours he surrendered.

In 1651 Blake was appointed one of the admirals for the year. During the period he was principally employed in the reduction of the Scilly Islands, Jersey, and Guernsey. At the close of this year he was elected a member of the council of state. The relations between the Dutch and the English became what is known in modern parlance as strained, and negotiations were going on between the countries with regard to the compensation claimed by the English for injuries inflicted by the Dutch at Amboyna, Persia, Muscovy, and Greenland. Whilst these conferences were pending, a Dutch fleet, under Van Tromp, appeared in the Downs. Blake was sent with such ships as were in readiness to watch him. As the English fleet came in sight, Van Tromp weighed anchor and bore up, without striking his flag, an honour always paid to England in the narrow seas. Blake reminded them of their duty by firing a gun without ball; this he did three times, but Van Tromp's reply was firing a broadside into the English admiral's vessel. The battle lasted from four p.m. till nine, with fifteen ships on the side of the English against forty-two on that of the Dutch; then, about eight o'clock, appeared the rest of the English fleet, consisting of eight ships more, under Major Bourne, and an hour afterwards the Dutch fleet sailed away, with the loss of two ships and one disabled.

Having recruited his strength, he instituted a solemn fast on board the fleets for success on their enterprises; and

finding that there was a sufficient force to
Downs, Blake sailed on the 2nd of July, 16
northwards, he soon fell in with the Dutch fishe
in great numbers, under the protection of tw
war. These defended the convoy with great d
but Blake made good his demands, and exact
pelled the payment of the tenth herring, and th
them to depart. The war thus begun was c
Van Tromp, De Ruyter, and De Witt, but in
action Blake maintained his superiority. In
1652, considering that the season of the year w
further operations, he dispersed his fleet in
tions, twenty sail to protect the colliers from
twelve to Plymouth, while fifteen sailed up th
repair the damage they had received in a storm
still riding in the Downs with about thirty-sever
Tromp, hearing of the reduced state of the
put to sea with seventy-seven ships of war.
the whole day, till night parted them; two of
fell into the hands of the Dutch, three were s
this inconsiderable triumph over a force or
strength of his own, Tromp was in so great a
tation that he passed through the Channel with
his masthead, to show, as he valiantly boasted,
swept the English from the narrow seas. His
short-lived. Cromwell had perfect confidenc
the fleet was re-formed, and in February of t
year Blake went in search of his old enemy. I
18th of the month that the English descried
fleet steering along the coast of France, near Ca

and immediately bore down to give them battle. For three days this desperate fight continued. Blake was wounded in the thigh, and his vessel much shattered. Van Tromp's fleet had been acting as convoy to some merchantmen; the result of the whole engagement was eleven ships of war and thirty merchantmen taken from the Dutch. About fifteen hundred men were killed on each side. Only one English ship was lost, the *Sampson*, which her captain finding disabled, sank. In this action Blake availed himself of a large body of soldiers, who acted as marines, and whose small arms did great execution.

The Dutch and the English were of the same metal, neither knew what it was to own that they were defeated; and in the spring of 1653 Van Tromp convoyed a large fleet of merchantmen round by the north—the route by the Channel was too dangerous to be attempted—and escorted them out and home in safety; he then entered the Downs with his men-of-war, made some prizes, and, as a kind of bravado, battered Dover Castle. But he was soon chastised for his boasting. Two actions took place, one on the 2nd of June, another on the 31st of July; in both the Dutch were worsted with great loss, and in the second Van Tromp was killed. The Parliament voted gold chains to the commanders, Blake, Monk, Vice-Admiral Penn, and Rear-Admiral Lawson, and medals to the captains. The Dutch were now anxious for peace, and it was ratified on the 5th of April, 1654. By this treaty the Dutch consented to yield the great point in dispute, and to lower their flag in the narrow seas. They abandoned the interests of Charles II., paid eighty-five thousand pounds as an indemnity for losses

sustained by the English East India Company, made various other concessions and compensations, and entered into a defensive league with England.

In the summer of 1654 Cromwell prepared two great fleets, and sent them to sea with sealed orders, under the command of Blake and Admiral Penn. The secrecy that was maintained with regard to the destination of the fleets alarmed the families of the sailors, and Cromwell was one day pursued by a mob of the wives demanding to know where their husbands were to be sent. He only answered with a smile, "The ambassadors of France and Spain would each of them willingly give me a million to learn that."

Blake sailed first to Leghorn, and demanded £150,000 of the Grand Duke for his behaviour to a former English fleet under Appleton: he obtained £60,000. From Leghorn he proceeded to Algiers, when he sent an officer to the Dey to demand satisfaction for the piracies inflicted on the English, and requiring the release of all captives belonging to his nation. This was conceded. At Tunis Blake made the same demand, but was met with defiance; but Blake soon showed them that they could not insult England with impunity: he entirely destroyed the vessels of the Tunisians, and forced them to conclude a treaty glorious and profitable to this country. The Algerines were so humbled that they were accustomed to stop the Salee Rovers, from whom thay took every English prisoner and returned them to Blake.

Cromwell's commands were, that at the proper time Blake should attack Spain; but before these instructions were made known an incident happened which is worth

relating, as showing the high estimation in which Blake insisted that England's dignity should be held. Some of his seamen going ashore, as he lay in the roads of Malaga, met a priest carrying the sacrament to some sick person with the ceremonies usual in Roman Catholic countries. They ridiculed and insulted the procession. The priest, resenting this behaviour, incited the populace to set upon them, and they beat them severely. On their return to their ships the men complained to the admiral, who instantly, by sound of trumpet, demanded that the priest should be sent to him. The viceroy answered that he had no power over a priest, and could not therefore comply with the demand. Blake replied that if he were not sent within three hours he should bombard the place. The priest was sent on board immediately. When he was brought before the English admiral, he pleaded the insolent behaviour of the English sailors in excuse for his conduct. Blake answered, "If you had complained to me I would have punished them severely, for I would not suffer any of my men to affront the religion of the place where I touched; but you were to blame in setting the Spaniards upon them, for I would have you and the world to know that none but an Englishman should chastise an Englishman."

The other fleet which was sent out at the same time with Blake's, under Penn and Venables, had been sent against the Spanish possessions in the West Indies. They had taken Jamaica, but failed at San Domingo, and now, of course, there was open war between England and Spain, and Blake's duty was to intercept the Spanish treasure-ships which were constantly bringing store of the precious metals

from America. In one fleet that he intercepted, two millions of pieces of eight were found.

In April, 1657, Blake was cruizing before the haven of Cadiz when he gained intelligence of a Plate fleet that had put into Vera Cruz, in the island of Teneriffe. He arrived before the town on the 20th of the month, when he discovered the flota, consisting of six galleons richly laden, and ten other vessels. These latter lay within the port, with a strong barricado before them; the galleons were drawn up without the boom, because they drew too much water to lie within it. The harbour itself was strongly fortified, having to the north a castle, well furnished with artillery, and seven forts, which communicated with each other, all of which were defended with a numerous garrison. The Spanish governor considered the place as so secure, both by nature and art, and so well provided with the means of defence, that when the master of a Dutch ship applied to him for leave to sail, because he dreaded Blake's attacking the ships in the harbour, he scornfully answered, "Go if you will, and let Blake come if he dare."

The English admiral, after surveying the situation of the enemy and the strength of the place, called a council of war, wherein it was resolved to attack the ships in the harbour, and endeavour to destroy them, it being considered impracticable to carry them off. Captain Stayner was appointed with a small squadron to this honourable and desperate service. He soon forced his passage into the bay, the wind blowing right into the harbour, while other frigates played upon the forts and line. Supported by Blake, Stayner boarded the galleons, and in two hours the whole Spanish

fleet was destroyed. The greatest danger still remained to the English; they were exposed to the fire of the castles and the forts, which, with all their caution, they could not expect to silence; but while they remained in this perilous situation the wind, suddenly shifting, carried them out of the bay, leaving the Spaniards in astonishment at the intrepidity and good fortune of the English. The whole loss sustained was only forty-eight men killed and one hundred and twenty wounded.

When the news of this great success was brought to Cromwell, he sent his secretary, Thurloe, to the Parliament, which was then sitting, and they immediately appointed a day of general thanksgiving, and voted a ring of five hundred pounds to Blake as a testimony of his country's gratitude; the sum of one hundred pounds to the captain who brought the intelligence, and their thanks to all the officers and soldiers concerned in the action.

One anecdote must not be omitted of this action. For some misdemeanour, whether apparent fear or what not, Blake, so strict was his discipline, brought his brother, Captain Benjamin Blake[1] before a court-martial; being pronounced guilty, he was dismissed his ship and sent home, yet so great was his regard for him that he made him his heir.

His last act was one of peaceful glory; he demanded the release of the Christian captives who were in the hands of the Salee Rovers (and this incident recalls the fact that Defoe's immortal tale of "Robinson Crusoe" is laid in this period). But not a shot was required. The whole maritime

[1] In some accounts the name of this brother is given as Humphry.

world knew that Blake was master of the ocean, and the corsairs feared his just vengeance too much to refuse his demands. But Blake's work was done, and finding that his ships were becoming foul, and feeling his health on the decline, he sailed for England. By this time he was afflicted by a combination of scurvy and dropsy. On his passage home he became much worse, and as he perceived his end approaching, he frequently inquired with great earnestness whether they were in sight of land, anxious to breathe out his last in his native country. But this satisfaction he was not to enjoy; he died as his ship (the *St. George*) entered Plymouth Sound, on the 17th of August, 1657, aged fifty-nine years.

"Never man," says Hume, "so zealous for a faction, was so much respected and esteemed by opposite factions. He was by principle an inflexible republican, and the late usurpation, amidst all the trust and caresses he received from the ruling powers, were thought to be little grateful to him. 'It is still our duty,' he would say to the seamen, 'to fight for our country, into what hands soever the government may fall.' He was disinterested, generous, and liberal, ambitious only of true glory, dreadful only to his avowed enemies; he therefore forms one of the most perfect characters of that age, and the least stained with those errors and violences which were then so predominant."

The day after his death the body was embalmed and wrapped in lead, his bowels taken out and buried in the great church of Plymouth; his body was, by order of Cromwell, conveyed by water to Greenwich, where it lay in state for several days; it was carried thence, in a superb

barge, on the 4th of September, to be interred in Westminster Abbey. This procession was accompanied by the relations and servants of the deceased admiral, by Cromwell's council, the commissioners of the navy, &c., the Lord Mayor and aldermen of the city, the field officers of the army and numerous persons of distinction, in different barges and wherries covered with mourning, marshalled and superintended by the heralds at arms. When arrived at Westminster Bridge, where they landed, the procession continued through a guard of several regiments of foot, at the head of whom Blake's intimate friend, General Lambert, appeared, though at the time not on friendly terms with Cromwell. The body of Blake was interred in a vault made for the purpose in Henry VII.'s Chapel. At the Restoration it was reverently removed, and re-buried in St. Margaret's Church.

It is worth noticing that notwithstanding Blake's services in the civil war he does not find a place in "A Survey of England's Champions and Truth's Faithful Patriots," by Josiah Ricraft. I can only find his name once mentioned incidentally as having taken Dunster Castle. He was probably too independent and too liberal to suit that most bitter and prejudiced writer.

AUTHORITIES.—Hervey's Naval History; Naval Biography, 1805; Macaulay's History; Green's History; Warburton's Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers; Parliamentary Reports; Burke's Peerage.

WILLIAM

(A.D. 160

—:o:—

THE character of Prynne is one
the host of names that becam
during the Great Rebellion. I
conscientious, whatever lay straig
to be for the time the sole truth
writer and a great constitution
enlarged, but only shifted its
appears to have had room for m

He was born in 1600 at Swan
cated at a grammar school in th
his connection with his own c
regard it with affection and inte
he was entered as a commone
After remaining there four ye
Degree, and removed to Lincol
Here he studied not only law,
controversial theology. The le
a zealous Puritan, and he imb
ideas of discipline, and attac

What led him to take upon himself the office of Censor of the Stage does not appear; but once having the idea in his head, he pursued it with his characteristic impetuosity. The "Histrio-Mastix" of Prynne—a lawyer distinguished for his constitutional knowledge, but the most obstinate and narrow-minded of men—says Green in his History of England, marked the deepening of Puritan bigotry under the fostering warmth of Laud's persecution. The book was an attack on players as the ministers of Satan, on theatres as the devil's chapels, on hunting, may-poles, the decking of houses at Christmas with evergreens, on cards, music, and false hair. The attack on the stage was as offensive to the more cultured minds among the Puritan party as to the court itself. Selden and Whitelocke took a prominent part in preparing the grand masque by which the Inns of Court resolved to answer its challenge, and in the following year Milton wrote his masque of "Comus" for Ludlow Castle. To leave Prynne, however, to the censure of wiser men than himself was too sensible a course for the angry primate. No man was ever sent to prison before or since for such a sheer mass of nonsense. But in his "Histrio-Mastix" Prynne specially attacked women's acting; and as the queen, Henrietta Maria, was herself to perform in a court masque, and as there were thrown out sundry diatribes against popery, &c., it was supposed to be specially directed against her. It is certain that if all the bad names he gives to female actresses were really directed against the queen, there was plenty of reason for taking action against him.

Yet the treatment he received sounds shocking enough in these days. He was prosecuted before the Star Chamber,

condemned to pay a fine of
the pillory, to lose his ears, t
the common hangman, to be e
Lincoln's Inn and from the U
be imprisoned for life. All
Sacheverel was in danger of the
hundred years later. Though i
to write, and a pamphlet entit
again roused Laud to—shall we
He was condemned to pay a
stand in the pillory, to have th
and to be branded on both che
This sentence was carried out;
Caernarvon Castle, afterwards i

In 1640, at the meeting of
released, and the sentence agai
trary to law. In the same
amidst the triumphant acclam
number of ten thousand perso
in their hands. On his arrival
petition to the House of Co
persecutions which he had suffe
and the house voted him the
reparation—but it was never pai

Prynne's views had become
became a staunch Presbyteria
form of church-government in
advocated persecution, from wh
so much, and wrote a book enti
Falsehood—Antiquity over N

the undoubted jurisdiction and coercive power of Christian emperors, kings, and parliaments in matters of religion."

In 1647 Prynne was one of the parliamentary visitors of the University of Oxford, and during the Long Parliament sided zealously with the Presbyterians. When Cromwell and the political Independents, however, acquired more influence, Prynne exerted himself to the utmost against them, and endeavoured to support Charles. But Prynne, like many another, found it easier to set the demon of rebellion in motion than to stay it when crushing all alike in its course.

After the death of the king, Prynne still opposed Cromwell, and was in consequence committed a close prisoner to Dunster Castle. After a considerable time he obtained his release by insisting strongly on Magna Charta and the liberty of the subject, and again entered zealously into the religious controversies of the day.

Being considered one of the secluded members of the House of Commons, he was in 1659 restored to his seat, and on the movement for the restoration of Charles II., was particularly zealous for that measure. In 1660 he was elected member for Bath in the new Parliament, was restored to his office of recorder, and made one of the commissioners of appeals.

And now this strange man became as strenuous an advocate for royalty and the divine right of kings as ever he had been for so-called freedom and Puritanism. The Queen, Catherine of Braganza, found great difficulty in getting her annual income paid her; and Prynne, who had suffered so much for maligning Henrietta Maria, now set himself to

improve her revenue by maintaining her claim to the "aurum reginæ," or queen's gold. He even exerted his antiquarian talents and research in writing a book on the subject, which he dedicated to the queen. Charles was highly amused at the devotion manifested by the stern old Puritan to his popish consort, and his zeal for her pecuniary interests; but the right to the queen's gold had, during the reigns of two successive female sovereigns, merged in the Crown, and Charles, with his extravagant habits, being always in want of money, was not likely to relinquish what had become part of the Crown property for four reigns, to his neglected wife.

Prynne's restlessness—for it was a necessity of his character to be always agitating upon some crotchet or other—became troublesome to the Government, and they asked the king what course to pursue with him; and Charles, with the clear common sense which was so great an ingredient in his character, but which he seldom took the trouble to exercise, immediately replied: "Odd's fish! he wants something to do; I'll make him keeper of the tower records, and set him to put them in order, which will keep him in employment for the next twenty years." The activity of the antiquarian republican exerted itself to good purpose in reforming the chaos that was committed to his care. Studying the ancient records imbued him with a reverence for royalty, and the man who had refused to drink King Charles's health, or to doff his hat while others drank it, became a stickler for the divine right of kings and an advocate for the restoration of the privileges and immunities granted in the good old times to their consorts. He

even went so far as to justify the severity of the sentence of the Star Chamber, by declaring that "if they had taken off his head when they deprived him of his ears, he had only been given his deserts."

Prynne died in October, 1669. He was a laborious and voluminous writer. His works, contained in forty volumes, he presented to the library of Lincoln's Inn. It is said that, reckoning from the time he arrived at manhood, he wrote a sheet for every day of his life. He read or wrote during the whole day, and, that he might not be interrupted, had no regular meals, but took refreshments of bread and cheese and ale, which were placed by his side. His principal law-books are "Records," in three volumes, folio; "Parliamentary Writs," in four parts, quarto; "Sir Robert Cotton's Abridgement of the Tower Records, with amendments and additions," folio; and "Observations on the Fourth Part of Coke's Institutes," folio.

AUTHORITIES.—Cunninghame's Lives; Mackenzie's Biographical Dictionary; Green's History; Miss Strickland's Life of Catherine of Braganza.

Sir Ralph, Lord Hopto

(A.D. 1601–1652.)

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In everything but the mere accident of birth, S Hopton was a loyal son of Somerset. His father's at Stratton on the Fosse, an ancient village, as implies, being on the lines of the great Roman roa situated between Wells and Frome. His mc visiting some friends in Monmouthshire, when his l place unexpectedly, but he was of course brough educated in Somerset.

"His training was such, that he learned to pra as he could speak, and to read as soon as he co Before three years old he read any character or le soever in our Printed Books, and within a w tolerable Writing Hand, getting by heart at four y half, five or six hundred Latin and Greek words with their Genders and Declensions."

The religious impressions gained at his moth deepened as he grew older, and we shall find them ing with him through his life.

"From a strict School and able School-mast Country, he was sent to a well-governed Colledg

excellent Tutor, Mr. Sanderson (afterwards Dr. Sanderson, Bishop of Lincoln). But he soon discovered that he was born for action, the life of a man, rather than speculation, the life of a scholar. Letting it suffice others to meditate upon the great things which former ages have done, while he did great things which future ages might meditate upon.

"From the University therefore he goeth to the camp, putting off his gown to put on his corslet, and exchanging his Pen for his Sword. First exercising himself in the Low Countryes—the then Nursery of English Gentry—as a volunteer, and afterwards practising in the Palatinate as a Captain." [1]

Here he fought for the Elector Palatine in his vain attempt to hold the kingdom of Bohemia, making one of a body of enterprising cavaliers, who, weary of the pacific policy of James I., longed for some opportunity of distinguishing themselves. Chivalry as an institution was dead, but the spirit of chivalry will exist as long as gallantry and self-devotion are the characteristics of English gentlemen.

The battle of the White Mountain—better known as the battle of Prague—was fought on the 19th of November, 1620, and the Imperial party triumphed. The stern Maximilian was at the gates of the city, and eight hours were all that was allowed to frame such terms of capitulation as might save it from the horrors of assault. Before then, or never, the young queen must be far away over the rugged mountain passes through the wintry snow. Nor did she hesitate; delicately nurtured as she was, and within a few weeks of her confinement, the brave Englishwoman

[1] Lloyd's "Memoirs of the Cavaliers."

preferred any fate to that of captivity and disgrace. Her devoted followers offered to set the enemy at defiance and defend the city to the death to cover her retreat. "Never!" she exclaimed to Bernard Count Thurm, "never shall this devoted city be exposed to more outrageous treatment for my sake. Rather let me perish on the spot than be remembered as a curse!"

The carriage that was to convey the royal fugitives stood ready for their flight, when, a sudden alarm being given, they were hurried away by their servants, and borne off with desperate speed over the level plain, attended by a few faithful followers, and up by rarely trodden paths to the mountains, where wheels could no longer move; there the poor queen was placed on horseback, and the proud privilege of saving and guarding the "Pearl of Britain," the "Queen of Hearts," as Elizabeth the fugitive queen was called, was given to the young ensign, Ralph Hopton, who rode for forty miles with this lovely woman on a pillion behind him.

He was but nineteen when entrusted with this precious charge. From henceforth he was one of the most enthusiastic of those who, like the chivalrous knights of old, remained devoted to the service and distant worship of one lady as their guiding star. Yet it deserves to be recorded that in spite of this romantic devotion of Sir Ralph Hopton, Lord Craven, and others, not even a breath of detraction ever sullied Elizabeth's fair fame.

In was in November, 1620, that this perilous ride was taken. On the 22nd of December, 1620, Prince Maurice was born.

In 1625 we find him again in England. He was returned in that year to Parliament as member for Wells. He sat again for the same borough in 1640, in the Long Parliament. He saw its commencement—perhaps he was happier in not living to see its close, and the bitter disappointment of the new reign. In 1630 we find him subscribing to a petition to his Majesty, with other gentlemen of Somersetshire, to prevent unlawful and scandalous revellings on the Lord's Day. So great was his piety, that he was reckoned a Puritan before the wars for his strict life, and a Papist in the wars for his extraordinary devotion.

But all he saw of the factious proceedings in Parliament led him to return to the west to make provision for the struggle that he foresaw must eventually come; yet not till he had opposed their acts with both his tongue and his sword: for he spoke and argued well on the king's side,[1] and in his own county he provided arms and ammunition at his own expense, and fortified all such places as were tenable in Somersetshire, Wiltshire, and Devon—forty, it is said, in all; and in conjunction with Sir Bevil Grenville and Sir Nicholas Slanning, both Cornish men, and Sir John Stawell, a Somersetshire man like himself, he raised a large force on the king's side. In January, 1643, they began that glorious campaign by which for a time they cleared the whole western peninsula from the rebels to the king's authority.

At Liskeard, in Cornwall, the western forces were assem-

[1] In March, 1642, he was imprisoned by the Parliament for dissenting in his place in Parliament from the virtual declaration of war sent to the king at Theobalds.

bled under their respective commanders, Lord Mohun of Boconnoc, Sir John Berkley, and Colonel Ashburnham; but seeing that by the commission, Lord Mohun brought from Oxford, all four were of equal rank, it was generally agreed to elect one as chief, and the choice fell on Sir Ralph Hopton, who indeed had seen much service, and had good military training and experience on the Continent.

The first general order he gave was that public prayers should be read at the head of every squadron, and it was done accordingly; which the enemy observing, styled it saying of mass.[1] On the 19th of January, 1643, a brave battle was fought in Cornwall on Bradock Downs, near Bodmin, by Sir Ralph Hopton and Sir Bevil Grenville. After solemn prayers at the head of every division, they charged and carried all before them. "He caused the Foot to be drawn up in the best order they could, and placed a Forlorn of Musequeteers in the little Inclosures, wringing them with the few Horse and Dragoons he had. This done, two small Minion Drakes speedily and secretly fetched from Lord Mohun's House, were planted on a little Burrough within random-shot of the enemy, yet so that they were covered out of sight with small parties of Horse about them. These concealed Minions were twice discharged with such success that the enemy quickly quitted their ground, and all their army being put into a rout, the King's forces had the execution of them; which they performed very sparingly, taking 1,250 Prisoners, all their Canon and Ammunition, and most of their colours and arms, and after public thanks taking

[1] His chaplain was Thomas Fuller, best known as the author of "Fuller's Worthies."

their repose at Liskeard."[1] Such was the battle of Bradock Down between Liskeard and Lostwithiel.

Thence Hopton advanced towards Plymouth, and sat down for a short time before its walls, and, in conjunction with Sir John Berkley, took Saltash.

Soon afterwards both parties agreed to observe an exact neutrality in Devon and Cornwall. But the Parliament refusing to ratify this, about the beginning of May ordered the Earl of Stamford to march into Cornwall, which he did, with 5,400 foot and 1,400 horse, and posted himself on the top of a very high hill near Stratton, the ascents to which were exceedingly steep, and which he also rendered still more formidable by placing thirteen brass ordnance and a mortar piece to defend the heights. While in this situation the earl detached his horse, under the command of Sir John Chudleigh, to Bodmin, to surprise the sheriff and principal gentlemen of the county who were there. Upon which Sir Ralph Hopton formed the bold resolution of marching from Launceston, with his small force of 2,400 foot and 500 horse, and forcing the enemy's camp during the absence of their horse, notwithstanding all the advantages of their post, and great superiority of numbers. Accordingly on the 16th of May he approached, and ordered the attack to be made in four places at once, having divided his army into four brigades, the first led by himself and Lord Mohun on the south side; the second by Sir John Berkley and Sir Bevil Grenville; the third by Sir Nicholas Slanning and Colonel John Trevanion to the north side; and the fourth by Colonel Basset and Colonel William Godolphin. Each

[1] Lloyd's "Lives of the Cavaliers."

of the brigades had two pieces of cannon, and
were under the command of Colonel John Digb
directions to avail himself of every opportunity
present itself.

In this order, about five o'clock in the morn
perate attack was made. The engagement con
doubtful success till word was brought that their
failing. They determined to advance without firin
shot till they reached the top of the hill. Th
General Chudleigh, seeing the king's troops ga
them, charged, sword in hand, the party led b
Berkley and Sir Bevil Grenville with such deter
that they were thrown into some disorder, and S
the shock, was thrown down. He, however, quickl
himself, and Chudleigh was taken prisoner; an
three and four o'clock the commanders of the ki
by their various ways of ascent, met, to their mut
the top of the hill, which the routed enemy
forsook. In this service they lost very few m
considerable officers, killing about three hundr
enemy and taking seventeen hundred prisoners,
cannon being thirteen pieces of brass ordnanc
barrels of powder, a magazine of biscuit, and othe
proportionable.

For this victory public prayer and thanksgiving
on the hill, and the army was disposed of to imp
success to their best advantage. In memory of t
Sir Ralph Hopton was created Baron Hopton of
After this victory the army marched to Chard, in
where it was joined by the Marquis of Hertford, an

days took possession of Taunton, Bridgewater, and Dunster Castle. The government of Taunton was committed to Sir John Stawell, that of Bridgewater to Edmund Wyndham.

After the battle of Stratton, Hopton found himself free to march northward in search of Waller. When joined by Lord Hertford, Prince Maurice, and Lord Carnarvon, his army was fully equal to any that the Roundheads could oppose to him. Advancing by Wells, Frome, and Bradford, he endeavoured to secure some fair position in Waller's neighbourhood, whence he might check his movements, or force him to a battle, as circumstances should decide. Meanwhile Sir William Waller had taken up his quarters at Bath, where he was joined by Sir John Horner and others with the wreck of the Stratton fight. Thus reinforced, he proceeded to encounter his old and venerated friend, Lord Hopton. The better men on both sides could fight to the death with sincere and undiminished respect for their worthier opponents. But between Prince Maurice and Lord Hertford, the commander-in-chief, a breach well-nigh arose, the marquis severely censuring the license and irregularities allowed by the prince.

Since the junction of the forces, the leaders were more desirous than ever to force the enemy to a fight. But Sir William was comfortably lodged at Bath with abundance of provision for his troops, while the Cavaliers were obliged to keep the field. At last Waller was compelled to take the field, and offered the Cavaliers fight. On the 5th of July, 1643, was fought the battle of Lansdowne. Sir William Waller's position gave him immense advantage, and at first the king's forces declined the combat; but Waller, sending

the king's cavalry, who had never before turned from any enemy. The officers did their best with great courage. Eventually the horse were rallied by Prince Maurice, who charged the enemy's horse again, and totally routed them. It was whilst the battle was raging in the woods around Lansdowne, and victory alternating from one side to the other, that Sir Bevil Grenville advanced with a party of horse. He sustained two full charges, but in the third charge his horse fell, and he received a blow on the head with a pole-axe, and fell with many of his officers about him.

Either party was sufficiently tired and battered to be contented to stand still. In the night the parliamentary drew off, leaving the field to the king's forces, and Sir William Waller being so much disordered as to leave great stores of arms and ammunition behind him.

The honour of the day, therefore, such as it was, remained with the Royalists; but a terrible loss to their cause was the death of the Cornish hero. Clarendon says: "That which would have clouded any victory, and made the loss of others less spoken of, was the death of Sir Bevil Grenville. In him a brighter courage and gentler disposition were never married together to make the most cheerful and innocent conversation."

Many others, with Hopton himself, were severely wounded; almost all the ammunition expended; and of two thousand cavalry that entered the field and fought gallantly under Prince Maurice and Lord Carnarvon, only six hundred could be mustered when the sun went down.

The rout of Waller's army at Roundway Down scarcely comes into our tale, as it took place in Wiltshire, and Lord Hopton was absent, probably on account of his wounds. Next followed the siege of Bristol; to which, on its surrender by Colonel Fiennes, Lord Hopton was appointed governor by the Marquis of Hertford. But the jealousy which existed between that commander and Prince Maurice caused Prince Rupert (who highly esteemed Lord Hopton, not only as a gallant soldier, but as his mother's friend, not willing to set up any of his own army in opposition to him) to ask of the king the governorship for himself. To this the king assented before he heard from Lord Hertford. He then perceived how delicate a predicament he was placed in, and hence his expedition to Bristol. His presence calmed the strife between the parties. Prince Rupert offered at once to make Hopton his lieutenant-governor, which the latter willingly accepted; and then the prince assured him he would soon resign to him his own command. Lord Clarendon relates the whole affair with admirable tact and gracefulness, throwing especially a bright light on Hopton's nobly disinterested character.

It was at this time that the king created Sir Ralph, Lord Hopton of Stratton, and leaving him at Bristol to recover from his wounds, he marched away to Gloucester. About this time (August 15) Lord Hopton was able to inform the prince that a vessel had reached Bristol laden with arms for the queen. The king now laid siege to Gloucester, and Lord Hopton not only sent all his garrison to his assistance, but "with zealous ingenuity raised considerable forces from Bristol."

At the end of this year, 1643, and the beginning of 1644, Lord Hopton and his old friend and antagonist, Waller, were opposed to each other in the south. But the days were darkening round England, and we find letters from this chivalrous nobleman complaining of the difficulties that beset him. After he had done as much as courage, conduct, and activity could do, he, for want of supplies, was forced to retire before Fairfax, and approved himself as great a general in his retreat as he had done before in his victories. In besieging Taunton in 1645 he was grievously hurt in the face by the blowing up of a powder magazine. At Brandon Heath, near Winchester, he was defeated, though with little loss, by Waller. The embers of the fight burned on, but jealousy and self-seeking were eating the life out of what had been a noble contest for high principles. Sir Richard Grenville, the unworthy brother of the chivalrous Sir Bevil, refused to serve under Lord Hopton, presumably because the latter was a native of Somerset; and in 1646 Fairfax obliged Lord Hopton to disband his forces. He took refuge in the Scilly Islands, where the Prince of Wales (afterwards Charles II.), Lords Colepepper and Capel, were already, and where their governor, Sir John Grenville, still held out for the king. But for the present the cause was lost; Sir George Ayscough and Admiral Blake attacked the islands, and the garrison surrendered on articles to the enemy, and were shipped off to England, Scotland, Ireland, and France.

Lord Hopton retired abroad, and died at Bruges in 1646, leaving "no issue besides those of his own soul, his great thoughts and greater actions." His barony of Stratton was

conferred on Sir John Berkley, younger son of Sir Maurice Berkley, of Stratton.

Thomas Fuller, who acted as Lord Hopton's chaplain in his campaign in the west, is said to have gathered much of his material for his "Worthies" of the western counties during the war.

Lloyd, in his notice of Lord Hopton, says that when chosen commander-in-chief of the west, in half a year he got forty garrisons well maintained, twelve hundred men well disciplined; one thousand pounds a month contributions regularly settled; above four hundred old officers, soldiers, and engineers out of the Palatinate, the low countries, and Ireland usefully employed; a press to print orders, declarations, messages, and other books to instruct and undeceive the people.

Nine reasons are given by Lloyd for Sir Ralph Hopton's general success in his undertakings. These, put shortly, may fitly conclude the life of this great and excellent man.

1. The great care he took in the choice of his Deputies and officers.

2. The strict Discipline he enforced.

3. By paying his men regularly, pinching himself to gratify them. His three words were—Pay well, Command well, Hang well.

4. By this to keep open the Trade of the Countries under his command by Sea and Land.

5. By his solemn familiarity, neither the Mother of Contempt nor the Daughter of Art, and treating his men not as

Milites, but Comilitones. It was not *Goye*,

6. By sharing with them in their wants, ot deserts, and rewarding them.

7. By preserving his Souldiers from all unnec and danger, and being careful over them.

8. By understanding his enemies' way and situation, so as to take every advantage possi vent all disadvantages by his watchfulness.

9. By his Piety, keeping strict communion the while he was engaged in a war with men. Orders for the strict observance of the Lord's very severe in these two cases—1, Rapines com the people; 2, Prophaneness against God.

Such was the character of the greatest captair army. He died before the Restoration, ther the bitter disappointment that the character o Charles caused to all those who trusted that hi father's throne would be a blessing to the Hopton married Elizabeth, daughter of Arthur of Hadham, in Hertford, and widow of Sir Jus In April, 1644, she was taken prisoner by the Hampshire, but was honourably treated, and se

AUTHORITIES. — Lloyd's Memoirs of th Gilbert's History of Cornwall; Heath's the Scilly Islands; Warburton's Prince the Cavaliers; Green's History of Eng butions to Notes and Queries.

[1] It reminds one of the two French captains and unpopularity of the one contrasted with the devotion the the difference only being between "Allez, mes enfants, mes enfants."

PHILOSOPHERS OF SOMERSET.

—:o:—

RALPH CUDWORTH, 1617–1688.

IN the four hundred years that elapsed between the days of Roger Bacon and Ralph Cudworth, it is not necessary to suppose that philosophy was wholly dead in Somerset, but only that no name has been discovered of sufficient importance to place by the side of these other eminent men. In some respects the period in which Cudworth lived was not unlike that in which the earlier philosophers flourished. The seventy years of his life are among the most momentous in our history. Born in the quiet days of James I., when the pent-up forces, which had been smouldering in the times of the later Plantagenets and the Tudors, were now covered by so thin a crust that those who had eyes to see could foretell the upheaval that would shortly take place, he grew to manhood during the troublous days of the Rebellion. All through Cromwell's usurpation he lived apart, engrossed in his religious and philosophical studies, nor did the evil days of the Restoration, nor the fatal period of the second James's reign, disturb him from his philosophic quiet; but when another great crash seemed impending, he went to his rest just before the, so-called, "Glorious Revolution."

Ralph Cudworth was born at Aller, in Some
place his father was rector, and which Camden
his time as "a village consisting only of a few
but which seemeth to have been a town of go
yet Aller has memories of no small interest—
of the Danish King Guthrum in 878, and the
royal forces by Fairfax which took place there i
own time.

The death of his father left young Cudwo
early age without an instructor, but on his mo
marriage his stepfather, Dr. Houghton, gave
careful education. In 1630 he was admitted
of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where he
studies with great diligence, and in 1639
degree of M.A. with great applause. He w
chosen fellow of his college, and became one
in which capacity he rose to such eminence
one time the unprecedented number of twent
under his care, amongst whom was the celebrat
Temple. After some time, in the year 1641
sented to the rectory of North Cadbury, a
height to the hill fort of Cadbury—the ancient

He appears to have lived so entirely apart fr
to have been disturbed by neither party, tho
pathies were evidently with the Puritans.

In 1662 he was presented by Sheldon, Bisho
to the vicarage of Ashwell, in Herefordshire.
was installed Prebendary of Gloucester, and
lished in folio his famous work, "The Tru
System of the Universe"—intellectual meanin

to physical. This famous and learned work (which is, however, unfinished) was written in opposition to the fatalists, and to oppose atheism. But alas! for the perversity of human nature, this good and learned man, who devoted his whole life and learning to the confutation of infidelity, was accused not only of Arianism, but even of atheism, because he endeavoured to state fairly the arguments which he proceeded to overthrow.

He left an only daughter, Damaris, Lady Masham, the wife of Sir Francis Masham. She attended her father in his last illness, and forms a connecting link between him and our next biographical notice. She was the friend of Locke, and was in attendance on him when he died in her house at Oates, in Essex.

Dr. Hook gives a list of Cudworth's works, and adds: "These writings long reposed quietly in the library at Oates, but about the year 1762 they were sold by Lord Masham as lumber to a bookseller, from whose hands, after suffering many perils and mutations, they at last found their way to the British Museum. The only public use of them was made by Dr. Dodd, who ransacked them for notes to the Bible published with his name."

AUTHORITIES.—Cunninghame's Lives of Eminent Englishmen; Dr. Hook's Ecclesiastical Biography; Smith's English Literature.

On Witches.

—:o:—

MRS. LEAKEY, OF MYNEHEAD, SC

"How whistle rash bids tempests roar."

a general superstition is well known to a
been on ship-board or who have converse
men. The most formidable whistler that I
have met with was the apparition of a certain
who, about 1636, resided, we are told, at
Somerset, where her only son drove a consi
between that port and Waterford, and was owi
vessels.

The old gentlewoman was of a social dispo
acceptable to her friends, that they used to s
to each other it were pity such a good-natured,
lady should die; to which she was wont to re
ever pleasure they might find in her company
would not greatly like to see or converse with h
which nevertheless she was apt to think might

Accordingly, after her death and funeral,
appear to various persons by night and by no
own house, in the town and fields, at sea an
So far had she departed from her former urb

is reported to have kicked a doctor of medicine for his impolite negligence in omitting to hand her over a stile. It was also her humour to stand on the quay and call for a boat. But especially as soon as any of her son's ships approached the harbour, "this ghost would appear in the same garb and likeness as when she was alive; and, standing at the mainmast, would blow with a whistle, and though it were never so great a calm, yet immediately there would arise a most dreadful storm, that would break, wreck, and drown all ships and goods." When she had thus proceeded until her son had neither credit to freight a vessel nor could have procured men to sail it, she began to attack the persons of the family, and actually strangled their only child in the cradle.

The rest of her story, showing how the spectre looked over the shoulder of her daughter-in-law while dressing her hair at a looking-glass; and how Mrs. Leakey the younger took courage to address her, and how the beldam dispatched her to an Irish prelate, famous for his crimes and misfortunes, to exhort him to repentance, and to apprize him that otherwise he would be hanged; and how the bishop was satisfied with replying that if he was born to be hanged he should not be drowned—all these, with many more particulars, may be found at the end of one of John Dunton's publications, called "Athenianism" (London, 1710), where the tale is engrossed under the title of "The Apparition Evidence."

AUTHORITY.—Note vii. to Canto Second of Rokeby (Sir Walter Scott.)

TRIAL BY ORDEAL, BY TOUCHING A CORPSE TO DISCOVER THE MURDERER.

In the year 1613 there lived on the southern border of Somerset, near Wambrook, a Master Babb, who advanced his suit to marry a widow near Taunton. She gave him a refusal; but he afterwards secreted himself in her brewhouse, in order to have an opportunity of again preferring his suit.

The widow, when she heard his offer, exclaimed, in the emphatic language of the time: "Have thee, base rascal? No!" and struck him on his head with a pewter candlestick. Babb killed her with sixteen wounds, and put the knife in a wound, and in her hand, to make it be believed it was a case of self-destruction.

Mr. Warre, a magistrate, of Hestercombe House, a seat near Taunton, believed the common opinion of the time, that if the murderer touched the corpse of his victim the blood would immediately flow from the wound and discover the guilty person. The active magistrate caused the body to be disinterred, that all the inhabitants living within a circle of three miles might assemble to touch the body and go through the painful ordeal. Babb ran away, to escape this dreadful mode of testing each neighbouring inhabitant's innocence. His conscience left him no repose: he returned and yielded himself up to justice. The assizes for Somerset were held at Chard in 1613, where Babb was tried, and received sentence. He was hanged near Wambrook. Sir Symonds d'Ewes went to see the execution from his school or from Coaxden Hall; and to this noted writer we are indebted for the narrative.

AUTHORITY.—Roberts's Social History of the Southern Counties of England.

PHILOSOPHERS OF SOMERSET.

—:o:—

JOHN LOCKE, 1632–1704.

THE life of a philosopher who studied deeply the most abstruse subjects in religion and morals, one moreover whose health was always delicate, would not, one would suppose, give much scope for a biography. But Locke lived in stirring times. Born in the days of Charles I., he lived through three of the great R.'s—the Rebellion, the Restoration, and the Revolution. At different times in his life he had three roads to preferment opened to him, Theology, Medicine, and Politics; he declined them all, and though for a short time he practised as a physician, he deliberately chose the life of a student. It would be a curious and instructive study to trace Locke's mind passing from the contemplation and analysis of the physical sciences to his psychological studies and analysis of the mind and intellect. His great work was his essay concerning "Human Understanding"; it was in contemplation for twenty years, and was finished the same year as Newton's "Principia." It has been much assailed as tending towards Arianism and infidelity; but Locke himself was a devout believer, and indignantly re-

pudiated the charges brought against him. His great object was to open the portals of the Church wide enough to admit all those who answered to the test provided by the apostles that "Jesus Christ is the Son of God."

He was born and baptized at Wrington, in Somerset, but his home was at Belluton, in the parish of Pensford. In his latter years he lived with Sir Francis and Lady Masham, at Oates, in the parish of High Laver, Essex, where his tomb may still be seen. Lady Masham was the daughter of the philosopher Cudworth. Though varying schools of thought will of course differ on the value of Locke's writings, we may sum up this brief notice by a few words borrowed from "Shaw's English Literature": "His personal character seems to have been one of those which approach perfection as nearly as can be expected from our fallible and imperfect nature." It is a noble epitaph on one of the greatest of the philosophers of Somerset.

AUTHORITIES.—Shaw's English Literature, and a short Life prefixed to The Reasonableness of Christianity.

THOMAS KEN, D.D.,

SOMETIME BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS.

(A.D. 1637–1710.)

—.o.—

"Good angels still were there, when the base-hearted son
Of Charles the royal martyr his course of sin did run;
Then in those cloisters, holy Ken strengthened with deeper prayer
His own and his dear scholars' souls to what pure souls should dare.
Bold to rebuke enthronéd sin, with calm undazzled faith,
Whether amid the pomp of courts, or on the bed of death;
Firm amid kingly terrors, in his free country's cause,
Faithful to God's anointed, against a world's applause."

Ode on the 450th anniversary of Winchester College by ROUNDELL PALMER (Lord Selborne), 1843.

THAT so meek, so humble, so saintly a prelate as Bishop Ken should have been, through a great part of his life, in opposition to "the powers that be," and that he, whose sole object was to do his duty in that state of life unto which it had pleased God to call him, should have been so constantly mixed up with strife and politics, seems an anomaly so great that the history of his life is the only explanation. We are reluctantly compelled to forego giving it in detail; detached sketches and anecdotes are all that space allows us.

Though not actually a native of our county, yet we may claim him with pride as one of our worthies, not only for his connection with it as bishop, but because his family were settled in Somerset from the time of Henry II. to the seventeenth century; the manor of Ken, near Yatton, from which they take their name, having then passed to the Pouletts by the marriage of Elizabeth, daughter and co-heiress of Christopher Ken, with the fifth Lord Poulett. About this time William Ken, the direct ancestor of the bishop, left Somerset and settled in London. His grandson, Thomas Ken, of Furnival's Inn, practised as a barber-surgeon, probably during the Commonwealth, when, as being a decided Royalist, he was doubtless not allowed to practise as an attorney in the Court of Common Pleas. Izaak Walton, who married his eldest daughter by his first wife, speaks of his father-in-law as "a gentleman and a scholar, very innocent and prudent." He must have been a man of rare virtues, as for a scholar to be *prudent* and a lawyer *innocent* is not what one would naturally expect.

Thomas was this good man's youngest son by his second wife, though nearly fifty years younger than his brother-in-law Walton, the excellent linen-draper, angler, and author. The future bishop was educated at Winchester College, and there he formed a friendship with Francis Turner which lasted his lifetime. The two friends both became bishops, both attended the Duke of Monmouth in his last hours, both were imprisoned by James II., both became non-jurors and were deprived by William III.

In 1657 he was elected fellow of New College, and in 1661 was enabled to take his degree with a good conscience.

On taking holy orders he was appointed chaplain to Lord Maynard, and later, domestic-chaplain to Morley, Bishop of Winchester. While holding this office he voluntarily undertook the charge of St. John's Church in the Soke at Winchester; there he brought over to the Church many Anabaptists whom he himself baptized. While fellow of Winchester College and holding a prebendal stall in the cathedral, out of his tender care for the spiritual life of the boys of the college he prepared his manual of prayers, which supplied so great a need, that a copy dated 1735 is marked as the twenty-fourth edition. Thus were the public schools of that day trained in the duty of private prayer, and though so sadly neglected in the eighteenth century—really "the dark ages" of the English Church—it was revived at Winchester even before the days of Arnold at Rugby. Bishop Ken's manual still retains its place at Winchester and other schools.

In 1675 Ken's love for his own branch of the Church Catholic was strengthened, if it were possible, by a tour in Italy with his nephew, Izaak Walton the younger. In 1679 he was appointed chaplain to the Duke of York's daughter, the Princess Mary, and in Holland he witnessed the unhappiness of the princess at the combined coldness and unfaithfulness of the Prince of Orange. He incurred the anger of the prince by successfully using his influence with Count Zulestein to induce him to marry an English lady whose affection he had betrayed. In 1681 he was appointed chaplain to Charles II., and in 1683 was nominated to accompany Lord Dartmouth on the expedition which sailed to dismantle Tangier, as chaplain. With him sailed

Samuel Pepys, who conceived an unbounded respect and admiration for Ken, and from this time a deeper and less frivolous tone may be traced in his immortal diary. We must refer the reader to it for some interesting letters which at this time and on this subject passed between Pepys and his brother diarist, John Evelyn. From this time also, Pepys, who, as Secretary to the Admiralty, must have had great influence, speaks earnestly of the importance of supplying fit persons as chaplains to the fleet.

In 1684 Ken was brought under the notice of Charles II., who sent a courtier, whilst staying at Winchester, to request the use of his prebendal house for Nell Gwynne. "Not for his kingdom," was Ken's uncompromising answer. He could scarcely have supposed that such an incident would have been a stepping-stone to a bishopric; but when the see of Bath and Wells was vacant, Charles asked "Where was the little man who refused his house to poor Nell?"

It is impossible to follow Ken through his noble work in Somerset. He found the people sunk in ignorance and vice. He had a happy way of combining spiritual with corporeal alms, and if any begged of him, he would ask whether he could say the Lord's Prayer and the Creed. He wrote an exposition of the Church Catechism for the many schools he established. On his appointment as bishop he published "Directions for Prayer," which he addressed to "The inhabitants within the diocese of Bath and Wells, Thomas Ken, their unworthy bishop, wisheth the knowledge and the love of God." He says, "I expect and beseech you all of either sex to learn how to pray. This is the first general request I shall make of you."

When at Wells, twelve poor men and women dined with him on Sundays in his hall.

He attended Charles II. in his last hours, and for three whole days and nights never left him. He prevailed with him to send away his mistresses, and ask the queen's pardon for his behaviour to her; yet Charles declined to receive the last sacrament from his hands, and is supposed, during an hour when the room was cleared, to have received it from a Romish priest.

Some account of his behaviour during Monmouth's rebellion will be found in a later paper. He stopped Feversham's military executions. He returned to London and attended Monmouth at his execution, pressing upon him, as he had upon his father, repentance for his sin against his wife; but not with the same success. He and Bishop Turner were nevertheless asked by Monmouth himself to attend him to the scaffold. Back again he turned to his suffering diocese, and though in politics a strong Tory, in religion a High Churchman, yet he fed, comforted, and ministered to the unhappy rebels in their loathsome prisons. When called before the Council in William's reign for a like act in relieving those in opposition to the Government, he said, "A thousand or more engaged in the rebellion of the Duke of Monmouth, and many of them were such which I had reason to believe to be ill-men and void of all religion, and yet for all that I thought it my duty to relieve them. It is well known in the diocese that I visited them night and day, and I thank God I supplied them with necessaries myself, as far as I could, and encouraged others to do the same, and yet King James never found the least fault with

me." Lord Macaulay says, "His conduct on this occasion was of a piece with his whole life; and his moral character, when impartially reviewed, sustains a comparison with any in ecclesiastical history, and seems to approach as near as human infirmity permits to the ideal perfection of Christian virtue."

After Monmouth's rebellion was so barbarously quenched in blood, James believed himself secure on the throne, but blindly and insanely he hurried on to destruction. He insulted the Church by insisting that the Declaration of Indulgence, though positively illegal, should be read in the churches. Many of the bishops and clergy approved of the withdrawal of the penal laws against Romish and Protest Dissent, but they *could* not consent to an illegal act which was manifestly done to favour the Romish party. We know the story of the seven bishops' refusal to obey the king, of their imprisonment in the tower, the banks of the Thames being lined with people on their knees entreating their blessing; their trial and acquittal, when the beams of Westminster Hall well-nigh cracked with the mighty shout of triumphant joy; of their release, and triumphant return. Ken, and Sancroft the archbishop, returning together in a carriage, crossed London Bridge, and, passing through the Borough to Lambeth, it took them several hours to get to their destination from the crowds of people who hung on the carriage and craved their blessing. On their return they attended a service at Whitehall. It was St. Peter's Day, and the Epistle is the release of St. Peter by the hand of an angel.

But events followed each other with startling rapidity. James fled, and so vacated his throne, which his daughter

and son-in-law were asked to fill. But though the bishops would oppose the king in unlawful acts, they could not, they felt, forswear themselves and lightly transfer their allegiance. Ken was deprived, and his place supplied by the latitudinarian Kidder. During his holding the see, Ken refused to consider it vacant, and protested against his appointment. Dr. Kidder and his wife were killed in the palace at Wells during that mighty storm in 1703, in which the Eddystone lighthouse was swept away. A stack of chimneys came crashing through the roof, and fell upon the bishop and his wife ; nor was any other person in Wells injured. Extraordinary to say, on the same night Bishop Ken was in Salisbury at the house of his nephew, Izaak Walton; the storm raged there so terribly that "we all rose," says the good bishop, "and called the family to prayers, and, by the goodness of God, we were safe amid the storm. The house being searched the day following, the workmen found that the beam which supported the roof over my head was shaken out to that degree that it had but half an inch hold, so that it was a wonder it could hold together; for which signal and particular preservation God's holy name be for ever praised. It is a deliverance not to be forgotten"—and, we may add, a coincidence, to say the least, that is remarkable.

Twice Queen Anne offered to reinstate Bishop Ken, but he declined: old age and weakened health made him shrink from undertaking duties he could not satisfactorily perform. But when his friend Bishop Hooper was appointed he gladly resigned the see in his favour, and he was now again able to visit his old home.

During the last years of his life, Queen Anne paid him a pension of £200. His home was principally at Longleat; but though living in the Marquis of Bath's mansion, he led the same ascetic life as ever. He died there on March 19, 1710 (O.S.) He was found arrayed by his own hands in the shroud which had travelled with him for many years, following the instructions of St. Basil; but he had clothed himself with another garment which the same father calls "the comely shroud of godliness."

He left behind him this confession of faith: "As for my religion, I die in the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Faith, professed by the whole Church before the disunion of East and West; more particularly I die in the Communion of the Church of England as it stands distinguished from all Papal and Puritan innovations, and as it adheres to the doctrine of the Cross."

Bishop Ken is best known by his Morning and Evening hymns, which forty years ago were almost the only ones used in our churches. His writings are not remarkable as models of oratory and eloquence, but they were always directed to the honour of God and the benefit of those committed to his charge.

He was buried at Frome, the nearest spot within his own diocese to Longleat; there a simple stone, with an iron mitre and crosier, marked his grave. In 1844 a small memorial shrine was erected over it, and the church restored by subscription. A fine stained-glass window was also placed in it to his memory by the Marchioness of Bath.

There seems a singular appropriateness in the body of

the good bishop resting in the shadow of a church dedicated in the name of a saint—John the Baptist—who himself stood before kings and resisted their unrighteous acts. Should our Church ever exercise the right she undoubtedly possesses of canonizing some of her most saintly sons, there is scarcely a name that could be placed before that of the holy confessor Thomas Ken, sometime Bishop of Bath and Wells.

AUTHORITIES.—Pepys' Diary; Evelyn's Diary; Macaulay's History of England; Life and Prayers of Bishop Ken, by Markland; Hook's Ecclesiastical Biography; Miss Strickland's Lives of the Queens.

TRENT H

CHARLES II. AND COL

(1651.

—:o:—

ON September 3rd, 1651, was f
mercy, the battle of Worcester, an
with the certainty of sharing l
taken. Boscobel and other pla
devotion to tell, but none give
minded and high-bred loyalty tl
ham and his family. Charles
Trent House is one of the ext
just where it touches Dorsetshi
through Castle Cary, but his
Mr. Edward Kirton, steward to
gave him an asylum and assisted
on September 16th that he arri
groom to Mrs. Jane Lane, wh
pillion, and the next day he proc

Colonel Wyndham would tha
share the honour and satisfa

sovereign. He therefore obtained permission from the king to make his identity known to them all, and then introduced the fugitive monarch to his mother, his wife, and his four servants. The venerable lady his mother, had not begrudged the loss of three sons and a grandson in the royal cause, and now thanked God in her declining years that she was reserved to be herself instrumental in the preservation of the king's life.

Colonel Wyndham told Charles that Sir Thomas, his father, in the year 1636, a few days before his death, called to him his five sons. "My children," said he, "we have hitherto seen serene and quiet times under our three last sovereigns, but I must now prepare you for clouds and storms. Factions arise on every side, and threaten the tranquillity of your native country; but whatever happens, do you faithfully honour and obey your prince, and adhere to the crown. I charge you never to forsake the crown, though it should hang upon a bush." "These last words," said Wyndham, "made such an impression upon all our breasts, that the many afflictions of these sad times could never efface their indelible characters."

The king remained some time at Trent House, and meanwhile all his friends in Britain, and in every part of Europe, remained in the most anxious suspense about him; no one could conjecture what had become of him, or even whether he were dead or alive. There is a tradition[1] at Trent itself, that the church bells rang a joy-peal for his death, on the report of a trooper who had returned from

[1] Kindly communicated to me by the Rector of Trent, Rev. C. Richmond Tate.

Worcester, and that Lord Roches
attended the Presbyterian servi
hiding, to take off suspicion.
being generally believed, his ene
their search.

Colonel Wyndham made many
for him to go to France, but
Charles determined for himself t
and riding before Mrs. Wyndh
servant, accompanied by the colo
hospitable friends; the aged mo
before he left. They had not ri
with a troop of Cromwell's horse,
can generals whom Charles knew
nothing to be done but to ride
terribly alarmed, this they did, ar
the whole troop without being s
he failed to reach the coast, a
Wyndhams' house, and remain th

Once the sagacity of a smith d
that his horse's shoes had been r
in the west as he pretended; bu
Having failed to find a ship on
he at last found one at Shoreh
forty-one days' concealment arri
Normandy.

Trent House is now turned
they still show a portion of the
Mrs., afterwards Lady, Wyndham
hiding-place, a hole about nine fe

the closet, where, tradition says, Charles slept. The boards are moveable, and a man can easily let himself down between the joists.

At the Restoration Colonel Wyndham was made a baronet, with a pension of £600 a year. His monument is to be seen in the north transept of the church, called—strangely enough—the Gerard, Wyndham, Seymour Chapel, from the successive owners of the manor house. The inscription is: "Here lyeth the body of Sir Francis Wyndham, Baronet, who dyed the 15th day of July, 1676, *ætatis suæ*"—from his coffin-plate his age is known to have been sixty-six. The inscription to Lady Ann Wyndham, his wife (who was the daughter of Thomas Gerard and Ann, the daughter of Robert Coker, and by whom Colonel Wyndham came into possession of the Trent property), is: "Dme (Dame) A. W., Obt. July 19th, Ann. Dom. 1698."

The church was long in the hands of the Presbyterians and Puritans; and the rector, Elias Wrench, was ejected, but reinstated during the Restoration. In spite of the Puritan occupation, there are some very quaint old seat ends. Some in particular, with an Ave Maria on them, would have fallen a sacrifice to their bigotry could they have deciphered them; but the letters are quaintly carved and the words most strangely divided. They read, however, thus: "Ave Maria Gratia Plena dominus Tecum A Me. I.H.S. M." The whole is in ancient capital letters with the exception of the G (which far more resembles a 6), the d in dominus, and the last M, which presumably stands for Maria.

AUTHORITIES.—Lives of Charles II.; and personal communication from the rector, the Rev. C. R. Tate.

THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH IN SOMERSET.

(A.D. 1680; 1685.)

—:o:—

AGAIN and again has Somerset served as a ra in times of national trial. In the seventh cen the point whence Arthur issued forth to drive Saxons. Again in Alfred's time it served the sa against the Danes. In the time of the Great F was in Somerset that the king—all but—rec fortunes; and now we are to note how Puritans and Liberals in politics strove against what they tyranny alike in Church and State.

It was in the year 1679 that Charles II., pe the small amount of conscience that his selfish had left him, was striving to put off the meetin ment, in order to avoid settling the succession. was divided by a sense of duty to his wife—the rous feeling left him,—by love to his brother, yet unowned—regard for the Roman Catholic the one hand; and on the other by his love for h son, the Duke of Monmouth. So, tossed hither in his mind, and as much troubled as his care

would let him be, he put off the evil day of making any decision in the matter, hoping—as people of his habit of mind always do hope—that things would somehow right themselves. The queen might die, or one of the two dukes.

But the minds of the people were so exercised in the matter, that they took to petitioning that the succession should be settled; but Charles, like Queen Elizabeth, extremely disliked the subject, and as much objected to petitions as James did later on. One Heywood Dare, a goldsmith of Taunton, presented a petition from that borough to the king. Charles asked him how he *dared* do it. "Sir," said he, "my name is *Dare*." In spite of his courage, and in spite still more of his wit—for a joke would go a good way with Charles—Dare was fined £500, and forced to find security for his good behaviour for three more. The town of Taunton, rather meanly I think, took occasion soon after to disavow his petition in the *Gazette*. Dr. Peter Mews—at that time Bishop of Bath and Wells, later on translated to Winchester—was at the assize, March 3rd, 1680, which fined Dare and turned him out of the corporation. He was so delighted with the judges' verdict, that he called them "Deliciæ Occidentis."

The Duke of Monmouth was the son of one Lucy Walters, a Welsh girl of great beauty but weak understanding, whom Charles met at the Hague; her son was known as James Crofts. So after the Restoration he appeared at court, and was treated with distinctions hitherto only awarded to princes of the blood. While still quite young he was married to Anne, Duchess of Buccleugh in her own right. He took her title and received possession of her

ample domains; he was created Duke of Mor England, of Buccleugh in Scotland, Master of t a Knight of the Garter, Commander of the firs Life Guards, Chief Justice of Eyre south of the Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. Pre a favourite with the people from his winning ma great beauty, professing great horror of Popery, libertine, he won the hearts of the Puritan: Charles II. and Louis XIV. united their forc Holland, Monmouth commanded the English c and returned with a high character for valour and In 1679, when Grahame of Claverhouse had fail the Covenanters they were dispersed by Mon Bothwell Bridge; and when reproached for his m rebels, he answered that he "could not kill m blood—that was work only for butchers." The York, who succeeded him in command, had scruples. But Monmouth's influence with the k before the Duke of York's, and he was banis trusting to his father's affection, he returned o accord in 1680. The king professed great indign refused to see him at court. Under the advice o of Shaftesbury, he whiled away the time by maki royal tour in the west.

THE WESTERN PROGRESS.

When quite a youth, King Charles had enco son in keeping on his hat in the Presence Cham Howards and Seymours stood uncovered aro

When foreign princes died, he had mourned for them in the long purple cloak, which no other subject except the Duke of York and Prince Rupert was permitted to wear. Was it unnatural that, being moreover the favourite of the people, and knowing the unpopularity of the Duke of York, he should think the crown within his grasp? To such a height did his pretensions rise, that he bore on his escutcheon the lions of England and the lilies of France, without the addition of the bar sinister. There can be little doubt that, in spite of Charles's proclamation that Queen Catherine was the the only woman he had ever married, the western tour was intended by Monmouth, and allowed by Charles, to try the temper of the people.

From Longleat House, the seat of Viscount Weymouth, in Wiltshire, Monmouth passed over the border into our county. His first stoppage was at Whitelackington House, then the seat of the Speke family, within two miles of Ilminster. The people came to greet him from miles round; the lanes and hedges were lined with men, women, and children, who with incessant shouts cried, "God save King Charles and the Protestant Duke." In some places, specially at Ilchester and South Petherton, the streets and highways were strewn with herbs and flowers; others presented him with bottles of wine. A party of Quakers at Ilchester, standing with their hats on, the Duke took notice of them, and with his winning grace he took off his hat to them. Within ten miles of Whitelackington he was met by two thousand persons on horseback, whose numbers still increased as they drew near Mr. Speke's. On arriving there the company was computed to arrive at twenty thousand.

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the families of Poulett, Roswell,
Evans. It escaped destruction

property of Edmund Prideaux, the Attorney-General of the Commonwealth. It was the son of Prideaux who entertained the Duke of Monmouth on his tour; but, as we shall see, he had reason to regret the honour. The next day the Duke rode to Ilminster; with whom he stayed is not certain—probably with Mr. Speke, at Whitelackington. On the following day he attended Ilminster church, then a much finer building than now, for in 1825 the nave was pulled down, and rebuilt with wide arches, galleries, and other abominations. It is one of the two finest cruciform churches in Somerset. Unfortunately, the work was so well and substantially done that there is little hope of its being restored to its former beauty.

While at Mr. Speke's, Sir John Sydenham, of Brympton House, treated the duke to a junket at the White Lodge in Hinton Park, distant about three miles. Sir John had married Lord Poulett's aunt—a sister of the first Lord Poulett, who had served against the Parliament. Earl Poulett was then a minor. While in the park, one Elizabeth Parcot made a rush at the duke, and touched his hand; she suffered from the king's evil, had received no benefit from physicians, nor even from a seventh son, to reach whom she had travelled ten miles. After touching the duke, all the wounds were healed in two days! A handbill in folio was circulated setting forth this marvellous cure, and a document signed by Henry Clarke, minister of Crewkerne, two captains, a clergyman, and four others, lay for some time at the Amsterdam Coffee-house, Bartholomew's Lane, London. The few that had doubts with regard to Monmouth's legitimacy doubted no more; yet it is a most curious

episode, as the power was always supposed to lie with an anointed sovereign since the days of the Confessor. Charles II., in twenty-two years, touched 92,107 persons. Wiseman, the *Serjeant-Surgeon*, says Cromwell tried, but it failed in his hand. Strangely enough, not only the seventh son of a seventh son, but the hand of a felon who had been hanged, was supposed to possess the same power.

From Hinton the duke proceeded into Devonshire, but afterwards returned to Whitelackington House on a visit to Mr. Speke, thence through Dorsetshire to Longleat.

In the interval between Monmouth's first and second visit to Somerset he went to the Hague, where he made himself very popular at the court of his cousins the Prince and Princess of Orange, though they must have known that his pretensions interfered with their own. While there, news came of his father's death and his uncle's succession. William of Orange advised the duke to join the emperor in Hungary, as a volunteer in his war against the Turks. Many gallant gentlemen, both Protestant and Catholic, were there, fighting in the common cause of Christendom. The prince promised Monmouth that if he would do so, he should not want means to appear as an English gentleman. The advice was good; but Monmouth, though a gallant soldier, was now dominated by an overwhelming passion for Henrietta, Baroness Wentworth in her own right. His own wife was apparently in every way excellent, but he had never loved her, though he was the father of two sons by her. He retired with Henrietta Wentworth to Brussels, and endeavoured to forget his former hopes. He was roused, however, by the ambition of others, and was induced,

against his better judgment, to make an attempt upon the crown.

The exigencies of space warn us not even to attempt to condense Macaulay's account of the short and disastrous campaign that followed. Of the landing of Monmouth, his ill-advised measures, his vacillation, the battle—the last ever fought on English ground—the heroism and undaunted courage of the miners and peasantry of Somerset, though armed, many of them, with nothing but their tools; the bitter end, the military murders of Kirke, the still more brutal travesty of justice under Jeffreys—is not this, and more than this, written in "Macaulay"? and to his history we must refer our readers. We will but contrast the behaviour of two successive Bishops of Bath and Wells.

In the Town Hall of Wells is to be seen a portrait of Bishop Peter Mews, sometime bishop of our diocese, but ultimately, and at this period, Bishop of Winchester, and in that capacity owning the manor of Taunton. Under it is inscribed: "Vera effigies Petri Mews, Winton Ep: qui pugnavit et oravit pro pace Regni et Ecclesiæ." He fought at the battle of Sedgemoor, the last English bishop who appeared in arms: nor was he content only to use his own arm in assisting to crush the poor of the flock so lately under his charge; some difficulty there was in bringing up the great guns belonging to the king's army, so he lent his own coach-horses and traces for the purpose, thus mowing down by hundreds the poor peasantry of Somerset, whose chief pastor he had so lately been. His connection with the county would have ceased entirely with his translation had it not been for Ethelburga's—Ina's wife—bequest of the manor of Taunton to the church of Winchester.

Lord Feversham, though he had won the battle for it was Churchill, afterwards the great Duke borough, who was the real victor—was anxious to zeal for the royal cause in a safer though less heroi he began the series of savage murders—we can sc them military executions—carried on afterward abler and more relentless hands of Kirke and About twenty men were executed after the batt moor between Western Zoyland and Bridgewate sham's brutality was checked by the saintly Bis who must have made a forced journey from Lon present with his unhappy flock in their distress. H into the midst of a military execution, calling out ' this is murder in law; these poor wretches, now is over, must be tried before they can be put His interposition only suspended for the time the of the victors. Back to London was Ken sum be with the unhappy author of the rebellion durin moments. But not long could he be away from h which was passing through so terrible an ord behaviour to the poor prisoners is related in his l instructive to notice that the *fighting bishop* had of passive resistance, and made his submission t of Orange, while Ken resigned his see rather vows against his conscience.

One or two anecdotes not to be found in Ma added. Colonel Percy Kirke, the same who app "Life of Ken" as governor of Tangier, was stil mand of his old soldiers, who were sometimes des the 1st Tangier Regiment, sometimes as Queen (

Regiment, but more often as Kirke's Lambs; primarily from the device on their flag being a lamb, but secondly with a bitter irony in allusion to their brutal ferocity. Such was the captain and such the soldiers who were now let loose on the people of Somerset.

From Bridgewater Kirke proceeded to Taunton. As a specimen of the levity with which these brutal murders were carried on, the following anecdote from Roberts's "Life, Progress, and Rebellion of James, Duke of Monmouth," may suffice :—Twenty prisoners were commanded by Kirke to be executed. For one of these in particular great interest was made by his friends. As a means of moving his feelings, Miss Elizabeth Singer, a beautiful girl of twelve years of age, was clad in white, and taken to Kirke to plead for his life. Kirke assented, and turning to Bush, a lieutenant noted for his stupidity, said, "Go and bid the executioner cut him down from the gallows," taking for granted that Bush had heard the name of the man for whom Miss Singer had pleaded. He went to the executioner with the message; naturally enough, that official asked "Which?" The man whose life had been granted was on his knees praying, and knew nothing of the attempt in his favour; but another intended victim saw an opportunity for saving his life, and persuaded the executioner that he was the man to be released. The rope was cut, and the man, jumping from the cart, rapidly disappeared, while the other poor fellow was hanged.[1]

[1] Miss Singer is better known as Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe, a lady eminent for her talents and her saintly life. Though a Dissenter, she was a friend of Bishop Ken and of the Marquis of Bath's family, at Longleat.

Next came the horrors of "the Bloody Assize." Even had we space there would be no object in going through the ghastly details of this horrible mockery of justice. The estimated number of those thus judicially murdered varies from three hundred and twenty to seven hundred, and Jeffreys boasted that he had hanged more traitors than all his predecessors since the Conquest. The circuit was begun at Winchester, when the first victim was the Lady Alice Lisle (as she was called). She was condemned to be burned alive on the same day that she was convicted, only for harbouring two rebels who fled to her for protection. By dint of some interest her sentence was commuted to beheading. We will pass over Jeffreys' progress through Hampshire and Dorsetshire, save only to mention the fate of two brothers, William and Benjamin Hewling, who suffered, the one at Dorchester, the other at Taunton. Their maternal grandfather was Mr. Kyffin, an eminent merchant of London; they were handsome and accomplished young men, but members of the Baptist sect. William Hewling was only nineteen; he was buried at Lyme, two hundred persons attending his funeral. Benjamin, the other brother, was tried at Taunton. The execution was stayed in order that a personal appeal might be made to the king. Hannah Hewling, the sister, went to London, and was introduced to James by Churchill. "I wish well to your suit, with all my heart," he said; "but this marble"—and he laid his hand on the mantelpiece—"is not harder than the king." Her petition was refused; he suffered, like his brother, with the greatest constancy, and with a sort of religious enthusiasm. The ceremony of quartering was

spared, Hannah paying the sum of £1,000 that her brother's body might be spared that indignity. He was buried in the beautiful church of St. Mary Magdalen in that town. Four years later, when James was about to be forced to vacate the throne, among other steps he took to avert the inevitable doom, he directed the Lord Mayor and aldermen of London should be informed that out of his "tender regard" he was resolved to restore to them their ancient franchises and privileges, of which they had been deprived by the decision of the *quo warranto*. He sent at the same time to Mr. William Kyffin, and told him that "he had put down his name as an alderman in the new charter." "Sir," answered Kyffin, "I am a very old man; I have withdrawn myself from all kinds of business for some years past, and am incapable of doing any service in such an affair to your Majesty or the City. Besides, sir," continued the old man, fixing his eye steadfastly on the king, while the tears ran down his cheeks, "the death of my grandsons gave a wound to my heart which is still bleeding, and never will close but in the grave."

But perhaps of all the victims of the Bloody Assize not one was so innocent as Mr. Charles Speke. The Spekes are an ancient family descended from Walter l'Espec, the founder of Rievaulx and Kirkham Abbeys, in Yorkshire. A branch of the family migrated to Devonshire, and in Exeter Cathedral is still to be seen the tomb of a Sir George Speke. The family gave its name to the pretty little village of Bramford Speke. They moved into Somerset in the fifteenth century, in consequence of an intermarriage with the heiress of Beauchamp of Whitelackington, near Ilminster.

Mr. George Speke, the father, was known as a staunch opponent to the Government of James II. When the Monmouth rebellion began, he and his wife did perhaps the wisest thing they could do, they disappeared; but it certainly seems that they were wanting in natural affection to leave their young son to bear the consequences of his elder brother's misdeeds. Hugh Speke, the elder son, was a mere intriguer, true to neither side, and wanting in common honesty or integrity. He had in some way mixed himself up in Monmouth's rebellion, but his younger brother Charles had taken no part whatever in it. He had had the misfortune to be in Ilminster during Monmouth's triumphant progress through the county, and had had the still greater misfortune to shake hands with him. He was seized on his way to London.

A major of dragoons, who was escorting his lieutenant-general back to town, told him there were two brothers, and that the one left for execution was not the man intended, and that perhaps favour might be shown him. This was represented to Jeffreys; whose reply was, "No, his family owes a life, and he shall die for his namesake." The Mayor of Taunton, too, interceded, but he was silenced by Jeffreys.

He was offered his life if he would swear that, at a dinner given by Mr. Edmund Prideaux at Ford Abbey, Monmouth's health had been drunk. He denied the fact, and kept his innocency, and—suffered. He was hanged in the market-place of the little town of Ilminster—being the nearest to his father's property—on a large tree situated there, since cut down or otherwise destroyed. He prayed for nearly an hour, and sang a hymn. The most heart-piercing lamenta-

tions were uttered by the inhabitants. This young martyr's likeness is still to be seen at Jordans.

It seems that Jeffreys much affected Ford Abbey, and would gladly have had the reversion of it; he therefore endeavoured to suborn another witness, a Mr. Key, a clothier of Ilminster, who was at the dinner party at Ford Abbey; he was also offered his life and safety if he would swear to the health of Monmouth being drunk at Mr. Prideaux's table, or if he would testify to the sending of men and horses by him to Monmouth's assistance. He denied all knowledge of it, and was at once arrested. Mrs. Prideaux was refused an interview with her husband, till she bought his release with £15,000!

The progress of Jeffreys through the county could be traced by the carnage he left behind him. Every tower and steeple were set round with the heads of traitors. "He made all the West an Aceldama; some places were quite depopulated and nothing to be seen in them but forsaken walls, unlucky gibbets, and ghastly carcases. The trees were laden almost as thick with quarters as with leaves. Nothing could be liker hell than all these parts, nothing so like the devil as he. Cauldrons hissing, carcases boiling, pitch and tar sparkling and glowing, blood and limbs boiling and tearing and mangling."[1]

It deserves to be recorded that no executioner could be found in the whole of Somerset to carry out Jeffreys' infamous decrees. One had to be imported from Exeter. At Taunton, during the massacre under Kirke, a poor man

[1] Roberts's "Life, Progress, and Rebellion of the Duke of Monmouth."

whose loyalty was suspected was compelled to ransom his life by seething the remains of his friends in pitch. The peasant who had consented to perform this hideous office afterwards returned to the plough; but a mark like that of Cain was upon him—he was known throughout the village as Tom Boilman, and the rustics long continued to relate that, though he had saved himself from the vengeance of the Lambs, he had not escaped the vengeance of a higher power. In a great storm he fled for shelter to an oak, and was struck dead by lightning.

Before closing this paper, however, we will give one anecdote, omitted by Macaulay, showing that on occasions James could be merciful. There is an element of humour, too, in the story which makes an agreeable change from the horrors we have been recording. We give the story in the words of Edmund Calamy, a zealous Nonconformist. "When Story, taken and imprisoned for assisting Monmouth, was ordered before the King and Privy Council, of a sudden the keeper declared his orders were to bring him immediately, which he did in a coach, without giving him any time to prepare himself in any manner, only cautioning him to give a plain and direct answer to the questions King James might put to him. When brought before the Privy Council, Story made so sad and sorrowful a figure that all present were surprised and frightened at his haggard and squalid appearance. When King James first cast his eyes upon him, he cried out, 'Is that a man, or what is it?' His Majesty was told that it was the rebel Story.

"'Oh, Story,' replied the king; 'I remember him—that is a rare fellow indeed!' Then, turning towards him,

'Pray, Story,' says he, 'you were in Monmouth's army in the West, were you not?' He, according to the advice given to him, made answer presently, 'Yes, an't please your Majesty.'

"'Pray,' said the King to him, 'you were a commissary there, were you not?'

"Again Story replied, 'Yes, an't please your Majesty.'

"'And you,' said King James, 'made a speech before great crowds of people, did you not? Pray,' said King James, 'if you have not forgot what you said, let us have some taste of your fine speech; let us have some specimen of some of the flowers of your rhetoric.'

"Whereupon," says Calamy, "Story told us that he readily made answer, 'I told them, an't please your Majesty, that it was you that fired the city of London.'

"'A rare rogue, upon my word,' said the king; 'and pray what else did you tell them?'

"'I told them,' said he, 'an't please your Majesty, that you poisoned your brother.'

"'Impudence in the utmost height of it,' said King James. 'Pray let us have something further, if your memory serves you.'

"'I further told them,' said Mr. Story, 'that your Majesty appeared to be fully determined to make the nation both papists and slaves.'

"By this time the king seemed to have heard enough of the prisoner's speech, and therefore crying out 'A rogue with a witness!' and cutting it short, the king rejoined, 'To all this I doubt not but a thousand other villainous things were added; but what would you say, Story, if, after all this, I were to grant you your life?'

"To which he, without any demur, made answer that 'he would pray for his Majesty as long as he lived.'

"'Why, then,' said the king, 'I freely pardon all that is past, and hope you will not for the future represent your king as inexorable.'"

We must refer our readers to Mr. Norris's "South Petherton in the Olden Time" for the story of how Miss Mary Bridges, a girl of twelve years old, avenged an insult offered to her mother by one of the Royalist soldiers, by running him through with his own sword. She was tried by court-martial before Colonel Kirke, and honourably acquitted, the sword being given her with the proviso that it should descend to the future Mary Bridges of the family. This relic is in the possession of Mrs. Dobree, of the Priory, Wellington, daughter of the late Dr. Bridges. It was exhibited at Taunton Castle during the visit of the Royal Archæological Institute in August, 1879.

We cannot conclude these anecdotes with regard to one of the saddest episodes in our history without noticing the intrepid behaviour of the Somersetshire peasants. Their act was rebellion, the object of their enthusiastic devotion most unworthy; but nobly they fought and nobly they suffered for their faith, imperfect as it may have been, and their brave self-devotion should throw a tender light over the ghastly records of this sad story.

AUTHORITIES.—Roberts's Life, Progress, and Rebellion of James, Duke of Monmouth; Macaulay's History; Miss Strickland's Queens; Locke's Western Rebellion, and Mr. Norris's South Petherton in the Olden Time.

Prince George of Denmark and John Duddleston of Bristol.

(FROM MISS STRICKLAND'S "LIFE OF QUEEN ANNE.")

(A.D. 1702.)

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It was in the year of Queen Anne's accession that she made a western progress, principally for the sake of her husband's health, who suffered much from asthma; and it was during this journey that the following quaint incident is said to have taken place:

"The Bristol incident of Prince George of Denmark is not of the martial order; and probably when he came to look about the "bright city" the worthy prince, who was the very antithesis to romance, never dreamed of getting into an adventure. But one morning, whilst examining the lions of Bristol, he went on the Exchange attended solely by a military officer; he remained there till the merchants had withdrawn, none of them having either the courage or the inclination to ask him to partake of any hospitality. All departed except a humble bodice-maker, one John Duddleston, whose abode was in Corn Street. The good man

walked up to Prince George and asked him, "Are you, sir, the husband of our Queen Anne, as folks say you are?" The prince replied that such was the fact. John Duddleston resumed that he "had seen with great concern that none of the prime merchants on 'Change had invited him home; but it was not from want of love or loyalty, but merely because each was afraid of the presumption of addressing so great a man." John Duddlestone added "that the shame to Bristol would be great nevertheless if the husband of their queen was obliged, for want of hospitality, to dine at an inn; he therefore begged him, humble as he was, to accompany him home to dinner, and to bring his soldier-officer along with him—if they could eat what he had to offer them, which was a good piece of roast beef, a plum-pudding, and some ale of his wife's own brewing."

Prince George was charmed with this most original invitation, and accepted it with gratitude, although he had already bespoken his dinner at the White Lion. His Royal Highness, with his companion, accompanied John Duddlestone to his home; and when that worthy citizen arrived there, he called to his spouse at the foot of the stairs, "Wife, wife! put on a clean apron and come down, for the queen's husband and a soldier gentleman are come to dine with us." Dame Duddlestone descended forthwith, clad in a clean blue apron, and according to the national English custom of that era, was saluted by Prince George when she entered the parlour.

In the course of their dinner, his Royal Highness asked his entertainer if "he ever went to London?" John Duddlestone replied "that since the ladies had chosen to

wear stays instead of bodices, he sometimes went thither to buy whalebone." The prince, when he took leave, requested his host "that the next time he travelled there he would bring his wife, and be sure to take her to court." He at the same time gave him a card which he said would facilitate his admission to Windsor Castle.

When John Duddlestone needed a new supply of whalebone, he actually took his worthy dame behind him on his pack-horse and journeyed Londonward. With the assistance of the royal card, he found an easy admittance at the royal castle of Windsor, on his way from the west, and was introduced by Prince George to the queen. Her Majesty thanked them for their hospitality to her consort, and in return invited them to dine with her. She told them they must have court dresses for the occasion, which should be provided by the officers of her wardrobe, but she wished them to choose the material. John Duddlestone and his wife chose purple velvet, such as the prince had on at the time. The suits were accordingly made and worn at the royal dinner-party, Queen Anne herself presenting them to her guests "as the most loyal persons in the city of Bristol."

After dinner her Majesty desired John Duddlestone to kneel down, and, according to the very words and accent of his good helpmate, in her oft-repeated description of the scene, first laid a sword on his head, and then said, "Ston up, Sir Jan."

Queen Anne offered Sir John a place under Government, or a gratuity in money; but, with the sturdy honesty of a bygone day, the hospitable citizen would accept of neither; "for," he said, "they wanted nothing, and had fifty pounds

of savings out at use, and he doubted from the number of people he saw about her Majesty's house that her living must be very expensive." Queen Anne, however, presented the newly-made Lady Duddlestone with her own gold watch from her side. With this mark of royal favour the good dame was particularly delighted, and never failed of wearing it over her blue apron-string whenever she went to Bristol market.

AUTHORITIES.—Miss Strickland; Corry's History of Bristol.

Beau Nash.

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE CITY OF BATH.

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The legend of Bath has been told in the first of these papers; since then it has been known by different names, but each having some connection with its health-restoring waters. Ptolemy, the great geographer who lived in the second century, mentions Bath as "Udata Therma," or the warm waters; by the Romans it was called "Aquæ Solis," or the waters of the sun; and under Agricola's beneficent government it became the Pompeii of the West. Another name, an awkward, composite affair, by which it was known, was Akemanceaster; which, absurdly enough, and by writers who certainly might have known better, has been interpreted as the Aching or Sick Man's Place. Really, the first syllable is a corruption of *Aquæ*, while *man* is the British equivalent of place, and *cester* is the well-known termination which marks it as the site of a Roman camp.

Warner believes Bath to have been first colonized in the time of Claudius, about A.D. 44. He supposes that to Scribonius, the emperor's physician, we owe the discovery of the medicinal properties of the springs; and that from this

time it became the seat of Roman and Romanized Briton luxury and refinement, Apollo and Minerva being the tutelary deities.

By some it is identified with Mons Badonicus, the site of Arthur's great victory over the Saxons; but Dr. Guest pronounces it to be far more probable that Badbury in Dorsetshire was the spot; while Somerset, which first of all Britain received the gospel of Christ, never again passed under heathen rule, for, as has been before shown, when conquered by the Saxons they had embraced the true faith.

Bath and Gloucester are the only western towns which have been graced with a coronation; but Bath was deliberately chosen by the mighty King Edgar, while the coronation of the young King Henry III. was a rite hastily performed, and as it were in secret, when the rest of the country was in the hands of a French prince. In memory of Edgar's coronation, then, Leland says it was customary to choose annually a king, and it was in allusion to this custom that Beau Nash was called the King of Bath.

During the period when Wessex was gradually rising from its position as one of the numerous petty kingdoms into which Britain was divided, till it attained the foremost place —first overshadowing and then absorbing the whole of Britain, ever enlarging its boundaries till, from holding the seventh part of the kingdom, it now embraces the seventh part of the whole world—it was during the time that Wessex was rising like an island from the political deluge, that Bath became the second city of the empire, Winchester of course holding the first place, and that to a later time than is generally supposed.

During the Danish invasions it suffered much, and in 1013 Sweyn retired there when repulsed from London. It was held in the time of the Confessor by Queen Edith, on whose death it reverted to the Crown. John de Villula, a physician of Bath, bought the town of Henry I. and was made bishop of it, thus ignoring Wells, the ancient episcopal seat. The king honoured him with a visit. During the troublous days of Stephen it shared the vicissitudes of the rest of the county; and then ensued an extraordinary shuffling of dignities and titles between Glastonbury, Bath, and Wells, which finally resolved itself into Glastonbury retaining its abbot, and the episcopal see being known by the double title which has continued to the present day. Why Bath is placed first in the ecclesiastical firm one does not quite see. In 1297 it first returned members to Parliament.

In the reign of Henry VII. a perfect rage for church building, or what we call now church restoration, must have seized upon the whole county, for the rich Perpendicular work for which the towers of Somerset are famous is almost entirely of that date. It has been said that the king promoted the rebuilding of the churches as a mark of gratitude for the faithful adhesion of the people to the Lancastrian cause. Oliver King, bishop of the diocese (1495–1503), was determined that the Priory Church, which also ranked as a cathedral, should share in this fervour of restoration, so he pulled down the one in being, and set to work; but alas! it was not given to him to finish. The west front, however, appears certainly to be his work, or that of some flattering architect. The magnificent window of seven lights is flanked by turrets on which angels ascend and descend by

ladders. This, it is said, was to commemorate a vision of Bishop King's in 1499, the year of his translation to Bath and Wells. He had a revelation of the Holy Trinity with angels on a ladder, and an olive tree supporting a crown. This he interpreted as a rebus on his name. At the side are these words referring to Jotham's parable, Judges ix. 8:

> "The trees going to choose a king
> Said, 'Be thou to us, Oliver, king.'"

Bishop King died, but the work was continued by his successor, Cardinal Adrian de Castelo, and Prior Birde. In spite of its being both a parish church and a cathedral, the work was stopped at the Dissolution. It is satisfactory to find that bishop and prior alike refused to acquiesce in the desecration. They were both deprived, and one Holway was appointed—probably one of those wretched creatures willing to sell their souls for a miserable pittance, and to take vows with the deliberate understanding and intention of breaking them. He at once resigned the abbey to the king. Henry generously offered their church to the citizens for five hundred marks; but, either from indifference or indignation, they declined the bargain. The works were stopped, the building stripped, glass, iron, lead—this last amounted to four hundred and eighty tons—were sold to certain merchants, and, as some say, lost by shipwreck, and the bare carcase purchased by Humphry Colles, 1542, and after passing through several hands, presented to the city of Bath. Still nothing was done. Adrian de Castello was succeeded by Cardinal Wolsey, and he by John Clarke; then came William Knight, and still nothing was done. This

caused some wit to write in charcoal on the neglected walls—

> "O Church, I wail thy woful plight,
> Whom king nor cardinal, clark or knight,
> Have yet restored to ancient right."

It was not to be supposed that Bishop Barlow would trouble himself about the matter; and the gentle Romish prelate, Gilbert Bourne, was suffering too much from the loss of the property, alienated by his predecessor, to have funds for such a work. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth sufficient funds were raised to finish the choir, which was consecrated, and then aisles and transepts were completed, till Bishop Montague was stirred by Sir John Harrington to take up the work. It is, however, simply a fine cruciform church, and has nothing of the abbey or the cathedral appertaining to it.

In 1591 Queen Elizabeth visited her godson, Sir John Harrington, and from the time of Charles II. Bath became a favourite resort of royalty. Yet, in spite of its unrivalled position, its magnificent quarries, and the attraction of its waters, it seems to have remained a mean city, with little to induce its visitors to stay.

During the great civil war it had its share of strife, and on the brow of Lansdown Hill stands a monument to Sir Bevil Grenville, who fell July 5, 1643, fighting for Church and king. Still Bath dragged on with none but its natural attractions till the genius of two men combined to restore its position to what it was in the time of the Romans, and for several years to make it, as a resort of fashion, a rival to London itself. A hundred or two years ago there were many county towns which had their seasons and their

periodical gaieties—before travelling was as easy and as safe as it is now—and people were content for a short time to go and meet their friends, attend the theatre, introduce their daughters, and partake of some mild form of dissipation, under the guise, perhaps—as at Bath and Tunbridge Wells—of drinking the waters.

But so stationary was the progress of society, that from 1592–1692 Bath had only increased by seventeen houses. But the time and the man had now come. Wood, a builder, but a man with a real natural genius, began his building speculations in 1728 by erecting Queen Square in what had been a common field. Then, under him and his son, the magnificent amphitheatre of hills which forms so splendid a background to the valley of the Avon, where all, that till then was Bath, had stood, became crowned with terraces, crescents, streets and houses, built of its own white and dazzling oolite. The view from Beechen Cliff, four hundred feet above the Avon, is simply one of the finest in Europe. In a drive across Coombe Down the traveller passes the quarries, where enormous masses of pure white stone may be seen suspended from huge cranes as they are drawn upwards from the place whence they have been dug, square and fitted for use. Beautiful as the city now was, the soulless image wanted life; again the time came and the man. One of the great physicians of the day, Dr. Radcliffe, for some supposed affront set himself to ruin the city by depreciating the virtues of the waters, by a pamphlet which he published; he would, he said, cast a toad into the springs. Nash had just arrived in Bath: he assured the people he would charm away the poison by the power

of music. He only asked for a band to make the doctor's toad perfectly harmless.

Richard Nash, the son of a gentleman of Glamorganshire, had led a wild and restless life, but when a student in the Temple he had attracted the notice of William III. by his skilful management of a pageant given by the Benchers to celebrate that monarch's accession. It was in the reign of Anne that his opportune visit to Bath took place; he was offered the post of the master of the ceremonies, then vacant, with uncontrolled powers. When he arrived in Bath in 1703 the city was almost entirely devoid of elegant or attractive amusements. The only promenade was a grove of sycamores, the only ball-room the bowling green, and no respectable female could pass unprotected through the streets after dark.

Under his equal government all this was altered; no rank could shield a criminal from punishment, nor suffer the laws of etiquette established by Nash to be infringed. When the Duchess of Queensbery appeared at a dress ball in an apron, he desired her to take it off, and handed it to the attendants. When the Princess Amelia requested one dance more after eleven o'clock, he assured her that the laws of Bath were like those of Lycurgus, unalterable. His enormous expenses were provided for by his play, in which he was uniformly successful; yet, in spite of his devotion to gambling he wisely and kindly interfered to prevent young and inexperienced men from ruining themselves. On one occasion he won from a young nobleman first all his ready money, then the title-deeds of his estates, the rings from his fingers, the watch in his pocket. He then, having sufficiently

punished him for his infatuation, returned it all to him, reading him a lecture on the impropriety of endeavouring to make money by gambling when he could not plead poverty in justification of such conduct, and exacted a promise from him never to play again.

The later years of his life were sad; public gaming was suppressed by the legislature, and he fell into poverty. The city of Bath allowed him ten guineas a month, but his latter days were embittered by recollections of the frivolous life he had led. He died February 3, 1761, at the age of 87, the corporation giving him a public funeral; he was buried in Bath Abbey.

For a description of the life of amusement and dissipation indulged in at this time, the reader is referred to Miss Burney's "Evelina," and Miss Austen's novels. Ladies bathed in public with their heads dressed in the height of fashion. They arrived in sedan-chairs, dressed in their bathing costumes. On stepping into the bath, an attendant brought them a floating table on which to place their handkerchief, fan, or other small requisite, while their acquaintances conversed with them, and gentlemen paid them compliments on the effect of the bath in heightening their complexion, &c. The baths are still frequented by patients and invalids; but though possessing an agreeable society of its own, Bath has long ceased to be the fashionable resort that it was in the last century.

AUTHORITIES.—A. S. Chronicle; Imperial Gazetteer; Warner's Bath; Mackenzie's Biography, &c; Anecdotes in the Mirror.

Wokey or Ockey Hole, near Wells.

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The Mendip range is noted for its caverns, caverns of all shapes and sizes; more particularly are they found in the great and picturesque gap of the Cheddar cliffs; one in chief there is, a stalactite cavern, pre-eminently beautiful, with its semi-transparent lime deposits formed into fantastic shapes, to which imagination has given various names. Lighted most judiciously with gas artistically placed, it looks like a fairy palace, with its tiny grottoes and unexpected beauties surprising one on every side.

Bone caverns there are too, where the remains of animals long since extinct in this country may be found, mingled with the skulls and bones of men; though, as Professor Lyell says, "the circumstance of human bones being found in connection with those of animals was no proof that they were coeval, but only that they were of high antiquity." But of all these caves, one alone, Wokey or Ockey Hole, near Wells, has, as far as I know, any legend connected with it. It is necessary, however, first to give some account of the cavern itself and the various freaks of nature which make it so remarkable.

The approach to it is extremely picturesque, and the surrounding scenery wildly magnificent. A semi-oval arch cut transversely, and about two hundred feet from point to point, the central point being nearly two hundred feet high, and an assemblage of vast perpendicular rocks almost covered with trees and shrubs springing from between the fissures, is reached by a walk from Wells over Milton Hill, from which can be seen a fine view. On winding round the foot of the hill, this lovely dell, scooped out of the limestone rocks, comes in sight. Along the dell runs the stream of the Axe, and fifty feet above the source of the river, which issues from an unseen aperture, is the entrance to the cavern. William of Worcester, who wrote his travels in these parts in the year 1473, gives the following description:

"The entrance to Wokey Hole is a certain straight passage; by it is an image of a man called the porter, of whom must be asked permission to enter the hall at Wokey. The people carry, what we call in English, sheaves of reed sedge to light the hall, which is as large as Westminster Hall, and there hang pinnacles in the vault wonderfully arched in the rock; the distance from the gate to the hall is by estimation half a furlong, and arched with pendent stones of plain work, and there is a certain broad water between the treasance (entrance?) and the hall at the distance of five steps, or twenty feet, and if a man goes beyond that, he falls into the water to the depth of five or six feet. The kitchen apartment before the entrance into the hall is vaulted to an unaccountable number of feet in breadth, and covered with stone. There is an ost for drying malt, and the figure of a woman, apparelled with a

spinning distaff under her girdle. Thence folks pass another aisle a hundred steps in length, and a man may go here dry shod over the stones. And then the apartment of the parlour follows, which is round, built of huge rocks above twenty steps in breadth. In the north part of this parlour is—what is called in English—Holy Hole or Well, arched over, and full of fine water, the depth of which has never been ascertained. From the said Wokey Hole flows a great eddy, which runs into the mere towards Glastonbury, two miles off."

So far William of Worcester's "Itinerary," but he hardly makes enough of the Witch of Wokey, who is the presiding genius of the place, and to whom are supposed to belong the parlour, kitchen, brewhouse, &c. For the Witch's curse upon the maids of Wokey, I must refer my reader to Percy's "Reliques," in which will be found the ballad written in 1748 by "the ingenious Dr. Harrington of Bath."

Burlington, in his "British Traveller," says: "From almost every part of the roof there is a continual dropping of apparently clear water, though it contains a large quantity of stony particles, as is evident from the stony cones which were here about thirty years ago; but these have all been taken away and presented to the late Mr. Pope of Twickenham to decorate his artificial grotto, greatly to the disadvantage of this romantic cavern." To its disadvantage indeed! Who was answerable for this piece of vandalism does not appear. Surely an appropriate punishment in the classic Hades would be that the dropping water should fall upon his head and the stony cones be there renewed.

That invaluable antiquarian repertory, "The Mirror," gives

a curious piece of folk-lore as connected with the name of Wokey Hole, and at the same time clears the Puritans from one piece of profanity with which they have been credited. It says, "The term Hocus Pocus has been supposed by some to be a term of contempt used by the Puritans to express their disgust at the Romish doctrine of transubstantiation, and to be a profane play upon the words 'Hoc est corpus.' But a far more likely etymology appears in the following extract from the notes to the *Dragon King* in Pennie's Historical Drama: "Ochus Bochus was a magician and demon among the Saxons, dwelling in forests and caves, and we have his name and abode handed down to the present day in Somersetshire." Thus it appears that modern conjurors in making use of the words Hocus Pocus are guilty of no irreverence, but are in reality, though probably unconsciously, invoking the name of their powerful predecessor.

AUTHORITIES.—William of Worcester's Itinerary; Percy's Reliques; Burlington's English Traveller; Volume XXI. of the Mirror.

Captain St. Loe.[1]

(Died 1757.)

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We have been induced to give some account of this gentleman in consequence of a whimsical and entertaining anecdote in his life, which at once exemplifies both his spirit and ingenious turn of mind. He was appointed captain of the *Valeur* frigate in the year 1713, and afterwards received several commissions to vessels of the same class, so as to have remained, according to report, almost constantly employed, though in what particular ships is unknown. In the year 1727, however, he was captain of the *Ludlow Castle*, one of the vessels employed on the American and Newfoundland station, and is mentioned as having presented an address to his Majesty George II., on his accession to the throne, from the inhabitants of Placentia and other

[1] The story of Captain St. Loe is taken verbatim from an old Naval Biography in two volumes. There is no author's name, but the book was printed by John Scott, 442 Strand, and the date is 1805. The story was too delicious to be omitted. While seeking to identify our hero, a Cornish friend remembered once meeting a Mr. St. Lo, a man of gigantic size. It is curious enough the physical characteristic of great size appearing in the same family during a course of six hundred years. (*See* page 337.)

British settlements on the southern coast of Newfoundland. Having repaired to Boston during the winter of the year 1728, for the purpose of avoiding those difficulties and dangers which frequently attend vessels compelled to keep the sea in such inhospitable latitudes, pending that inclement season the ridiculous anecdote already alluded to took place. Having put into that port on a Sunday, and his wife, who had resided for some time at that place, in the eagerness to show her affection, hastening to the shore to meet his boat, Captain St. Loe, forgetful of the sanctity of the place and day, most *irreligiously* presumed to salute her. He was immediately apprehended by the constables, and, after being confined all night, was carried on Monday before the mayor. He was fined, but refusing to pay it, was, for his contumacy and contempt of authority, sentenced to sit on the gallows, a customary punishment in that part of the world for such delinquents, for the space of one hour during the time of change. This sentence was put in execution without the least mitigation. While the captain sat in durance, the grave magistrates admonished him to respect in future the wholesome laws of the province; and reverend divines exhorted him ever after to reverence and keep holy the Sabbath day. At length the hour expired, and Mr. St. Loe was set at liberty. As soon as he was freed, he, with great seeming earnestness, thanked the magistrates for their correction, and the clergy for their spiritual advice and consolation, declaring that he was ashamed of his past life, &c., &c.

This sudden conversion rejoiced the saints; after clasping their hands and casting up their eyes to heaven, they em-

braced the new convert, and returned thanks for being made the humble means of snatching a soul from perdition. Proud of their success, they fell to exhorting him afresh, and the most zealous invited him to dinner that they might have full time to complete their work. The captain sucked in the milk of exhortation as a new-born babe does the milk of the breast. He was as ready to listen as they were to exhort; never was a convert more assiduous while his station in Boston Harbour lasted: he attended every Sabbath day their most sanctified meeting-house; never missed a weekly lecture; at every private conventicle he was most fervent and loud in prayer; he flattered and made presents to the wives and daughters of the godly—in short, all the time he could spare from the duties of his station was spent in entertaining them on board his ship or in visiting and praying at their houses. The saints were delighted with him beyond measure; they compared the punishment they had inflicted on him to the voice from heaven, and their naval convert to St. Paul, who from their enemy had become their doctor.

Amidst their mutual happiness, the mournful eve of parting arrived. The captain received his recall: on this he went round amongst the godly, he wept and prayed, assuring them he would return and end his days among his friends, Till the day of his departure his time was spent in regrets, professions, entertainments and prayers. On that day, about a dozen of the principal magistrates, including the select men, accompanied the captain to Nantasket road, where the ship lay, everything being ready for sailing. An elegant dinner was provided for them on board, after which many bottles and bowls were drained. As the blood of the saints

waxed warm, the crust of their hypocrisy melted away; their moral see-saws and Scripture texts gave way to double-entendres and doubtful songs. The captain encouraged their gaiety, and the whole ship resounded with the roar of their merriment. Previous to the arrival of the company, Captain St. Loe had instructed the first lieutenant to get the anchor up without any noise or bustle, and suffer the ship to drop quietly down with the tide.

Proper care was taken to prevent the crew of the boat which had conveyed the saints on board, from noticing the alteration of position, by entertaining them very liberally between decks, while that inattention which generally accompanies conviviality prevented also the guests in the great cabin from observing it. In the midst, however, of their mirth, though not until the *Ludlow Castle* had fallen down with the tide to a sufficient distance for Captain St. Loe's purpose, it was discovered by one of the company that the ship was actually under weigh. Captain St. Loe was not without a plausible excuse at hand for not having, till that time, acquainted them with the circumstance. After a parting glass had been recommended, and taken with the utmost warmth of friendship by all parties present, the captain addressed the mayor with great ceremony, telling him, that as he had never had the honour of introducing him to one of the most worthy men and able officers in his Majesty's service who then served under his command, he would, if his worship thought proper, do him that pleasure, as the last he should be able to confer for a considerable time. The offer was accepted, and the introduction of the boatswain to the mayor took place on the quarter-deck with great cere-

mony. After a recapitulation on the part of Mr. St. Loe of the eminent services that had been conferred upon him, and the obligation he owed to his worship for having reclaimed his mind from wickedness, by the punishment of the gallows, he concluded by saying it was his intention to repay them with gratitude, if not fully, at least as well as his circumstances would permit; and desired his friend the boatswain to administer on him thirty-nine lashes, laid on with his best art and force. Mr. St. Loe then bowed respectfully and took his leave. His worship's new acquaintance immediately and most strictly complied with the orders of his commander. In like manner each of the guests were served, till the punishment had been inflicted on the whole assembly; Mr. St. Loe, in succession, taking a very polite leave, and earnestly entreating the select men to remember him in their prayers. They were then let down into the boat that was waiting for them; the crewed saluted them with three cheers, and the *Ludlow Castle* sailed for England.

Captain St. Loe, immediately on his arrival, perfectly aware of the violence he had committed, related the transaction to some powerful friends connected with the Admiralty, and requested their advice. The consequence was, he was put out of commission, and his pendant struck; from which moment the Admiralty Board, ceasing to hold any civil control over him, the whole of the affair was no longer cognizable, otherwise than in a court of common law. This Mr. St. Loe easily contrived to avoid, by retiring for a short time into a distant part of the kingdom; until the saints and agents, incapable of discovering his haunts, and finding themselves held up to ridicule by all the rest of the world

who were informed of the circumstance, gave up all further pursuit, and sat down contented, resolved to bear the ignominy, and the smarts they had undergone, with all the stoicism of ancient philosophers.

In respect to Mr. St. Loe, in the year 1731 he was appointed to the *Experiment*, a ship of twenty guns, ordered to be equipped for the West Indies, to protect the commerce of that part of the world from the insults and depredations daily committed on it by the Spanish guarda-costas. We find no mention of him made after this time till the year 1745, when he commanded the *Princess Royal*, a second rate. On the 15th of July, 1747, he was put on the superannuated list, with the rank and half-pay of a rear-admiral, a comfortable and honourable remuneration for his past services which he enjoyed till his death, on the 28th of December, 1757.

The above is taken verbatim from the Naval Biography already mentioned, with the exception of two or three words here and there bordering on the profane. No authorities are given, nor is either the birthplace or residence of Captain St. Loe alluded to; but the family having been for some hundreds of years connected with Somerset, I have considered it worth a place among the legends and tales of our county.

THE STATE OF THE CHURCH IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

—:o:—

MRS HANNAH AND MRS. PATTY MORE AND CHEDDAR, 1745–1832.

PERHAPS never in the whole history of the English Church have the zeal of the clergy and the piety of its members been at so low an ebb as in the 18th century. The rent in the Church made by the secession of the non-jurors was not yet closed. The withdrawal of the wisest, the most learned and the most pious of her sons, left, speaking generally, only the coldest and the most indifferent behind. William III. and the first two Georges were foreign Protestants, and cared nothing for the Church of the nation; and though Queen Anne was conscientiously attached to it, her personal influence was not great.

The result was most disastrous. "The Church," says Green, "had sunk into political insignificance. Its bishops were mere Whig partizans with no higher aim than that of promotion; the levées of the Ministers were crowded with lawn sleeves.[1] A Welsh bishop avowed that he had

[1] At a much later period it was said that if a Prime Minister was anxious to carry any measure through the House of Lords, the Archbishop of Canterbury was requested to absent himself on the ground of illness, and every bishop voted for the measure in the hope of succeeding to the Primacy.

seen his diocese but once, and habitually
Lakes at Westmoreland. The system of pl
the wealthier and more learned of the pries
sentees, while the bulk of them were indolent,
out consideration. A shrewd if prejudiced c
the English clergy of the day as the most lifeles
most remiss of their labours in private, and t
in their lives. The decay of the great Dis
went hand in hand with that of the Church.
revolt against religion in both the extrem
society. "In the higher circles," says Mont
visit to England, "every one laughs if one tal
Of the prominent statesmen of the time, the g
unbelievers in any form of Christianity. Pu
to the marriage vow were sneered out of fash

"At the other end of the social scale l
They were ignorant and brutal to a degree w
to conceive, for the vast increase of popula
met by no effort for their religious or educa
ment. Not a new parish had been creat
single new church had been built. Schools tl
save the Grammar Schools of Edward and E
rural peasantry were left without moral or re
of any sort." "We saw but one Bible ir
Cheddar," said Hannah More, "and that w
a flower-pot."

There is more in the same strain, addi
darker shades to this grievous picture of the
eighteenth century as given in Green's "
English People." The last sentence speci

with Somerset and Hannah More. It is necessary to say something of the early life of the latter.

Hannah More, the youngest but one of five sisters, was born in 1745, the year of the second Stuart rising, which in its repression crushed out the old spirit of loyalty and reverence, giving the people nothing to cling to in exchange but a race of foreign kings, who commanded neither love nor even respect, and a Church whose cold conventionality but offered them stones instead of bread.

Her father, Mr. Jacob More, kept a small foundation school at Stapleton, near Bristol in Gloucestershire; but though his means were extremely limited and his books few, he contrived to imbue all his daughters with literary tastes, The eldest was sent to a French school at Bristol as a weekly boarder, and on her return home at the end of each week taught her sisters what she had learned; and at length, Miss More being nearly twenty-one, the parents took a good house for their daughters in Bristol, and they opened a boarding-school for young ladies, Hannah More and her younger sister entering it first as pupils.

The sisters lived together in the most perfect harmony for fifty years, thirty-two of which were employed in teaching. But Hannah soon developed literary tastes, and when she was seventeen, in the year 1762, made her first attempt at authorship: she wrote "The Search after Happiness," a pastoral drama for young ladies. It was intended to provide a subject for recitation and acting suitable to the age and capacity of their pupils. The idea was probably taken from the French plays acted by the young ladies at the celebrated school of St. Cyr, founded by Madame de Maintenon.

Thenceforth for some years she followed a purely literary career, at times visiting London and consorting with all the best and highest literary society of the day: Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Garrick (with whose devoted wife she formed a life-long friendship), Horace Walpole, Mrs. Delaney, Miss Burney, Dr. Horne, Bishop Porteous, Dr. and Mrs. Kennicott, Rev. John Newton, and William Wilberforce. To these last two she seems to have owed her deeper feelings on religion in general, and her own personal responsibility in particular.

In or about the year 1785 she had found for herself a cottage at some little distance from Bristol, which she named Cowslip Green. It was here that they—for her sisters gave up their school and came to live with her—were visited by her friends the Newtons, and later by Mr. Wilberforce. His visit was succeeded by great results. Miss Patty, the youngest and most adventurous of the sisters, persuaded him to visit the Cheddar Cliffs. These are, as my readers will remember, a gorge or cleft in the Mendip range which extends from the city of Wells to Brean Down, close on the Bristol Channel—nay, continues its way through the channel itself, and rises to sight as the Islands of the Steep and Flat Holms.

On his return, they asked Mr. Wilberforce how he liked the cliffs. But he could not dwell on the magnificence of the scenery or the wildness of the defile, the like of which is to be seen nowhere else in England: his mind was full of the degraded state of the people. His answer was that "they were very fine, but the poverty and distress of the people were dreadful!" The rest of the day Mr. Wilber-

force spent in his room, and the sisters feared he was unwell. We may imagine how he was employed! But at supper he appeared, and his first words were, "Miss Hannah More, something *must* be done for Cheddar."

He then told them of the state of the people—no spiritual teacher of any kind, no education of any kind, no settled employment, and so utterly lawless, that on Sundays when the men were idling on the cliffs, no honest man or woman could pass that way without danger of assault. They discussed plans together till a late hour, and at last Mr. Wilberforce exclaimed: "If you will be at the trouble, I will be at the expense."

The first idea was to open a school at Cheddar, and to see if this were practicable, Miss Hannah More and her sister Patty undertook a tour of discovery. They were told nothing could be done without the consent of Mr. C., a rich farmer, who lived ten miles from the place. After a toilsome journey across ploughed fie'ds and bad roads, they reached his house "almost starved." They told him what they wished to do; at which he was much shocked, assuring them "religion was a most dangerous thing, especially to agriculture; that it had done the greatest mischief ever since it was introduced by the monks down at Glastonbury."

It is curious and pathetic, this lingering of the beautiful old Glastonbury legend among the descendants of those who had benefited spiritually and materially by the monastery in ancient days, its memory surviving its ruin and desolation, and, like the exquisite remains themselves, outlasting its life and work. But alas! what a tale it tells of criminal neglect and utterly hopeless degradation. The evil days of

Bishop Barlow told sadly upon such out-of-the-way spots, and Bishop Ken's saintly life and work were obliterated during the terrible time that succeeded Monmouth's rebellion, and the revolution which followed so closely and which deprived the Church of its holiest members, leaving Somerset to the latitudinarian Kidder, who allowed the necessity of personal religion to be well-nigh forgotten. When Hannah More began her work at Cheddar, the vicar lived in Oxford, and the curate twelve miles off at Wells. The incumbent of the next parish was intoxicated about six days in the week, and was often prevented from preaching by black eyes earned by fighting.

Here at Cheddar they opened a school, taking a house on lease for seven years; this, by removing a partition, they made suitable for a school-house. Mrs. Hannah More and her beloved sister Sally visited the district, and promises were given to send the children to school. An excellent woman was found to act as schoolmistress, a Mrs. Baker, who arrived on one of the wettest days imaginable in a little cart, with her little daughter and a spinning-mistress by her side. The Miss Mores took up their abode at a little village alehouse for a week. But we will describe what followed in her own or Miss Patty's words: "The next day we collected all the parents of this vast parish, a sight truly affecting. Poor, miserable and ignorant, not a ray of light appeared in the mind of any single one. It was a day of dreadful consideration in every view—the dark state of the people before us—the appointment we seemed called to. Much faith and much prayer seemed necessary. On the twenty-fifth of October we opened our

school with one hundred and forty children, with exhortations, portions of Scripture, and prayer. We attended them in procession to church. The clergyman gave us a ten minutes' discourse, upon good Tory principles, upon the laws of the land, and the Divine right of kings—but the Divine right of the King of kings seemed to be a law above his comprehension." As the school prospered, they discovered that the parents needed instruction at least as much as the children, and they held a service for the parents every Sunday evening, reading to them the Bible and a sermon. Soon about sixty attended these meetings.

After a year's work among them, it is said that whereas at the one service held there on Sunday, eight were considered a sufficient attendance in the morning, and about twenty in the afternoon, there was a congregation of two hundred adults and as many children.

Before long they discovered that even Cheddar was not the worst among the Mendip villages. Among the most depraved and wretched were Shipham and Rowberrow, two mining villages at the top of Mendip, the people savage and degraded even beyond Cheddar, brutal in their natures and ferocious in their manners. They began by suspecting we should make our fortunes by selling their children as slaves. No constable would venture to arrest a Shipham man, lest he should be murdered and concealed in one of their pits, and never heard of more—no uncommon case. The rector of Shipham had claimed the tithes for fifty years, but had never catechized a child or preached a sermon there for forty. Here a school was opened, which was soon followed by schools at Landford and Banwell,

Yatton and Congresbury. The next place to be taken in hand was Nailsea. "We here made our appearance for the first time," says Miss Patty in her journal, "among the glass-house people, and entered nineteen little hovels in a row, containing in all, near two hundred people. We had already encountered savages, hard-hearted farmers, little cold country gentry, a supercilious and ignorant corporation; yet this was unlike all other things, not only different, but greatly transcending all we had imagined." By visiting each hovel separately, they obtained the promise of twenty-seven children. "Even the colliers," she says "are more like human beings than the people of the glass-houses."

Soon after this the Miss Mores received a deputation from the parish of Blagdon, consisting of the overseer and churchwardens, begging the ladies to be so kind as to do *their* parish a little good. On inquiry, they found this parish exceeded in wickedness, if possible, any they had yet taken in hand. The execution of a woman there, for taking butter from a man who offered it, as she thought, at too high a price, had occasioned a riot in the village and alarmed these officers. "Had the occasion been less interesting or solemn," writes Misss Patty, "our interview with these deputies would have been almost ridiculous. One of them, fully six feet high, implored us to come, because, he said, there were some parts of the parish where they were afraid to go."

There was a little hamlet belonging to it, called Charter House, on the top of Mendip, so wicked and lawless, that no one ever ventured there, and thieving had been the employment handed down from father to son for the last

fifty years. Nothing daunted, the two sisters visited this desperate place, and opened there "one of the largest, most affecting and interesting schools we have had: one hundred and seventy young people attended from eleven to twenty years of age, amongst them three children of the woman who had been hanged. Several of the grown-up youths had been tried at the last assizes. Nothing we had before experienced surpassed the ignorance of these poor creatures. *Not one* out of this hundred and seventy could make any reply to the question 'Who made you?' One of the men from Charter House had been tried for murder."

Such was the condition of this district of Somerset in the latter half of the eighteenth century. No effort seems ever to have been made to supply the loss of the monastic schools, where rich and poor were alike educated; and the result of two hundred years of almost uninterrupted neglect was a state of savagery, which many a heathen country would have shamed. How far this state of things was shared by the rest of the county, how far by the nation at large, one can scarcely tell. What the account that will have to be rendered by the faithless shepherds of those days, one dares not dwell upon! One of the extraordinary features of the work carried on in the teeth of opposition and obloquy by these two excellent and refined women, was the utter absence of excitement; they deprecated all the enthusiasm which helps devoted workers in the present day. Missions and revivals they thought full of danger; there was no sisterhood to fall back upon. Under God they worked calmly and quietly, apparently unconscious themselves of their heroism and self-devotion. The difficulties in their way

were not light: their work was scattered over ten different parishes, with an area of thirty miles; the roads were not only rough but highly dangerous, and many a time Miss Patty records in her journal an upset at night in returning from some out-of-the-way village among the Mendips.

Another of their great difficulties was the want of materials. There were absolutely no suitable books or teachers. "The teaching of the teachers is not the least part of the work," says Hannah More, writing to one of her friends. "Add to this, that having about thirty masters and mistresses, with under-teachers, one has continually to bear with the faults, the ignorance, the prejudices, humours, misfortunes, and *debts* of all these poor well-meaning people. I hope, however, it teaches one forbearance, and it serves to put me in mind how much God has to bear with from *me*. I now and then comfort Patty in our journey home by night, by saying, that if we do these people no good, I hope we do some little to ourselves."

In a letter to Mr. Bowdler, she says, "My plan for instructing the poor is very limited and strict. They learn of week-days such coarse work as may fit them for servants. I know no way of teaching morals but by infusing principles of Christianity, nor of teaching Christianity without a thorough knowledge of Scripture. In teaching in our Sunday schools, the only books we use are two little tracts called 'Questions for the Mendip Schools.' The Church Catechism (these are hung up in frames, half a dozen in a room), spelling-books, Psalters, Common Prayer Book, and the Bible. The little ones learn Watts's 'Hymns for Children.' In some of the schools a plain printed sermon

and a printed prayer are read in the evening to the grown-up scholars and parents, and a psalm is sung. For many years I have given away annually nearly two hundred Bibles, Common Prayer Books, and Testaments. To teach the poor to read without providing them with safe books has always appeared to me a dangerous measure. This induced me to the laborious undertaking of the 'Cheap Repository' tracts, which had such great success that above two millions were sold in one year.

"In some parishes where the poor are numerous, and where there are no gentry to assist them, I have instituted Friendly Benefit Societies for poor women, which have proved a great relief in times of sickness. We have raised in the parish of Cheddar only, a fund of nearly £300; in Shipham very nearly as much. This money I have placed out in the Stocks. We have two little annual festivals for the children and poor women, which are always attended by as many of the gentry as we can assemble. I have made it a standing rule at these anniversaries that every young woman brought up in my school, and belonging to the club, who has been married during the preceding year, and can produce a testimonial of her good conduct from the parish minister and schoolmistress, is presented by me with five shillings, a pair of white stockings of our own knitting, and a handsome Bible. This trifling encouragement has had a very good effect, for we have had to create the regard for virtue; and sobriety and modesty are now considered as necessary to the establishment of a young woman."

Happy people, to be allowed in some measure to see the result of their labours. Two years after the Cheddar school

had been begun, Miss Patty More records in h
"Cheddar, as usual, was reserved for the gre
Here boys and girls, old and young, men and
seemed blended together to sing their Maker's p
to cry aloud that a Redeemer is at length found i
Here the great work evidently goes on—the peo
and thirst, the church is filled, families pray, ch
early brought to the knowledge of God, and, as
their sincerity, are the means of bringing the
Thus shall this seemingly forgotten people, bu
were, in their own cliffs, at length become an e
race, praising and glorifying the Giver of all thing

Let us give a more unbiassed testimony to
effects that had resulted from their work. "Again
the county justices find the number of crimina
before them diminishing year by year. Even a
in that village on the top of Mendip into which
dared enter, the justice desires that the Miss Mo
publicly informed of the extraordinary decorum o
on the day of their club, their conduct having
parties."

In the Bath and Wells Diocesan Calendar,
head of "Shipham" is found, "There is here th
and Rowberrow Female Club, established in 179
H. More, to assist poor women in the parishes o
and Rowberrow." So their work still remains, th
and visitors to the Mendips need not now fear
a rough ungodly race, and while exploring the b
the neighbourhood, one has nothing to fear
inhabitants. Though till but a few years ago

some ancient dwellers in caves left—poor people who thus saved house-rent and taxes!

It is said that still occasionally is to be found in one of the Mendip parishes, a Bible containing the revered names of Hannah or Martha More, which is valued and treasured as an heir-loom by the descendants of those who had received them from their hands.

It is difficult to realize in these days of church work and secular education, the state of things that has been faintly sketched. But that one so gifted, and who might have been the spoiled child of literature and fashion, should have devoted her whole energies to lifting those who were the very scum of the earth out of their miserable and degraded condition, is a fact too little recognized; and when Hannah More is spoken of as a celebrated female writer of a past age, few comparatively know anything of the great work she carried on.

But now their "work was to be made manifest of what sort it was." It was to be tried by fire, the fire of persecution. The leader in this was the curate of Blagdon, the very village which was only undertaken at the earnest request of the churchwardens and leading parishioners. The attack began by a false accusation against the schoolmaster at Blagdon. The charge was investigated and found to be false, but the master was removed, having cleared his character, to a good position in Dublin. The school, however, was discontinued, for the Miss Mores did not think it right to carry it on in opposition to the only resident clergyman. But not content with this, the curate endeavoured to stop their good work elsewhere, and to prejudice the bishop

More, by her spirited appeal to the bishop himself, appears to have gained her cause. Yet, in spite of bad health from which both the sisters were suffering, in spite of all their troubles, the brave sisters toiled on. Miss H. More writes, "Poor Patty, in bad health herself, fights manfully, and combats well with these sorrows. She is holding our annual club feast, and feasting six or seven hundred each day with outward cheerfulness." Again, "Patty behaves nobly, and only works the harder for all these attacks. She has been all this weather on a three days' mission to Wedmore, where things look very smiling." But the best and noblest of their friends stood by them. Their friend the Rev. John Newton wrote, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely for My sake. Whenever I consider whose words are these, I am more disposed to congratulate than to condole with you." The Duchess of Gloucester was another strenuous and affectionate friend. There is a letter of hers to Miss Patty on her sister's illness. On Hannah More's recovery, she went to Fulham to stay with the bishop and Mrs. Porteous, and received the most marked attention from all ranks and descriptions of people. The five sisters, all between the ages of seventy and eighty, still lived together in unbroken harmony, and still did the two younger carry on their worl in the Mendip villages. One by one the sisters were r moved, and these two were left alone; then Miss Patty, t youngest, was taken, and Hannah was left alone. F days before the death of Mrs. Martha More, she had t

their beloved friends the Wilberforces to Cheddar and some of the other villages. Hannah More never lost her interest in the work to which she had devoted so many years of her life, but after her sister's death she removed to Clifton, and there died at the advanced age of eighty-seven.

Surely for them is reserved the blessing promised in the prophet Daniel, "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

Though not actually a native of Somerset, her best work was entirely in and for it, and the sisters well deserve to be counted among the worthies of our county.

AUTHORITIES.—Life of Hannah More, by Anna Buckland; Green's History of the English People. Personal information from the Rev. S. H. A. Hervey, Vicar of Wedmore, and others.

PHILOSOPHERS OF SOMER

—:o:—

DR. THOMAS YOUNG, 1773–18

YET another Philosopher of Somerset, and Roger Bacon and John Locke, if indeed the excepted—one of the most famous. At this specially to those who have of late years f fortunes of Egypt, Thomas Young deserves remembered. Egypt, that land of mystery and cradle of ancient art and literature, from which drew its inspiration; Egypt, the first kingdom f the Flood—or, if we allow Assyria equal antiq left but the shadow of a name, while Egypt a living reality. To lay open mysteries so lon to unfold the hidden history of past ages, cou centuries but by thousands of years—such w that this Somersetshire savant was appointed he did it. His training for this great work w and perhaps not what we should at first have e

Dr. Thomas Young was born at Milverton, i one of those picturesque towns, with its fine o which our county abounds. It is situated in a

or dell, between Taunton and Exmoor. The church is dedicated in the name of St. Michael, and is therefore, of course, on a hill overlooking the town. He was the eldest of the ten children of Thomas and Sarah Young, and was born on the 13th of June, 1773. His mother's maiden name was Davis; she was the niece of Dr. Brocklesby, a physician in London. Both parents were members of the Society of Friends. Probably one effect upon a mind of such varied powers was, that from no time being spent upon acquiring accomplishments, or being frittered away upon useless frivolities, his extraordinary talents were concentrated the more closely upon what required thought and study; yet we shall see how he thought these very accomplishments so necessary in after life that he strove, with the same determination he exercised in everything he undertook, to supply the deficiency.

In his fourteenth year he wrote a biography of himself in Latin, which has been translated into English. He says: "For the first seven years of my life I was an inmate in the house of my maternal grandfather, Mr. Robert Davis, a merchant of great respectability, who lived at Minehead, in Somerset. At two years of age I had learned to read with considerable fluency, and I subsequently used to attend the school of a village schoolmistress, besides being taught at home by my Aunt Mary Davis. Under their instruction, I read the Bible twice through, and also Watts's Hymns, before I was four years old."

In spite of the severely rigid training of the Quaker sect, he was not debarred from works of imagination. He read at this period "Gulliver's Travels," and committed large

quantities of poetry to memory, such as Pope's "Messiah," his "Universal Prayer," Parnell's "Hermit," &c., &c. He learned the whole of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" in six weeks, during the hours of absence from school. In a quarto edition of this poem in possession of the family, his grandfather had inscribed the following memorandum: "This poem was repeated to me by Thomas Young, with the exception of a word or two, before the age of five." His grandfather also encouraged his classical studies, and he could repeat Latin verses though not understanding them. When not quite seven he was placed at a *miserable* boarding-school at Stapleton. He learned little here, and what he learned was chiefly from his own industry and observation. He remained here a year and a half. Meanwhile, he read "Robinson Crusoe," Gesner's "Death of Abel," "Stories from Shakespeare," "The Seven Stages of Life," Needham's "Select Lessons," and—here, perhaps, was the first spark which lighted up his interest in scientific discovery—"Tom Telescope's Newtonian Philosophy." The next half-year he spent at home. His father had a neighbour of the name of Kingdon, who, though originally a tailor, had raised himself to a higher social position, acting as land steward to several gentlemen in the neighbourhood. At his house the boy found many books upon science, specially a Dictionary of Arts and Sciences in three vols. folio.

After this he was sent to another school, where the education was liberal, and the scholars were allowed the use of their master's library. The usher of the school was a good practical engineer; he had made an electrical machine. He taught the lad drawing—the one accomplishment permitted

to members of the Society. But what he taught himself was perhaps the most extraordinary part of his education. He studied the Eastern languages—Hebrew, Syriac, Chaldee, and Samaritan; some one lent him a copy of the Lord's Prayer in one hundred different languages,—but at the same time he did not neglect science. He studied botany, procured a lathe and made a telescope, besides teaching himself French and Italian. For the future development of his character and strengthening of his powers of mind, he happily lived still in a retired manner and free from all temptation to display his extraordinary acquirements.

It was in 1787 that Mr. Barclay, being anxious to secure an intelligent companion for his grandson, Hudson Gurney, offered to take Thomas Young, then a boy of fourteen, into his family, and allow him to share in the teaching of a tutor who was to superintend young Gurney's studies. This offer was accepted, and he accordingly became an inmate of Youngsbury, Mr. Barclay's residence in Hertfordshire; but just as the arrangement was made, the tutor, who was offered a more permanent situation, resigned: and the two boys, respectively thirteen and fourteen, were left to themselves, as far as their studies were concerned, and Thomas Young acted in the capacity of tutor to the younger lad. Eventually a tutor was found, a Mr. Hodgkin, who undertook the supervision of the boys, and directed Hudson Gurney's studies in other matters; but in his classics Young not only continued to act as before, but was able materially to assist Mr. Hodgkin himself.

His method of study was, first, to read through a classic with a translation, then a second time with only a grammar

and lexicon. The three years he remained in Hertfordshire —from 1787 to 1792—he considered the most important in his life. Almost the whole time he remained in this singularly quiet and regular family; and when he spent a few months in London, his life only differed by giving him access to a few booksellers' shops and occasional lectures. It was probably on one of these visits to his uncle, Dr. Brocklesby, that some visitor, presuming on his extremely youthful appearance—he was actually only fourteen—asked for a specimen of his handwriting. He gave it, but it was the same sentence repeated in fourteen different languages.

The books he read during this period were: Homer, Pindar, Epictetus, Longinus; the Hecuba and Orestes in King's Euripides; Sophocles' Trilogy of the "Œdipus Tyrannus," the "Œdipus Coloneus," and "Antigone;" the "Phœnissœ" of Euripides, and the "Septem contra Thebus" of Æschylus in Burton's "Pentalogia"; the "Heroides" and "Metamorphoses" of Ovid; the "Satires" of Juvenal and Perseus, the "Georgics" of Virgil, the plays of Terence; the whole of "Cæsar" and "Sallust;" "First Book of Martial"; some of the "Orations" of Cicero, with Schiller's "Præcepta styli bené Latini," as introductory to the study of prose composition. In addition to these, he read in French: Marmontel's "Belisaire," Fénélon's "Télémaque," the "Numa Pompilius" of Florian, with Chambord's "French Exercises." In these studies he had the occasional assistance of a French master. He began Simpson's Euclid in February, 1788, and finished it in April, 1789. He then proceeded to Simpson's "Conic

Sections" and Algebra, Bonnycastle's Algebra and "Popular Astronomy," and Nicholson's "Introduction to Natural Philosophy;" Trimmer's "Introduction to Natural History," and Lee's "Introduction to Botany"; Barclay's "Apology," Gough's "History of the Quakers," Clarke and Wormal's "Heraldry," Goldsmith's "Rome," Rollin's "Ancient History," Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Discourses," and four or five very trifling school books.

When we consider that all this work was accomplished, and thoroughly accomplished, with the most limited amount of supervision, and scarcely any actual assistance, by a boy between the ages of fourteen and seventeen, and moreover that at the age of sixteen his studies were seriously interrupted by an illness of an alarming nature, which seemed to threaten consumption—it is not too much to call it simply marvellous. At this time, as strictly through life, he adhered to the principle of doing nothing by halves. Whatever book he began he read completely through. Whatever study he began he never abandoned, and it was to this, in later years, he attributed his success as a scholar and a man of science.

This self-education, however, eminent as was its success, was not without serious disadvantages. He had no opportunity of freely reciprocating with other minds, nor had he any means of observing the difficulties which are experienced by others; he lacked, therefore, through life that intellectual fellow-feeling or sympathy which is so essential to form a successful teacher or lecturer, or a luminous and interesting writer.

In 1792 Young took lodgings in London to prosecute

his medical and anatomical studies. Am
attended the lectures of the celebrated John
Hunterian School of Anatomy. Through I
introduction, he gained access to the mos
literary circles in London, which included
ham, Mr. Frederick North (afterwards Lor
Joshua Reynolds, and others. In the autu
entered himself as a pupil at St. Bartholon
He still continued his studies in the phi
historical writers of antiquity, and he cont
on Entomology and Natural History to *T*
Magazine. A paper on "Vision," read be
Society on the 30th of May, 1793, was cons
value as to justify his election as a Fellow
He was not then twenty!

In 1794, when proceeding from Oxford o
friends in the west, he passed through Bath,
introduced to the Duke of Richmond. In
Brocklesby, the duke says: "I must tell
pleased we all are with Mr. Young. I really
young man more pleasing and engaging; in
you the duchess and I are quite charmed
great was the impression made upon them,
offered him the post of private secretary.
offer he, after some consideration, declined.
his mother giving his reasons, he says that
weighed much with him was, that in moving
he would have met in that capacity, it wo
necessary to have left the Society of Frien
was unwilling to do. We shall nevertheless

in the same, or in the following year, he found it advisable to do so. After visiting his relations in Somerset, he made a tour in Cornwall, and was much interested in the mining districts.

After this he proceeded to Edinburgh, to study in the School of Medicine in that city. Though his studies were chiefly professional, he found time to read both "Don Quixote" and "Orlando Furioso" in the originals.

In 1794 he was introduced to Lord Monboddo and Dr. Burgess. When his name was mentioned to the latter, he said he had a presentiment it was Dr. Brocklesby's nephew, whose Greek writing Porson had shown him. He found in Edinburgh that, to get the full advantage of the literary society which formed so great a feature in the life of the northern capital, he must give up the distinctive peculiarities of the sect. In this, as in everything else, whatever he did, he did thoroughly and completely. He took lessons in music and also in dancing, and went to the theatre. But though suspected and narrowly watched, and, what must have been harder to bear, even ridiculed, for what was considered his backsliding—his life continued as correct, his morals as pure, as before. In June, 1795, he took a tour in the Highlands, and stayed at Gordon Castle with the Duke and Duchess of Richmond. He also visited the Duke of Argyle at his splendid seat at Inverary.

By his uncle's wish, and through his liberality, he now went to study at Gottingen. His early life has been given with some degree of minuteness, because, as a matter of course, that would be omitted in biographical dictionaries, &c.; and, after all, it represents the self-training which

made the man what he was: but for the remainder of his life it will be given more shortly as it may be found in any respectable biography or history of science. . His course of study at Gottingen is best illustrated by his scheme of work, as given by himself; and probably the conscientiousness with which he trained himself in the lighter studies of music, drawing, riding, and dancing, was the means of preventing a breakdown of mind and body under the enormous burden of mere acquirement.

At 8. Spittler's course of the History of the Principal States of Europe, exclusive of Germany.
„ 9. Arnemann on *Materia Medica*.
„ 10. Richter on Acute Diseases.
„ 11. Twice a week, private lessons from the academical dancing-master.
„ 12. Dine at Richlander's *table d'hôte*.
„ 1. Twice a week, lessons on the clavichord from Forkell; on two other days, from Fiorello, on drawing.
„ 2. Lichtenberg on Physics.
„ 3. Ride in the academical *manège*, under Ayre, four times a week.
„ 4. Stromeyer on Diseases.
„ 5. Blumenbach on Natural History.
„ 6. Twice Blessman, with other pupils, and twice Forkel.

And we may add, &c., &c., for other studies followed not as clearly mapped out. But his stay at Gottingen was not as charming to him as that in Scotland. Accustomed to

the magnificent hospitality of the Scotch nobility, he did not understand the restricted means, and all-engrossing appetite for study, of the German professors and students, which left little or no margin for hospitality. During the vacation he went for a tour, and at Brunswick was presented at Court to the Duchess (sister of George III.), to the hereditary Princess, and the Duchess Dowager (sister of the late King of Prussia). Annoyed at the little consideration with which he was treated, he found himself at supper one of about twenty gentlemen sitting on one side of a long table, with as many ladies opposite. He endeavoured to begin a conversation with his nearest neighbour, but found him sulky or stupid. At last the Duchess Dowager—who looked like a spectre, had lost all her teeth, and whom he regarded as totally unfit for company—began a long and amusing conversation with him; after which he found he had enough to talk with.

On his return to England he was admitted a Fellow Commoner of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. The master, Dr. Farmer, the well-known author of a treatise on the learning of Shakespeare, was a friend of his uncle. When he introduced the new student to his tutors, he jocularly said, "I have brought you a pupil qualified to read lectures to his tutors." From his fellow-students he gained the title of Phenomenon Young. On his return from Cambridge, the 13th of December, 1797, he went for the last time to see his uncle, Dr. Brocklesby, who had just returned from Beaconsfield, where he had been on a visit to the widow of Mr. Burke. He expired suddenly the same night, a few minutes after retiring to bed. He bequeathed to his

nephew, Thomas Young, his hou
Lane; a choice collection of pictu
Reynolds; and about £10,000 in
independent, and able to pursu
might select.

He now fixed his residence i
practise as a physician. In 1799
inserted in the "Philosophical
entitled "Experiments respectin
1801, 1802, and 1803, he deli
Professor of Natural Philosophy i
series of lectures which to this
compendium of the elementary p
he was too far in advance of the t
his learning was too profound for
and the fact before adverted to,
fering with the intellectual symp
exist between the teacher and t
absolutely unable to condescend
taught.

It is impossible to follow him
and the results of his scientific in
merely giving lists of the paper
various scientific societies and pu
his professorship, he ceased for
science openly, lest his being kno
prejudice in the public mind agai
But in his medical practice he dic
name one would have expected;
time. The heroic and violent rei

not approved by Young, and he preferred in many cases to leave Nature to herself; but though it was remarked that he lost fewer patients than any of the other physicians at St. George's Hospital, his practice did not commend itself to the public, and he never became a fashionable or a famous physician.

On the 14th of June, 1804, he contracted what proved a most happy marriage with Miss Eliza Maxwell, a lady belonging to a branch of the Scottish family of Maxwell of Caldewood. In 1808—probably in consequence of some of his scientific discoveries in anatomy, physiology, and medicine embodied in the Croonian Lecture for 1808—he obtained the degree of M.D. at the University of Cambridge.

In 1816, when staying at Worthing, Dr. Young received a visit from the celebrated foreign savants, Arago and Guy Lussac. A supposed discovery by Fresnel which was irreconcilable with Newton's theory of light, was the subject of conversation. After some discussion, Dr. Young declared that the experiment they valued so highly was to be found in his lectures on Natural Philosophy. This was disputed; when Mrs. Young, who had taken no part in the discussion, left the room and returned immediately with an enormous quarto under her arm. It was the first volume of the treatise on "Natural Philosophy;" she placed it on the table, and, without speaking, pointed with her finger to the passage which justified his assertion. He wrote much for the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and in the course of little more than a year prepared articles on "Bridge Carpentry," "Chromatics," "Cohesion," and "Egypt." This article on

Egypt, which is in the supplement of the Encyclopædia, has been pronounced the greatest effort of scholarship and ingenuity which modern literature can boast.

And this brings us to the crowning discovery of Dr. Young's life, *the* one by which he will be remembered for all time. It is known that Napoleon, among his other vanities and weaknesses, would fain emulate Alexander of old. So when he had elected to invade Egypt, and there endeavour to destroy English power and prestige, he determined, like Alexander the Great, that not mere vulgar conquest should be his aim, but that, to make his conquest the more illustrious, he would carry in his train savants and men learned in all departments of modern science and ancient archæology, so that, if possible, they might unthread the mysteries kept secret for so many generations. While a detachment of the army were building a fort at the village of Raschid, otherwise Rosetta, they came upon a block of black basalt, in a mutilated condition, bearing a portion of three inscriptions, one of which was in the Egyptian hieroglyphics. This most valuable relic fell, by the fortune of war, into the hands of the British at the capitulation of Alexandria. It was afterwards conveyed to London, and placed in the British Museum.

Many learned men had directed their investigations to the hieroglyphic system of the Egyptians—Father Kircher, the Jesuit, in the seventeenth century; Bishop Warburton, the author of "The Divine Legation of Moses;" and others—but they had all failed, and one after another had given up the subject in despair. But Bishop Warburton had caught a glimpse of the truth, and he

maintained that the hieroglyphics constituted a real written language. The three inscriptions on the Rosetta stone were in the hieroglyphic or sacred characters, the euchorial or language of the country, and Greek. To this last was appended the important information that the decree which it contains (in honour of Ptolemy Epiphanes) had been ordered to be engraved in three different characters. It must be remembered that neither one of the inscriptions was perfect, the stone having been broken, and that in no two inscriptions was the imperfection in the same place. This, of course, immensely increased the difficulty of comparing them. Porson and Heyne, the two best scholars—English and German—of the age, at once employed themselves in restoring and translating the Greek inscription. This they did; and now M. Silvestre de Sacy set to work to endeavour, by comparing the euchorial and the hieroglyphic characters—both equally unknown—with the Greek, to find the key to unlock the mysterious knowledge so long hidden from the world. In the Greek he found the names Alexander and Alexandria, and in the euchorial discovered two well-marked groups of characters nearly resembling each other, and which he therefore considered as representing those names; he also made out the name of Ptolemy. From these he endeavoured to construct an alphabet; but here he failed, and could not advance a single step. M. Ackerblad, a Swedish diplomatist, and others, attempted the task, and failed.

Dr. Young now began his labours. It was in 1802 that the stone had been conveyed to London and placed in the British Museum. For twelve years had this bewildering

puzzle tormented the minds of the most famous savants in Europe. It was in 1814 when Dr. Young approached the subject. In the summer of this year he applied himself vigorously, first to the euchorial, and afterwards to the hieroglyphic inscription, and began an attentive and methodical comparison of the different parts with each other. He was able in the course of a few months to send to the "Archæologia" a conjectural translation of each of the Egyptian inscriptions, distinguishing the contents of the different lines with as much precision as his materials would then admit of. He was obliged, however, to leave many important passages still subject to doubt, but he hoped to acquire additional information before he attempted to determine their signification with accuracy. He soon after published anew, in the "Museum Criticum" of Cambridge, his conjectural translation, with considerable additions and corrections. Finally, in December, 1819, in the article on Egypt before referred to, in the supplement to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," he digested and arranged in a methodical form the result of his researches, and, in particular, gave a vocabulary comprising upwards of two hundred names or words which he had succeeded in deciphering in the hieroglyphic and euchorial texts in the Egyptian MSS. It was *The Edinburgh Review* which pronounced this article "the greatest effort of scholarship and ingenuity which modern literature can boast." To give this splendid testimony to the work of our great Somersetshire philosopher its due force, it should be remembered that Dr. Young himself was a constant writer in *The Quarterly*, and that some time previously he had had a passage of arms with *The Edinburgh*

Review with regard to some of his discoveries. The eulogium, therefore, does equal credit to the author or editor and to Dr. Young.

It is not necessary to follow the successive steps by which this great work was accomplished; but it is necessary to refer to the discussion which arose as to whether Dr. Young and M. Champollion were independent investigators, or whether to Dr. Young belongs the priority of discovery, and that therefore to him of right belongs the honour of opening the way to the deciphering of these mysterious characters. From the article above quoted we extract the following, which places the matter in the clear light of truth:—

"We have no means of ascertaining the precise time at which M. Champollion commenced his researches on the subject of hieroglyphics, nor is the point of any importance except for the purpose of settling the question of priority between him and Dr. Young; a question, be it observed, which has been stirred by himself alone, and about which no other human being can entertain a particle of doubt. After giving a short summary in the shape of distinct propositions of the doctrines maintained in the article 'Egypt,' M. Champollion adds: "Je dois dire qu'à même époque; et sans avoir aucune connoissance des opinions de M. le Docteur Young, je croyais être parvenu, d'une manière assez sure, à des résultats à peu-près semblables.' But there are several considerations which render it utterly impossible to credit this statement.

"In the first place we have the direct testimony of Dr. Young himself in disproof of it—a testimony which M. Champollion has not ventured to contradict: 'At the

commencement of my Egyptian researches'—that is, as we have seen, in 1814 and 1815—'I had accidentally,' says the Doctor, 'received a letter from M. Champollion, which accompanied a copy of his work on "The State of Egypt under the Pharaohs," sent as a present to the Royal Society; and as he particularly requested some particular information respecting parts of the euchorial inscription of Rosetta, which were imperfectly represented in the engraved copies, I readily answered his inquiries from a reference to the original monument in the British Museum, and a short time afterwards I sent him a copy of my conjectural translation of the inscriptions, as it was inserted in the "Archæologia."' The Doctor adds that, with regard to the euchorial inscription, 'M. Champollion appeared to him to have done at that time but little,' and that the few references he made to it 'seemed to depend entirely on M. Ackerblad's investigations,' which he had tacitly adopted. How then can M. Champollion pretend to say that he commenced his hieroglyphical researches at the same period with Dr. Young, and without having any knowledge of Dr. Young's opinions? But, in the second place, it appears from the respective dates of M. Champollion's publications, that nearly six years elapsed from the period of the above communication until that when the first of these was given to the world; whereas Dr. Young's conjectural translation had been published in 1815, long before so much as a hint had escaped that M. Champollion was engaged in similar investigations. The priority of publication is therefore quite indisputable. But as M. Champollion has not ventured to contradict the statement of Dr. Young in regard to the communication

above referred to, and as he admits having seen the article 'Egypt' in the Supplement nearly two years before the publication of his 'Lettre à M. Dacier,' which contains opinions at almost every stage of his progress; the question of originality may be as easily settled as that of priority of publication."

It is grievous that a clever and learned man, as M. Champollion undoubtedly was, should have so disingenuously endeavoured to deprive a brother savant of his due. M. Champollion had "accomplished too much to stand in need of assuming to himself the merits of another." It was given to him to complete the work so ably set on foot by Dr. Young. But it is not difficult to follow when another has led the way, and the discovery of a new monument supplied the gaps in the information before gained, and enabled M. Champollion to complete what Dr. Young had so marvellously begun.

In 1817 Dr. Young founded the Egyptian Society; in 1818 he was appointed secretary to the board of longitude. In 1820 he was appointed to investigate the Arctic voyage of the *Griper* and the *Hecla* under Captain Parry, and to decide whether they had fulfilled the conditions which empowered the Expedition to claim the £5,000 offered to those who succeeded in reaching a certain point within the Arctic Circle. This it was decided they had accomplished.

He died in 1829; his remains were deposited in the vault of his wife's relations at Farnborough, in Kent.

He was a man in all the relations of life upright, kind-hearted, and blameless. His domestic virtues were as exemplary as his talents were great, and, if Sir Thomas Lawrence's

portrait is to be believed, he was singularly handsome and distinguished looking. His birthplace has become a spot to which the pilgrims of science resort as to a shrine. Dr. Peacock's life of him owes much to the information given him by Dr. Young's nephew and namesake.

A monument to his memory was erected in Westminster Abbey, showing that his country appreciated his labours.

AUTHORITIES.—Dr. Peacock's (Dean of Ely) Life of Dr. Young; Article in the Nouvelle Biographie Générale; Cunninghame's Lives of Celebrated Englishmen; and oral family reminiscences.

EDWARD HAWKINS.

PROVOST OF ORIEL AND CANON OF ROCHESTER.

(1789–1882.)

——:o:——

THE life of one so lately passed away, and which spanned very nearly a century, has yet to be written. He was born at Bath, and was the eldest of thirteen children. His father died when he was seventeen; and his mother, with ten surviving children, went to live at Chew Magna, near Bristol. At Oxford he gained a double first—Sir Robert Peel being the first, and John Keble the third, who gained that honour since the establishment of the class list. In 1813 he was elected Fellow of Oriel. Milman, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's, brought him news of his election.

Whately, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin, and Dr. Arnold were among his friends. The Fellows of Oriel were the first in Oxford to break through the tyranny of fashion by abandoning the immoderate use of wine, and the Oriel tea-pot was a standing joke in the University. In 1815 he travelled on the Continent with a pupil, leaving Paris the day that Napoleon entered it. In 1822 Newman was elected Fellow of Oriel; in 1823 Hawkins became Vicar of

St. Mary's. In February, 1828, he
Oriel; Keble had been talked c
Hawkins' favour. In December tl
at Clifton. Our readers are referr
article on Dr. Hawkins in *The Qua*
for a more detailed account of hi
charming and well-selected anecdot

His warm sympathy, his vivid i
his strong and exact memory, mad
panion when he lived wholly at Rc
from his residential house to the c
was he averse to forming new fri
came round for one of the honora
annual sermon at Rochester, the
by year, and asked as a favour th
house; and most delightful did h
reminiscences of Oxford and the ch

His last illness was short; he die
18, 1882, having very nearly com
year. Dean Scott pronounced the
ancient friend, and has since penn
marks the spot where the Provos
tandem requievit."

AUTHORITIES.—An article in *T*
1883; and personal recollec

CHARLES FUGE LOWDER.

(1820–1880.)

—:o:—

A SHORT sketch of the life and work of this eminent saint of modern days, is all that is attempted here. His memory is still green among us. The writer's object is to identify him as a native of Somerset.

He was born June 22, 1820, at 2, West Wing, Lansdown Crescent, Bath. His parents were Charles Lowder and Susan Fuge. Mr. Lowder was partner in the old Bath Bank, and was in easy circumstances. His care for others had won him the title of "the poor man's friend." It is touching, in the light of Charles Lowder's life, to read the daily prayer which was offered by Mrs. Lowder for her yet unborn infant:—"Bless it, O God, in mind as well as in body; endue it with an understanding capable of knowing Thee, with a heart strongly bent to fear Thee, and with all those holy and good dispositions that may make it always pleasing in Thy sight. Make me a joyful mother of a hopeful child, who may live to be an instrument of Thy glory, and by serving Thee faithfully and doing good in his generation, may be received into Thine everlasting kingdom."

Thus she prayed for her child; and truly God gave her the petition which she asked of Him.

After being at different private schools, he was sent in 1835 to King's College School, London, of which Dr. Major was head master. When consulted about the advisability of sending him to the University, Dr. Major wrote thus: "The steadiness of character and fixedness of principles are based, I am convinced, upon a firmer foundation than mere human strength, which will enable him to resist successfully the temptations with which that career may be beset."

In 1836 he was confirmed, just as he entered the senior department of King's College. On September 30, 1851, he became curate at St. Barnabas, Pimlico, and went into residence at the college, where he remained from 1852–1857, excepting the period when he was suspended by Bishop Blomfield for a piece of folly that would have been pardonable in a school-boy, but which in an ordained clergyman of the Church it was impossible to pass over. He gave sixpence to some boys to throw rotten eggs at a sandwich-man who carried about a placard—"Vote for Westerton!" the obnoxious churchwarden.

During this time of compulsory rest from work he went abroad, and at Yvetôt, near Rouen, read "The Life of St. Vincent de Paul," which was afterwards presented to him by M. L'Abbé with a charming French note. It was less than two years afterwards that he was licensed by the bishop —on the appointment of Mr. Bryan King—to the missionary work at St. George's-in-the-East. When this truly missionary work began, the communicants numbered some five or six; in 1880 they were five hundred.

The appointment of the Rev. Hugh Allen as lecturer, marks an epoch in the history of the mission; his *rôle* was to preach against the work that was being done, and to stir up the people against the devoted priests who ministered among them. The leader of the mob was a Mr. Liquorish —public-house keeper and churchwarden. A band of earnest men from all parts, and by no means all agreeing in the advanced views held by Mr. Lowder, came voluntarily to assist and protect the clergy. Among them was Tom Hughes, author of "Tom Brown's School-days."

On St. Peter's Day, 1865, the first stone of the church in Old Gravel Lane was laid, £4,000 having been given or promised. In 1866 the cholera raged amongst the people, and the devotion of the clergy had its effect upon the people. In 1868 his work received the severest blow it could have sustained, by the secession of three of the curates to the Church of Rome. To this rapid *résumé* of his work we will add but two pictures or scenes in his career.

Scene I.

It was September, 1860. The church and congregation were given over to the pleasure of a howling and blaspheming mob; the police authorities and the Home Secretary having been in vain appealed to for sufficient protection by the clergy in charge. The church was closed by an order from the bishop to the churchwardens on September 25th. The immediate consequence was a rush to the mission chapels by the rioters, who gathered more than a thousand strong in Wellclose Square, attempting to break into the church and seriously threatening the mission

houses. On this day Mr. Lowder's life was in danger from their violence, as, baffled by the effectual measures which had been taken to barricade the gates, they turned their rage against him, and attacked him when he left the church, trying to seize and throw him over the bridge. His friends made a cordon at the entrance to the bridge, and held it against the mob until he reached the mission house by a back entrance.

Such is the first scene. It is September again; but twenty years, years of patient, self-denying, loving work, have passed, and on September 9th, 1880, came the telegram from abroad—"Father Lowder is dead;" and we will now give

SCENE II.

At the Holborn Viaduct Station his body was met by one of the curates of St. Peter's, and two of the Sisters bringing a pall and flowers, which they laid over the coffin in the hearse, and then followed it to Old Gravel Lane. There, at the point where St. Peter's parish begins, it was received by a solemn procession from the church; his own sister—who had been prevented by illness from going to Zell with the Sisters of Mercy—and a great white throng of choristers and clergy, led by the cross, passing up the lane through the crowds of weeping people to the dock-bridge which bounds the parish. It was the place where, twenty years before, his friends had made a line across this very bridge against the mob who had hunted him down and threatened to throw him into the docks; and now, in the streets where he had been pelted and put in danger of his

life, the police were there, but only to keep a line amidst the crowds of weeping men who pressed forward to see and touch the pall beneath which their friend slept.

The coffin was lifted from the hearse and carried by some of the working men on the bier to St. Peter's Church, followed by the mourners and the immense procession chanting the funeral sentences and Psalms xxiv., xxvii., xxxix., xc. Admittance to the church was by ticket, but every seat was already filled. The altar and chancel were vested in white. Father Lowder's stall was covered with white linen, on which his surplice and stole were laid. When the bier was placed in the chancel, it was soon covered with offerings of flowers handed to the Sisters, while the prayer of the introit rose, "Grant him eternal rest, O Lord, and let light perpetual shine upon him." Then followed the celebration, with the Dies Iræ as a sequence.

At its close the procession formed once more, and passed out at the western door, singing "Jerusalem, my happy home," and slowly up to Wapping Bridge, and the dense crowd still singing the hymn. At the bridge the procession divided and lined each side of the road, while the hearse passed slowly through the ranks on the way to Chislehurst.

The scene at the common, where trains of mourners had arrived from London, was most striking. The men of Shadwell and Wapping, whom none will credit with extravagant religious weakness, gathered to manifest their gratitude and affection for the heroic priest who had laboured so long among them.

Preceding the body came the choir of St. Peter's across the common to the church with the eight pall-bearers, all

clergy; four or five hundred of the congregation, members of various guilds chanting. They were met at the lych-gate by the choir and clergy of Chislehurst, and the choirs joined and led the way into church, singing "Brief life is here our portion." During the hymn, as the coffin was brought into church, the deep, unspeakable grief of the people who had lost so good a shepherd broke out into uncontrollable sobs and tears from both men and women. It was computed that at least three thousand were present, including two hundred clergy. But of all grand points in that funeral, the most beautiful and touching was the little children fringing the crowd and weeping as if their hearts would break.

So with large tears of sorrow and of joy, this hero and saint of Somerset was borne a victor to his rest.

AUTHORITY.—Life of Charles Lowder, by the author of Life of St. Theresa (Kegan Paul).

A Tale of Watchet.

—:o:—

THE DEATH OF JANE CAPES, 1838.

More than nine hundred years had passed away since the deeds of saints and heroes which we have recorded took place at the little port of Watchet. The tale of St. Decuman's martyrdom, with its attendant miracles, may perhaps be called a monkish legend. The story of the good fight fought by Ælle is now well-nigh forgotten, but the simple and absolute faith which shines in the one tale, and the brave, true-hearted spirit manifested in the other, shine forth as brightly in this true tale of a little heroine of the nineteenth century.

It was in the year of grace 1838, on a warm, bright evening in September, that the wife of a farmer named Capes, accompanied by her maid, took her six children down to the shore at Watchet to bathe them in the sea. The children ranged in age from eighteen months to eleven years. On this flat shore the waters do not come in rushing and bounding as we see them on the coast of the broad Atlantic, but creep in with a stealthy motion which is scarcely noticed.

Having bathed all the children but one, the two women found themselves surrounded by the tide, which that evening was very high. Finding it impossible to retrace their steps to the shore, they managed to get to a rock at a short distance; then Mrs. Capes and her maid, placing the children between them, held tightly to each other to endeavour to protect the little ones; this they succeeded in doing for some time. But alas! the water which had crept on so silently, now that it met with the opposition of the rock, leapt like a wild beast to seize its prey, and three of the children were, one by one, washed away and carried out to sea, the poor mother being utterly unable to render them any assistance whatever. For nearly two hours the survivors remained on the rock before they were rescued.

One of the children thus borne away by the waves showed a nobleness of spirit and a Christian courage that would have made her a martyr for her faith in other days. Jane Capes was only nine years old, but she knew and boldly faced the danger in the strength of her faith. On came the hungry waves. "Mother," said the child, "we shall never see poor father again." She had no pity, this noble-minded child, for herself, cut off in her infant days; it was her father she pitied, when he should find his little ones taken from him. Again the child spoke, "Let us pray," and, as the cruel waves were hurrying to seize her, the little Christian firmly faced them and defied the danger in another strength than her own. She repeated aloud the Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed.

How could she fear who was only leaving an earthly for a heavenly Father? How could she tremble when she was

leaving this world and exchanging what even her childish griefs had taught her was a world of change and sorrow for "The communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting." And so she left her mother's arms, and was wafted by the waves into her Saviour's bosom.

I have not thought the story of this little one out of place among the legends and scenes of Somerset.

AUTHORITY.—Local paper of that time.

Captain John Hanning Speke.

(1827-1864.)

—:o:—

It is so remarkable a circumstance that from Somerset went forth the two who bore the keys which were to unlock the mysteries, kept secret well-nigh from the beginning of the world, of Egypt, that land of mystery, that though Captain Speke was not actually a native of our county, I have included him among our worthies. If to Dr. Young was entrusted the task of deciphering the secret which was to unfold the ancient stores of literature, science, and history, to Hanning Speke it was given to trace the course of the river which has been an enigma since the time of Herodotus.

Though the home of the Spekes had long been in Somerset, and their seat was, and is now, at Jordans, near Ilminster, they migrated into Devonshire from Yorkshire, where their ancestor, Walter l'Espec, founded the abbeys of Kirkham and Rievaulx in the early part of the twelfth century. He eventually took the vows, and became a Cistercian monk in his own abbey of Rievaulx. In Devonshire they are remembered by a monument to Sir George Speke in Exeter Cathedral, and by the name of the pretty

village of Bramford Speke, once so famous for the Gorham controversy. From here they migrated into Somerset, and we have met with them during the Monmouth rebellion.

John Hanning Speke was the second son of William Speke, Esq., of Jordans, in the parish of Ilton. He was born at Orleigh, in Devonshire, during the life of his grandfather, before, therefore, of course, his father succeeded to the property; but he was sufficiently young when it became his home, to claim with pride his being a Somersetshire man, at the presentation to him of a pair of vases by the county, on his return from the discovery of the great lakes as the source of the river Nile.

He entered the Indian army in the year 1884, and was engaged in four general actions under Sir Colin Campbell. After the annexation of the Punjaub, he explored the Himalayas, and combined with the study of their geography, geology, and botany, some adventurous hunting. He made a most valuable collection of specimens in the three great kingdoms of nature, which are now preserved at Jordans, the seat of his brother.

In 1854 he started with three years' furlough to explore, at his own expense, Central Africa. He was accompanied at different times by Captain Burton and Captain Grant. In February, 1858, he sighted the great Tanganyika Lake, three hundred miles long, and thirty to forty broad. In July in the same year, that great inland sea, the Victoria Nyanza, was reached, and Speke declared it to be the head waters of the Nile. From 1860–63 he pursued his investigations in company with Captain Grant. It was in the latter year that the news of his discovery reached

England, and was received with enthusiasm. Nor did he forget his home; for a branch of the Nile which connects the two great lakes, the Victoria and Albert Nyanza, he called the Somerset River. At the south of the great lake is a gulf called the Speke Gulf, a reminder scarcely needed to connect his name for ever with a discovery which had baffled the scientific world for more than three thousand years.

On his return to England he was commissioned by the Royal Geographical Society, aided by a liberal grant from the Government, to return to the scene of his discoveries, and pursue them; but he who had passed through so many dangers unhurt, was killed, while out shooting, by the accidental discharge of his gun, September 15, 1864.

AUTHORITIES.—Mackenzie's Biography; Stanford's Compendium of Geography and Travel.

CHEDDAR CHEESE.

WEST PENNARD'S WEDDING PRESENT TO THE QUEEN, 1839.

—:o:—

"THE worst fault," says old Fuller, "of Cheddar cheese, is that they are so few and so dear—hardly to be met with save at some rich man's table": while Camden, a still more ancient authority, speaks of their prodigious size, requiring more than one man's strength to set them on the table. Perhaps it was this that determined the people of the Cheddar district to outdo their ancient traditions by making our young Queen a housewifely present on her marriage, which should prove their loyalty was as extensive as their dairy farms. A day was agreed upon, and the produce of 737 cows was combined, every farmer in the neighbourhood contributing a day's milking. The cheese was made in a mould specially prepared; its shape was a regular octagon, thirty-seven inches in diameter, giving a circumference of nine feet three inches, and twenty-two inches in height; and it weighed upwards of ten hundredweight. The cheese itself was ornamented on the top by the royal arms, encircled with a wreath of oak and laurel leaves moulded in

the making, the whole being
Spanish mahogany.

After being presented to l
was decided that, as it would
to ripen, it would be bette
of those who knew how to
special charge, therefore, whi
bear the journey was exhibit
and eventually in London, a
benefit of the poor of the Ch

It was probably the most
Majesty received.

AUTHORITIES.—"The Mir
Handbook.

In Memoriam, 1811-1833.

(1850.)

—:o:—

If Spenser has written the most exquisite epithalamium or marriage song on record, Tennyson's funeral dirge must surely rank first among the literary memorials of the dead. In it he has, as it were, enbalmed the memory of his dearly-loved friend in sweet and fragrant spices of exquisite thoughts and tender recollections and earnest aspirations.

Though neither the author nor the subject of this poem, or series of poems, were natives of Somerset, yet, as the remains of Arthur Hallam lie in the little church of St. Andrew, at Clevedon, and that it is round his grave all these sweet and tender philosophic and religious memories gather, we may well be justified in claiming that "In Memoriam" should take its place among the legends and tales and memories of Somerset and Somerset folk.

The little church dedicated, like so many in the diocese, to its patron saint, is situated in a solitary, sequestered spot, on a lone hill that overlooks the Bristol Channel; yet this elevated position is but itself a hollow between two green headlands that rise still higher above it. Close to the grave of Arthur Hallam now lie those of his mother—the daughter

of Sir Abraham Elton, of Clevedon Court—his brother.

. It was at the University—at Trinity Colleg —that the bond of more than fraternal affectio so early severed on earth, between Alfred T Arthur Hallam. The result has been a incalculable to the whole English-speaking ra with the single exception of the Book of I served more than any other book in exis expression to the griefs, the perplexities, and t that beset us when we would fain trace out th the Almighty's dealings with His creatures. as in a mirror, how others have had to pass troubled waters from which we shrink. How c doubts, are but what others, wiser, higher, be selves, have felt also; and we may learn from how we may make "stepping-stones" of our " rise to higher things."

Nay, we see how Tennyson himself learned very spot, and how its teachings raised his v thought. Listen to that exquisitely beautiful, b pathetic, lament in his early poems, where he d he saw from the churchyard, and what he felt—

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me"—

and contrast it with the lines with which "In Memoriam" ends—

"For all we thought and loved and did,
And hoped and suffer'd, is but seed
Of what in them is flower and fruit;

Whereof the man, that with me trod
This planet, was a noble type,
Appearing ere the times were ripe;
That friend of mine who lives in God—

That God, which ever lives and loves;
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves."

Truly from that Somersetshire churchyard, and from the grave within the church, Tennyson must have learned a Divine philosophy from which all his readers (and they are myriads) may "take heart again."

THE END.

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